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James Lenox.

THE

WORKS

OF

GRACE KENNEDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE DECISION."

In Six Volumes.

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JESSY ALLAN;

THE LAME GIRL:

A STORY

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

" My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

John x. 27, 28.

JESSY ALLAN;

THE LAME GIRL.

I OFTEN wonder what the children who attend Sabbath-Schools think of all the labour and pains which are bestowed upon them? I wonder if they ever ask themselves this question, 'Why do our Sabbath-School masters come to meet with us so kindly every Sabbath evening?—However cold, or wet, or bad it is, still they come.—What pleasure can it give them to hear us repeat what they have heard repeated a hundred times before? —They get nothing by coming but trouble.— We are instructed, but what is their reward?— And those ladies who visit our schools, and sit down amongst us, and seem so pleased when we do well, and so grieved when we are careless and inattentive, and who listen so patiently to our ill-got lessons, and reprove us so gently, and encourage us so kindly, why are they so anxious about us?—What good does our improvement do to

them? and why should they be sorry when we are careless, and will not receive instruction?' My dear children, this is the reason,—your Sabbath-masters, and the ladies who teach you, have themselves been taught, that there is but one way of salvation. That way is made known in the Bible, and if you are ignorant of it, however young you may be, you are on the way that leads to everlasting misery. Your teachers therefore pity you, and it is this pity and compassion which leads them to give up their time and attention to you; and the highest reward they desire and pray for is, that you would have pity on your own souls, and listen to that instruction which will lead you into the way of salvation.

I mean, in the following pages, to relate the history of a girl, who made that kind of return to her master, and the ladies who taught her, which they considered an ample and delightful reward for all their trouble.

This girl's name was JESSY ALLAN. She was daughter to a widow woman, who kept a stand for selling vegetables at the back of the Canongate. When Jessy was about eleven or twelve years old, her mother thought it time to have her taught to sew. She had learnt to read tolerably well when she was a year or two younger, but had partly forgot it, as her mother never made her read at home. Indeed, Mrs. Allan

seldom read any herself. Her Bible lay on a dirty shelf, and was scarcely ever opened, except, perhaps, when she heard of the unexpected death of some person near her own age,—or of some event which awakened her conscience, and made her feel in her soul what an awful thing it would be, all sinful as she was, to fall into the hands of her Almighty and Holy Judge. She would then take down her Bible, and read a chapter or two, and perhaps refrain from some sins, which at such times lay heavy on her mind; but in a few days the impression wore off, and Mrs. Allan would return to all her evil ways, and her Bible would again lie neglected on the shelf. Oh! had she sought that God, whose words of reconciliation and peace she thus put away from her, what a change would she have felt in her own mind and soul. She would have known, by her own experience, that He could give, and was ready and willing to give, pardon, and peace, and contentment, and hope, and joy, instead of fear, and ignorance, and evil passions, and dread of death, and anger at her poverty, which constantly filled her mind, and made her miserable.

Mrs. Allan was, however, wise for this world, and was aware, that if Jessy learnt to sew, she might soon be able to assist in earning her livelihood. She therefore determined to apply to some ladies who took charge of a free school in

her neighbourhood, in the hope that they might admit Jessy. She was directed by the schoolmistress to come with her little girl on the quarter-day, when the ladies met at the school. Mrs. Allan, accordingly, went on that day, and had the child admitted, as she readily agreed to observe all the rules mentioned by the ladies, and particularly one, which they said could not be dispensed with. It was, that Jessy should be punctual to the school hours, and attend regularly every day. When Mrs. Allan promised over and over again to observe this rule, she knew very well that she did not mean to keep her word; for, two days in the week, she was obliged to go to the garden where she got her vegetables, and on those days Jessy had to watch the stand; but she just thought within herself, that she had better not tell the truth, lest it might be a difficulty in the way of getting Jessy admitted, and that she could easily teach her child to invent excuses, and tell many lies every week to account for her absence. When the ladies spoke also of the Sabbath-School, and the importance of being early instructed in religion, Mrs. Allan sighed, and turned up her eyes and said, 'Ah! yes, ladies, and I am sure the blessing of Heaven will follow you, for providing instruction for so many children, poor things. I think little of any thing else for my Jessy, compared to religious instruction.'

When the ladies spoke more kindly to Mrs. Allan, after her having said this, she went away quite pleased with her success, but she forgot that there had been all the time an eye upon her that she could not deceive, and that her lies and hypocrisy were marked down in God's book against the day of death and judgment.

When Jessy came to school, she knew almost nothing. Her whole life, excepting the time she had spent in learning to read, had been passed in playing near her mother's door with other idle children, or in watching the stand in her mother's absence, or, perhaps, going an errand, or some such way. Mrs. Allan lived in a low house with an earthen floor, and was very dirty and disorderly, so that Jessy did not even know what it was to be clean and neat in her person,—as for her soul, she thought no more about it, than if she had been without one. Jessy was, however, good tempered and cheerful, though, on first coming to school, very inattentive. After she had attended a few days, and got at her ease, she became a great favourite with the other girls, for she was very obliging, and so lively and playful, that they never could be out of humour, or quarrel with any thing she said or did. The mistress, though often obliged to reprove Jessy, yet could not help loving her, because, instead of looking sulky or stupid when she was found fault with, she seemed vexed, and immediately tried anx-

iously to do better, though her idle habits and thoughtlessness would soon lead her into faults again. The ladies, also, who visited the school, observed with approbation how anxious she was to have her lessons ready to repeat; and that, when they spoke to her, she listened to all they said, as if she really wished to understand it. On the Sabbath evenings, Mrs. Allan allowed Jessy to attend school pretty regularly, as she had nothing for her to do at home, and the master spoke so kindly, that Jessy loved to go, and really wished to please him. When the master observed this, he encouraged her, and sometimes addressed what he said particularly to her.

One Sabbath evening, after having spoken to the children on the duty of prayer, the master said, 'I hope, children, you all know what it is to come to God by prayer, and to make your requests to him in the name of Christ.'

Jessy was standing near the master, and he said to her, 'Jessy, I trust you are one of those children who have chosen God to be the guide of your youth, and that you come to him as to a father, to ask forgiveness for your sins in his name, who bore their punishment for you. I trust you have given your heart to Christ, and have received him to be your Saviour, and your Lord?'

The master looked at Jessy, and she immediately answered, 'Yes,' though she had scarce-

ly ever thought of prayer, and did not even know what was meant by taking Christ for her Saviour. And this showed the real state of Jessy's heart. She wished to please her master, and the ladies, and her school-mistress, because she loved their notice and kindness; but she did not fear God's displeasure, or value his love and kindness, but dared to stand, as she did, in his presence and tell a lie, and that lie, too, about what God only could know. This proved that she really knew nothing about God, nor believed what the master had told her of his character; for, if she had, she would have trembled at the thought of such an awfully wilful provocation of his holy displeasure.

The master did not see Jessy's heart as God did, but believed what she had said, and spoke very kindly to her.

'My dear child,' said he, 'if you have indeed given your heart to your Redeemer while so young, there are many promises in Scripture addressed to you, and you may, and ought to believe them, as firmly as if Christ himself had spoken them to you from heaven. He says to you, 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.''

When the master was about to conclude for the evening, he said, 'Now, my dear young friends, we are going to separate till next Sabbath; are there any of you who mean to live another week

without coming to that Saviour, who invites you so tenderly to come to him? He offers you salvation.—He offers you his love.—He offers to guide you as a shepherd; nay, even to carry you as lambs in his bosom. He is present at this moment in this place, though you see him not. He assures you in his word, that he is waiting to be gracious to any of you, or all of you, if you will only come to him. Will you refuse? I hope none of your hearts are so cold and wicked as to do so; and now we shall pray to him to receive, and bless, and guide us. Those who choose to come to Jesus, may join me in their hearts while I pray,—those who refuse, may think of other things, perhaps of the day of judgment, when he who now calls upon them to come and be his own dear lambs, will be their Judge, and will ask them why they refused his call, and will tell them that they must abide by their own choice; and since they refused him, they must depart from his presence for ever, and take up their abode for eternity in that awful place where the 'worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' And now, children, choose.' The master paused for an instant, and Jessy said within herself, 'I choose to come to Jesus now;' and when the master began to pray, she prayed with him in her heart. He said, 'O! Lord, thou art now present with us. Thou seest and knowest all our hearts. Some of us desire to come to thee;

but we are so ignorant, we scarcely know how. We desire to know thee more. We give ourselves to thee. We believe thy promise, that thou wilt receive all who come to thee,—that thou wilt love us, and save us, and give us new hearts, and lead us by thy Spirit in the right way, as a shepherd guides his sheep; and that, while we are so ignorant, and unable to take a step in the right way, thou wilt support and carry us through every difficulty, as a shepherd carries the little weak lambs in his bosom.'

The master said more in his prayer, but this was what Jessy remembered; perhaps she might not so well understand what followed. When he had finished, he said, 'Now, my dear children, you who have given yourselves to Christ, do not talk and trifle as you go home, but remember what a solemn thing you have done. You have chosen the Lord to be your Lord and Master, and have given yourselves to him. From henceforth you are not your own. You belong to Christ, and you are in all things to seek to please him. He has commanded this day to be kept holy. Go then, in silence and thankfulness, to your homes, and, before you sleep, again seek that Lord who is ever near you, and may you so find him, my dear young friends, as to love him with your whole hearts and souls.'

The children then sung part of a psalm, and afterwards separated to their different homes.

Jessy remembered what the master had said, and though some of the girls began to talk to her when they got into the street, she did not reply to them, but quickened her pace, and reached home without having spoken to any one. When she got there, she found her mother standing at the door, and several of her neighbours with her, spending the evening of the Lord's Day in idleness and foolish talk, making remarks on the people as they passed from evening church, or from spending the Sabbath in visiting, or country walks.

'Here comes Jessy,' said her mother, 'she has kirk and preachings enough for us all now.'

'And she looks as glum as the minister himsel', said a neighbour, on observing that Jessy did not laugh at her mother's remark.

'Are ye weel eneugh, Jessy?' asked her mother.

'O! yes, mother,' replied Jessy, slipping past her into the house; but, as it was getting late, Mrs. Allan almost immediately followed her, and began talking about her neighbours, and how such a one had been dressed that day; and 'Mary Thomson had a shawl on, I am sure it could not cost under forty shillings, and her lassie with a new straw bonnet, I wonder where folk get the money,' and so on.

The last advice of the master was still in Jessy's thoughts, and she longed to kneel down

and pray, but, while her mother talked in this way, she could not. Mrs. Allan, however, soon went to bed, and then, when all was quiet and still, Jessy raised her thoughts to Christ, and prayed nearly in the same words the master had used, and then fell into a sound and peaceful sleep.

I do not mean to tell much of what passed while Jessy was at school, because it would take a great deal of time to do so; and I particularly wish to call the attention of my young readers to some events which took place after she had left school, and no longer either received good advice or instruction, and had no proper example set before her. Jessy's conduct then proved how much she really had profited by the instructions bestowed on her at school. I shall just mention, that, after the evening I have described, Jessy improved rapidly in every way. Her mind was opened to perceive, that hitherto, though she had tried to please the ladies, and the Sabbath-School master, and her school-mistress, she had not known God, and had forgotten that it was the heart he regarded; and she began to feel, that her own heart was very sinful, and that, however earnestly she might desire to do what she knew to be right and pleasing in the sight of God, she constantly failed, and could not for one day, or one half-day, live without sinning.

This knowledge of her own sinful nature made Christ precious to her, when she dared to come to him, and trust to his blood to wash away her sins; but she was still so ignorant, that she sometimes thought her sins so great she feared to come to Christ.

Before Jessy came to school, she had been in the constant habit of lying; and so difficult was it to cure that sinful habit, that, even after she knew how wicked it was, her first impulse, when accused of a fault, was to deny it, even though she had committed it, and after doing so she was afraid to pray, and would go about for days with a guilty conscience, and in terror lest God should cut her off, and appoint her a portion with liars in everlasting misery. One thing the Sabbath-School master said on this subject, was very useful to Jessy. It was this:—

'Young Christians, when they have sinned, are afraid to return to Christ by prayer; but, my dear young friends, why so? It is not from the Bible you have been taught this fear. The Bible says,—'Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord: Return, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger for ever: only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God.' What do you expect to gain by continuing at a distance from Christ? Do you hope to make yourselves

more holy, and intend, on finding that you have become so, to return to him? Such thoughts, if you entertain them, proceed not from the teaching of the Bible, nor from the Spirit of Truth, but from the devil, the enemy of your souls; and it is only the ignorance and deceitfulness of your hearts which lead you to believe them. Jesus Christ himself says,—'Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.' By remaining at a distance from Christ, you cut yourselves off from the source of your strength, without whom you have no more power to do what is pleasing to God, than a branch has power to grow and bring forth fruit when it is cut off from its parent tree. And remember what an awful end our Lord declares shall await those who do not abide in him:—'If a man abide not in me, he is cast off as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.' Take heed, therefore, my dear young friends, how you listen to the temptations of the evil one, or to your own sinful and unbelieving hearts, when they would keep you away from Christ, for he is ready to pardon you. He is your Advocate with the Father,—your High-Priest, who bears your names on his heart,

and continually intercedes for you. His blood cleanseth from all sin; and there is no other way whatever by which you can receive forgiveness or remission, but by faith in him.'

These words of the master made a deep impression on Jessy's heart. She felt peace and joy fill her soul, when she thought of that Saviour to whom she might always return,—who would wash away her sins in his own blood,—who would intercede for her,—who would, if she trusted in him, deliver her from the power of all her sins, and enable her to do what was pleasing in his holy sight. After this, when she felt afraid to pray, she knew that it was her own evil heart which made her so, and that the longer she remained without confessing her sins and seeking forgiveness, the more would her fears increase, and the more averse would she become to pray; and then she would think of the awful state of those who were separate from Christ. These thoughts brought her often to her Saviour; and, therefore, she was enabled to overcome those sinful habits which she now knew were hateful in the sight of God, and from which she therefore earnestly prayed to be delivered. Jessy also constantly watched herself, lest she should be led into sin; for she had heard the Sabbath-School master say, that those were only hypocrites who came to Christ, and prayed to be delivered from their sins, while all the time they really did not hate them, or try in every way

they could to resist them. Jessy did not pray and labour in vain. In a short time, the schoolmistress remarked, with praise, how very exactly she kept to the truth in all she said; and observed what a difference there was in that respect, since she first came to school. Then she had always an excuse ready for every fault; and answered, on all occasions, what she thought would keep herself in favour, whether it was quite the truth or not; but now she considered before she spoke, and then told the simple truth, whatever might be the consequence.

This was sweet praise to Jessy, and cause of much thankfulness to that Lord who had been her Saviour from the power of this sin.

Many little girls are so carefully watched over, and instructed by their parents, that they cannot acquire such bad habits as poor Jessy's wicked mother suffered unchecked in her; but those girls ought to feel thankful to God for having had such parents, and to remember, that much smaller sins committed by them, must appear very wicked in the sight of a perfectly holy God, because they have always been taught what was right, and have always seen their good parents do what was right; for 'unto whomsoever much is given, of them shall be much required.'

When Jessy had been about a year and a half at school, a person, named Thomas Grey, came to lodge in a house near her mother's. He had

been a soldier; and, after having served long enough to entitle him to the pension, had got his discharge, and was now returned to spend the remainder of his days in his own country. Thomas Grey's wife was dead, and his two children doing for themselves. He was not, however, an old man, though much weather-beaten, and rather rheumatic, from having been exposed to very different climates; and thinking now, that he might still be able to earn something by his labour, he wished to find a wife to keep his house, and prepare his food. After a very short acquaintance, he fixed upon Jessy's mother as a proper person, observing that she was a bustling body, and able to support herself and her daughter. Mrs. Allan was easily persuaded to marry Thomas, as she thought his pension would go a great way in supporting the family; she also hoped that he would be able to earn something. In short, Mrs. Allan was so discontented, that she liked the idea of any change, and thought she could not, at least, be worse off than she was already; so, with little consideration on either side, and scarcely any knowledge of each other, Mrs. Allan and Thomas Grey were married.

Poor Jessy did not much like this change; but as her mother told her that step-fathers were not like step-mothers, but were always kind to their step-children, she tried to be as obliging as she could to her new father. For some months,

things went on smoothly enough. There was, however, one part of her step-father's conduct which poor Jessy found it very hard to endure. He never spoke without using some dreadful oath, or taking the name of God in vain. Jessy ventured to intreat him gently not to do so; and, at first, he said she was very right, and that it was a bad habit he had got; but this willingness to acknowledge the sinfulness of this evil habit, lasted only while Thomas continued in good humour with his new situation. When he began to perceive how matters really were,—that his new wife was an idle slattern, who spent great part of her time in gossiping with her neighbours, while, excepting the attempt at order made by poor Jessy, her house, and little family matters, were left in utter confusion, the heat and violence of his temper began to show themselves; and, in his moments of impatience and anger, the oaths he uttered made Jessy tremble: and then even a look of intreaty from her only brought curses on herself for meddling, with her hypocritical, whining, and sanctified looks, while she had better look nearer home, and see what a —— —— mother she had. I shall not repeat the shocking names by which this man called his wife, or the most sinful manner in which she, on her part, replied to them. During the last six months that Jessy continued at school, these shameful scenes became more and more frequent; and as the

time approached at which her mother said she must begin to earn her own livelihood, Jessy became most anxious to procure a situation as a servant. In this, however, she did not succeed. The school-mistress recommended her to two different ladies; but her mother, being anxious herself to profit by Jessy's wages, was so unreasonable in the terms she mentioned, as those on which she alone would part with her child, that both ladies declined taking her; and poor Jessy, who would thankfully have gone to either, on almost any terms, had no other prospect than remaining in her most uncomfortable home. Her mother took her from school, and made some exertion to get her work, and at last succeeded in procuring her constant employment in an upholsterer's shop. Jessy was very comfortable in this situation. She went to work early in the morning, and only came home for her meals, so that she saw less of the miseries of her home than formerly. When she returned after her day's work, her step-father was generally absent. Her mother, too, was usually standing somewhere near her own door, gossiping with her idle neighbours, and Jessy would slip into the house unperceived by them. All within she would find in confusion; but her first occupation was to make things as orderly as she could, and then she would sit down with her Bible, either near the window, or on a stool on the new-swept

hearth, when there was none but fire-light, and read, and think, and pray till she was interrupted by the return of her mother. These were precious seasons to poor Jessy; and sometimes, young as she was, she could, in thought, trace the ways of God, and, amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, see his mercy and kindness. 'It is true,' she would think, 'I have no parents, when I return from my work, who receive me kindly, and encourage me, and praise me for my attention to my business, as the parents of some of my companions do; nor to make the most of what I can earn, in clothing as well as feeding me. My mother does not care though I am the worst clothed of all the girls in the shop, though I earn more than any girl of the same age; but I can discover that all this God can turn into good for me. When I return home, and find no mother, I think, though this house is empty, God is present; though my earthly parent cares little for me, my heavenly Father has done great things for me. He has placed me in so poor a situation, that my mother could not afford to pay for my schooling, but that led her to seek instruction for me from those who considered my soul's concerns their chief care. I have been carefully taught the way of salvation,—I have been led to give myself to Christ,—I have received this precious Bible, and been instructed in its meaning, so far as to know something of God,—something

of Christ,—something of my own sinful state. I could have learnt none of this at home,—and now, if I had a kind mother, and a comfortable pleasant home to come to, should I remember God? Might I not be satisfied and happy, and forget Him? But, as it is, I can say from my heart, 'God is my portion.' When I return to this little solitary place, it is to meet God. My thoughts immediately go to Christ. It seems as if he was present with me, and I speak to him in prayer as to my very kindest—only,—dearest, —almighty Friend. I tell him all that is in my heart; and, when I wish to hear him speak to me, I open this Bible and I read his own words. O how sweet and pleasant they are to my soul!—then, whatever happens, still I feel near to him, and can say to him, in the midst of outward confusion, 'Thou shalt hide me in the secret of thy presence: thou shalt keep me secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.'"

As winter approached, Jessy's evening seasons of peace and solitude were gradually shortened. When the weather became cold, and it was early dark, her mother could no longer stand in the street with her neighbours. She made up for this by entering into conversation eagerly with all those who came to purchase any of the articles which, during the day, were displayed on her stand, but which, at the close of it, were now carried into her house. Jessy's home, in winter,

became thus the resort of all the idle women in the neighbourhood. This idle talking led to much evil besides neglect of family duties. Sinners entice each other,—and Jessy's mother gradually became addicted to the most ruinous of all vices,—drinking. Thomas Grey, who now acted as a porter, indulged in the same sin. He stood almost all day on the street, waiting for any work that offered; but, as he was not active, and generally somewhat stupified by drink, he was not much employed, and earned but little. Of that little, he gave scarcely any to his wife, but spent almost the whole of it in the indulgence of his sinful habit, telling his wife, that she would get the pension, which was more than enough to pay for all the comforts that his house offered him. At the first term for receiving this pension, after Thomas had married Mrs. Allan, it barely paid the debts that had been contracted from trusting to it. The second term was now near, and house-rent, and many other things, had been left unpaid, still looking forward to this fund. The people who had given Mrs. Grey credit, knew well at what time the pension was paid, and a day or two after she received it, all of them demanded their money. Mrs. Grey paid as far as she could, but found that she had not enough to pay half the demands that were made upon her. She dared not tell her husband this, for Thomas now thought little of beating

her when in anger. She therefore fell on every means in her power to induce her creditors to wait, and did not scruple to make promises she never could fulfil. To one person she promised that Jessy should pay what she earned at the end of every week, and this poor Jessy insisted on doing herself till the debt was paid, though, cold as it was, she still went to her work with nothing warmer to wrap herself in, than a thin shawl, and her shoes almost worn out. When Jessy had paid the last shilling that her mother's creditor claimed, the woman said to her, 'My good lassie, I see that you are really honest; and, I am sure, you are not idle like your mother, who is as careless as she is idle; for, if she had taken notice, she might have known, that you have paid me two weeks' wages more than I had a right to. I have let you do this without saying any thing, because I knew, that if your mother once got your money, little good from it would come to you, and you are in sore want of some bit shawl to keep you warm—so with your last week's wages I have gotten you a second-hand grey cloak, and wait a minute, and I'll go with you myself, and fit you in a pair of shoes.' Jessy waited; and, while doing so, her heart rose in thankfulness to that Lord who never forsook her, and who had now put it into the heart of a stranger to care for her.

Matters after this became worse and worse

with Mrs. Grey. She could not easily get credit, and her own earnings, joined to Jessy's, were now the only means of support for the family. With good management this might have done; but with Mrs. Grey's bad management, and her evil habits, she was soon in real poverty, and therefore most anxious to obtain assistance in any way she could. About this time, a benevolent gentleman had ordered coals to be sold to the poor from his coal-yard, in her neighbourhood at a very reduced price. Mrs. Grey eagerly availed herself of this gentleman's goodness, and one day, when Jessy was at home for her scanty dinner, desired her to go and get some of the coals. These coals were given out at a fixed hour, and then there was much crowding and pushing at the place. Jessy was anxious to get forward as she had little time to spare; so she watched and kept her place, that she might be served in her turn. A woman behind her, after pushing herself past many others, at last held out her basket, and intreated one of the men to fling her coals into it, as her infant was left alone in the house. The man wished to oblige her, and threw a piece into her basket. Another piece, however, from the careless way the woman held her basket, missed it, and fell with great violence against poor Jessy's leg. The blow threw her down, and there was immediately a cry, 'The poor lassie's leg is broken! What a

shame! That comes of serving people out of their turn!'

The man who had thrown the piece of coal ran to Jessy, and tried to raise her to her feet; but the pain from the blow was so great, that she could not stand, and almost fainted. She was known to some of the people near her, and, on finding where she lived, the man lifted her up in his arms, and carried her towards her house, with the greatest care and tenderness. A crowd followed, and Mrs. Grey ran out, as usual, on hearing a bustle in the street. On discovering that her own child was the cause, and seeing her carried pale, and apparently lifeless, she screamed out, 'Jessy! *my* Jessy! What is it? Who has done this?' in such a loud and fearful voice, as to recal Jessy to her senses. She got down, and tried to stand, and said, 'O mother! do not scream that way, it is not so bad.' She could say no more, and was helped into the house, and laid upon her little bed. It was now discovered that the blood was running down Jessy's leg into her shoe; and the man who had carried her home immediately offered to carry her to an apothecary's who lived near, where the wound would be properly dressed, and to pay whatever was necessary, both at this time and afterwards, till she was well again.

'Indeed, you can do nothing less,' said one of the women who had followed Jessy.

'Was it him that did it?' asked Mrs. Grey, in voice of kindling anger.

'Deed was it,' replied the other, 'flinging als about among the folk,—that's charity!'

Mrs. Grey then burst forth, scolding, and call-g the man by every opprobrious name her fury pplied. Poor Jessy, though apparently in very reat pain, intreated her mother to be quiet, ssuring her that the man was not in the least to lame; but Mrs. Grey would not listen, and the an, at last, after hearing in silence every sort f abuse, felt himself growing angry, and, turn-g to Jessy, said, 'I am sorry for what has hap-ened to you. I have offered what I could to ake up for my part in it, but I see I can be of o use among such a set of'——he stopped, and id not allow his anger to get the better of him; en pushing the scolding women out of his way, ft the house.

When Jessy's leg was examined, it was found hat the sharp edge of the coal had made a fright-lly deep wound. All round this wound ap-eared much bruised, and was now swelled and lack. Each of the women present, recommend-d a different manner of dressing the wound. 'oor Jessy intreated that it might be bound up, nd she left in peace. She felt sick and faint rom pain, and the talking and disputes around er were most distressing. At last it was agreed, hat it should be done up in soap and sugar.

This dressing, applied on a coarse rag, and bound with others of the same description, and far from clean, was at last finished, and the people went away. Mrs. Grey went out also, to tell all that had happened to a neighbour who had not been present. Jessy was at last left in peace, and immediately her thoughts turned to that God, whose presence always seemed to return to her soul when she was left alone. Hitherto, when she had thought of God, it had been with feelings of thankfulness. She had constantly been able to say to herself, 'God is my best friend. He has, indeed, been to me a 'father of the fatherless.' Whatever good I have received, has either been through his servants, and done for his sake, or from my Saviour himself, guiding me in the paths of righteousness, and thus procuring for me favour, and imparting happiness and peace.' Now poor Jessy was at a loss. She thought of God, but her heart filled, and she could only weep. 'Had God forsaken her?' Jessy did not yet know that the children of God must learn to trust in him at *all* times, both when his dispensations give them joy, and when he sees fit to chasten and to try them. Jessy's Bible was always kept in a little chest close by her bed. She now took it out, and opened it to look for a text which came into her mind; but the exertion of stretching out of her bed made her leg so excessively painful, that, for a little, she could at-

d only to it. When it got somewhat less un-
y, she began her search, and after some time
nt in it, she found the text she wanted. It
s this, ' Shall we receive good at the hand of
d, and shall we not receive evil ?' Jessy read
account given of Job's afflictions, and won-
ed how little she had ever cared to read it be-
e. When she had read of all that the Lord
fered to happen to this still beloved, and high-
approved of servant, she almost smiled on re-
mbering, that, a few minutes before, she had
ught God had forsaken her, because he had
fered her to fall into a comparatively trifling
iction. Her mind became calm and easy, and
en the mind is so, pain is not half so ill to
ır. When we can say, ' It is *my* God, *my*
ther, *my* Refiner, who has sent this, in order
purify my soul, and prepare me for himself,'
can much more easily endure the sharpest
fering, and feel willing to love and kiss the
id that afflicts us for our good. We know
t He ' does not afflict willingly,' but because
s necessary for us.

During some days, Jessy was subjected to a
at deal of suffering, from the manner in which
mother showed her anxiety for her recovery.
every person who came in, she must uncover
l show poor Jessy's wound. Thus the dress-
was taken off many times in the day. Be-
es this, a great variety of remedies were tried,

so that, at the end of a week, Jessy was in greater pain than she had been even at first. This continued for some time longer, till at last the wound assumed a very unfavourable appearance, and Thomas Grey, who had, while serving as a soldier, himself been wounded, and confined to an hospital, and by that means knew what were considered bad symptoms, went himself to the Dispensary, and begged a doctor to come and visit his step-daughter. Had this been done at first, poor Jessy might have been saved much. When the doctor came and saw the wound, he seemed really sorry for Jessy,—said she must be suffering dreadfully; and when she answered him with a smile on her now pale, young face, that she did not *always* suffer *very* much, he turned away quite moved. He looked for an instant round the disorderly apartment, into which two women had followed him, from curiosity, to hear what he would prescribe, and then said in a low voice to Jessy, 'I am sure you cannot be properly attended to, or kept quiet here; would you have any objection to going to the Infirmary?'

'Should I be in quietness there, Sir?' asked Jessy.

'Perfectly so, and every thing done to give you ease.'

'O! if it is quiet, I should like well well to go,' replied Jessy, earnestly.

The doctor turned to her mother. 'My good

woman, your daughter would me much better in the Infirmary, where she could be properly attended to, than here.'

'In the Infirmary!' repeated Mrs. Grey; 'My bairn in the Infirmary! Never. Attended to! I am sure I do nothing but attend to her! and there is not a friend I have, or one of the neighbours, who has not come to ask for her, and see her sore leg, every day since she got it. Attended to, indeed!'

'But that is the worst thing possible for her, my good woman,' replied the doctor mildly. 'You intend it for kindness, but your girl ought to be kept perfectly quiet, and see no person but the one who attends her; that would be difficult here, as I see you have articles for sale at your door, and must be constantly coming and going; so I really think you had better allow your daughter to go where she may be kept as she ought to be.'

Mrs. Grey seemed at a loss for a reply to this mild remonstrance; but a neighbour whispered something to her, and then she said, 'Sir, if you want Jessy to go to the Infirmary, because you think it is too much trouble to come here and see her, I must just try to get another doctor; but go to the Infirmary Jessy shall not.'

'O mother!' said Jessy, 'how can you speak that way. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for being so kind as to come.'

'I shall prove to you, woman,' said the doctor, 'that it is not to save myself trouble I have made this proposal: but if you continue to undo the dressings of this wound, I must just tell you, that you have more to answer for than you are aware of.' He then, in a manner that, compared to the usual one, gave Jessy scarcely any pain, dressed the sore, and after again charging Mrs. Grey on no account whatever to meddle with it till he returned, left the house.

When Thomas Grey returned at night, his wife soon told him, that the fine doctor he had sent, had proposed Jessy's going to the Infirmary.

'Well,' replied Thomas, 'I am sure she would be far better there than here.'

'If she was your own child, Thomas, you would not say that.'

'If it was my ownself!' replied Thomas, with one of his oaths, 'I would say it. Have I not been in an hospital, and do I not know that it is a far better place to get any thing healed in, than this disorderly cellar, that's shaken like an earthquake by every cart that goes by, and that you fill with clattering women from morning to night.'

'I wish you could get my mother to let me go, father,' said Jessy. 'I am sure I should be far sooner well; and then, mother, you would be glad you had not hindered me.'

'And have you the sense to wish to go, Jessy?' asked Thomas.

'I wish very much to go,' replied Jessy. 'The doctor told me it was quiet there, and that every thing would be done to give me ease; and I am sure I would soon be better, for you cannot think, father, what a different thing it was when he dressed it to-day.'

'Then go you shall, my lassie!' said Thomas firmly, 'and that before another day is over your head.'

Mrs. Grey's anger had been kindling during this conversation, and now burst forth in loud scolding, in the course of which she declared, that no power on earth should take her child to the Infirmary.

'We shall see,' said Thomas firmly.

Jessy attempted to interpose, and make peace, but her mother only scolded the more loudly and fiercely. At last Thomas said, in a suppressed tone of voice, 'There is your great love for Jessy,—there is the way you keep her quiet! Though I never saw the lassie till a year ago, and wish from my soul I had never seen either her or her mother, I would not for a hundred pounds make such a clamour beside her, after the doctor said so much about keeping her quiet.'

'But,' said Mrs. Grey, lowering her voice a little, 'you would send her to the Infirmary to

have her leg ta'en aff,—for I am sure they'll do nothing less.'

Jessy started when her mother said this.

The scolding continued, and her father sometimes answered with oaths, but Jessy, who was used to those dreadful sounds, heard them not. She could not bear to think of what her mother had said, yet she could think of nothing else. She had heard frightful stories of operations at the Infirmary, and now they all returned to her mind. She breathed short, and her heart beat quick from fear. The doctor had ordered her a draught to make her sleep, which she had taken, but now she could not sleep, and the draught only made her head uneasy, and added to the confusion and horridness of the ideas with which her imagination was filled. Never did poor Jessy pass a more miserable night. Towards morning she dosed occasionally, but, after a short interval of sleep, would start awake from some frightful dream.

The doctor came early next day. Thomas had staid at home, that he might see him, and get a line of admission for Jessy into the Infirmary. When the doctor saw Jessy, and felt her pulse, he asked if she had slept?

'Very little,' replied Jessy.

'Did you take the draught?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Then something happened to prevent your getting to sleep, I suppose?'

Thomas looked at his wife, and then said, 'Noise, Sir, prevented her sleeping;—no person could have fallen asleep here last night.'

'That will never do,' said the doctor, with displeasure; 'your child will never recover in such circumstances.'

'It was not just the noise that kept me from sleeping,' said Jessy; 'but tell me, Doctor, if you please, will it be necessary,—is my leg so ill, that it must be taken off?'

Jessy asked this question with difficulty, and could not keep her voice from changing, and tears filling her eyes.

'There,' said Thomas to his wife, 'I told you that, in the poor lassie's weak state, she would take your saying that to heart.'

'I was only in joke, Jessy,' said her mother; 'as true as death, I did not mean what I said. How could you think of that?'

'Poor thing!' said the doctor, compassionately; 'no wonder she had little sleep, after such cruel rashness.'

'But, Sir,' said Jessy, 'you have not said that I will recover without—.' She did not like to finish the painful question.

'Can *I* say, Jessy, whether or not you will recover?' said the doctor, gently. 'Your life and health are not in my hands; all we can do is to

use the means. I am sure you know this, my good girl.'

'Oh! yes,' said Jessy, her heart filling on hearing words so unlike what she was used to; and, looking at the doctor with love and reverence, 'You have only to tell me, Sir, what I ought to do, and I shall try to do it; and if the means fail—'

'We must not look forward to evil,' interrupted the doctor; 'you know we are desired to take no thought for the morrow. Believe me, my good girl, God will give you strength according to your day,—only trust in him.'

The doctor spoke thus to Jessy as he dressed her wound, and she felt almost sorry when his rapid and easy operation was finished.

When the doctor went away, Thomas followed him to the door. His wife did the same. When they returned, Thomas said to Jessy, 'I am going to tell an Infirmary chair to be brought, Jessy; you will be ready for it, my lassie. The doctor says he will see you in the evening.'

Jessy looked at her mother.—Mrs. Grey was silent. She seemed stupified, and Jessy wondered what the doctor had said to her.

'You will come and see me, mother,' said Jessy when her father had gone out.

'Oh! ay,' replied Mrs. Grey; 'but the doctor said I must only come at this hour, and at that

hour. It's a pretty thing to keep a mother from her own child.'

Jessy was glad to find that her mother was going to part with her so easily, and now intreated her to get ready for their going. Mrs. Grey was to accompany Jessy, and see her settled in that Ward of the Infirmary set apart for those in her circumstances; and she now began to bustle about, and to make her own appearance as respectable as she could, and also to get Jessy made ready to be moved. Before this could be accomplished, a bustle in the street called her attention. As she was going to the door, a neighbour put in her head, saying, 'It's an Infirmary chair.' A crowd of children had followed this well-known vehicle, the very sight of which makes one feel sad, as it recals so many painful images of sickness, and want of comfortable homes. Poor Jessy's heart sunk when she heard it was come. Her mother went to the door, and came back with their hands clasped together.

'Oh! Jessy,' exclaimed she, 'what for would you be so keen to go away from your own mother? I am sure, when you see that awful chair, you will not go—no power would make me set my foot in it.'

The men who had brought the chair, now entered to offer their services to carry out the sick person.

'Oh! Jessy, do not go,' whispered her mother.

'I *must* now, dear mother. Do not stop me,—the sooner it is over the better.'

The men then carried her carefully and tenderly to the chair. Several people stood around it, who expressed their compassion for the 'poor thing!' She heard one woman say, 'Dear me, she looks dreadful white!' And another, 'She'll never come back!'

Jessy was carried to the Infirmary, and then to the bed in the Ward, with less pain than she had feared. All around her was so clean and comfortable, and, above all, so quiet, that even before her mother left her, she felt reconciled to her new situation. When her mother was obliged to bid her farewell, her heart sunk for a little; but the stillness around her made her feel as if she was alone, and then she began to think of God, and to remember that he was present with her. She thought and prayed over what had passed within the last two days. The doctor's words returned to her memory, and she tried to trust God for whatever was before her; and after a little time she fell asleep, and slept tranquilly for several hours. On waking, she heard voices in the room, and drawing aside the curtain, saw her own doctor, and several others, standing or stooping over the bed of a patient not far from hers.

The nurse came and shut her curtain, saying, in a whisper, 'Every body must stay quiet while the doctors are here. They do not like people to be peeping from the beds.'

In a short time her doctor drew aside her curtain, and spoke kindly to her. He then called to an elderly gentleman, and said, 'This is the girl I mentioned to you.'

The elder doctor immediately came, and Jessy's wound was uncovered. She looked earnestly at him, while he carefully examined it. He then said something to her doctor in a language she did not understand, and shook his head. 'We may continue the remedies you have begun for a few days,' added he; 'but delay, I fear, will only increase the evil.'

He then went away, and Jessy's own doctor staid to bandage up the wound. While doing so, he asked her if she had any book to amuse her. She drew her Bible from under the pillow. 'I have this, Sir.'

He looked much pleased. 'If you really love that book, Jessy, we know whose child you are; and whatever you may have to suffer, all will work together for your good.'

After the doctors were gone, Jessy thought over what she had understood in their conversation respecting her. She felt certain that they thought very unfavourably of her case; and her own doctor's last words seemed to imply, that she

had still to look forward to severe suffering. Her mother's words the night before, returned to her thoughts, but she could not yet bear to think they might be true. The first time the nurse came near her bed, she asked her if she knew what the doctors thought of her case.

The nurse hesitated, and then said, 'They do not seem to think well of it for the present.'

'But do you think they mean to take off my leg?'

'I cannot tell,—they did not say any thing to me. But if it should be so bad as to come to that, you know many a person has had that done, and been strong and healthy all the rest of their lives.'

'Oh! but such dreadful pain as it must be!' exclaimed Jessy.

'Oh! no,' replied the nurse; 'I have heard many people say that they had suffered more pain before than during the operation; and then you know, even if it should be very sore for a short time,—ten minutes perhaps, or a quarter of an hour, it is the last pain, and then you get ease and sleep. I am sure, with that leg, you must always be suffering, and can get very little sleep.'

'That is very true,' replied Jessy.

'Well,' answered the nurse, 'would it not be better to suffer sharply for a short time, and then

be well, than to be continually in pain, and have all your strength wasted away?'

Jessy agreed, and felt much comforted by what the nurse had said. For two or three days after this, Jessy continued in pretty much the same state. The perfect quiet which always reigned around her, composed her mind, and she could without interruption read her Bible, and think and pray over what she read. The nurse, who was pleased with the grateful manner in which she received all her attentions, had brought her a book, saying, 'I see you are very fond of reading. This is a book my mother was always at, when she was not reading her Bible. I do not know what it is about, for I never cared for reading; but I have kept it for her sake, and I am sure I may trust it with you, and may be you may like it.'

Jessy thanked the nurse gratefully. This book was 'The Scots Worthies,' and no other could have been better suited to wile away Jessy's thoughts from the pain she constantly endured. She read this account of the sufferings undergone by the faithful servants of her Lord, with an interest so deep, as to make her forget all else,—where she was,—her own pain,—what she herself might still have to suffer,—every thing, while she followed in thought one or other of those 'Witnesses for the truth,' fearlessly proclaiming it to the scattered sheep of Christ's fold,

who dared to gather to them, in lonely glens, or beneath the rocky cliffs or unfrequented parts of the sea-shore, or amongst the hills:—she followed them to the caves and woods, where they fled from their persecutors, or to prisons or cruel deaths; and her young and warm heart led her almost to wish she had been amongst those who had been called to suffer for her Lord's cause, as she found, that among 'The Scots Worthies,' there had been not only ministers who preached the truth, but many, and some of them younger than herself, who had witnessed to their faith in Christ by dying, rather than give up serving him. When it became dark, and she could no longer read, she still thought of them, and tried to discover whether she, too, might not honour her Lord in her sufferings. She remembered that the Bible spoke both of *doing* the will, and *suffering* the will of God. She prayed to be enabled to understand the meaning of the last expression; and she thought, that as *doing* the will of God meant obedience to his laws, which we were incapable of obeying without his continual assistance, so *suffering* his will must mean, to submit with love and gentleness, and without murmuring, to whatever he appointed, in the firm belief of what he himself has declared, that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,'—and this she also knew she could not do without his assistance. She prayed earnestly, therefore, for grace

to enable her to *suffer* the will of her Lord, whatever it might be.

During these few days, many doctors had examined Jessy's leg most carefully, and she remarked, that all of them seemed to think ill of it. She was herself sensible that the pain was not diminished, and that the parts affected were gradually spreading. This she told her mother, who visited her daily.

'Ay,' replied Mrs. Grey, 'they told me that it would be so before you came here, Jessy.'

'And what more did the doctor say, mother?'

'I must not tell you, Jessy. They forbade me, and I promised, because they said my telling you would do you ill. But I think all their fine attendance has not done you much good.'

Poor Jessy did not press her mother to break her word, but she felt certain, that what she had so much feared would assuredly take place. Now, however, she could, with some measure of composure, look forward to whatever might occur as sent by her heavenly Father; and fervently prayed for his grace, to prepare and enable her to suffer his will, so as to honour him, by showing his power to support the very feeblest of those who put their trust in him.

Next forenoon Jessy's own doctor, and the gentleman he had called to look at her leg the

first day she was in the Infirmary, came togetl to her bed-side. Her own doctor spoke che fully to her, and undid the dressings on l wound. When the other doctor saw it, he s 'I was right,—it is just as I expected, noth: will stop its progress.' He then felt Jess pulse, and added, 'She seems less weak tl when she came, that is good.'

He then went away. Jessy's doctor dres: her wound in silence, and saw her laid comfc ably. He then sat down on the side of her b and said to her in a low voice, 'Jessy, do y remember a promise you made to me, the secc day I visited you?'

Jessy thought for an instant. 'No, Sir, l whatever it was, I am ready to fulfil it if I car

'Your promise was, Jessy, that if I would j tell you any thing you ought to do in order recover your health, you would do it.'

'Well, Sir, I am sure it is the least I can I wish I could do *any* thing to show you h much I feel obliged by all your kindnesses.'

'Well, Jessy, I will tell you the truth; fr the first day I saw this wound, I thought would never heal. All the doctors who h seen it since you came here, are of the same o nion;—and now there is but one thing we can —if that were done, we all think you would quite well and stout afterwards.'

'I understand you, Sir,' said Jessy, becom

very pale, 'and I am ready to undergo whatever you think right.'

The doctor looked at Jessy. 'Are you sure you understand me?' asked he.

'Quite sure,' replied Jessy, smiling, though her eyes filled with tears, 'and I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken, Sir, and for the gentle way you have told me this. I have been thinking, ever since I came here, that it might end this way.'

'Your mother first put it into your head in a rash way,' said the doctor; 'I was sorry for that, because it might have affected your nerves, and made you regard it as much more formidable than it really is.'

'Yes, Sir; the thought was very dreadful to me at first, but now I trust I shall be enabled to suffer whatever the Lord sees to be good for me.'

'You will be enabled, Jessy, be assured, if you firmly put your trust in God,—none ever trusted him in vain.' The doctor then sat thoughtfully for a little. When he rose to go away, he said, 'We do not think it good to delay in such cases as yours, Jessy, but I shall see you to-morrow morning. I know now that you are ready when it is thought proper.'

He then went away, and when Jessy heard his last step as he left the room, all her power to act firmly seemed to go with him, and she sunk

down in her bed, and wept bitterly. Every painful thing came before her,—the dreadful operation,—lameness for life. She never would be able to go to service,—she must always remain in her mother's house,—all the thoughts of happier days, when she might get a situation in some pious family, and escape from scenes of drunkenness, and swearing, and confusion,—all must be given up for ever! At last a voice seemed to whisper in Jessy's heart, 'Is this the way you *suffer* the will of your Lord?' She became calm, and said to herself, 'And is this the way I *trust* to his promise, that he will make all things work together for my good?' She remembered that God had said in his word, 'Call on me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' And how am I to understand this? thought Jessy. Am I now to expect that God will deliver me from what I fear? No, that would be a miracle; and miracles were wrought, not to convince believers, but unbelievers. God will deliver me from such trouble as prevents my soul from loving and trusting him. He will prove to me, that he can enable me to bear whatever he inflicts, and still to love, and still to believe, that he has no pleasure in my afflictions, but sends them for my good. Nay, more, to believe that in all these afflictions my Lord is afflicted with me; and while he thus delivers me from all the bitterness of the trials he sees ne-

cessary to send, he will, by giving me to feel his power to support under, and sweeten them all, enable me to show forth the glory of his supporting grace and love. When Jessy was enabled to think thus, her mind became calm, and a sweet and heavenly peace was shed abroad in her heart. While in this happy state of mind, she heard some one approaching her bed, and supposing it was her mother, she turned away her face for a moment, to implore strength for the trying scene she expected, when she should inform her of the truth. On turning round again, however, not her mother, but her good schoolmistress, stood by her bed, her looks full of kindness and compassion. Jessy's heart filled. She had not seen her mistress since before she met with her accident:—

'O mistress!' said she, bursting into tears, 'I thought you had forgotten me.'

The mistress could not herself keep from tears. 'No, Jessy! I have thought the same of you. I never heard what had happened to you till yesterday.'

'And have you heard every thing, mistress?' asked Jessy. 'Do you know what is before me?'

'Yes, Jessy,' replied the mistress, her lip trembling as she spoke, 'the nurse has told me all. I hope the Lord has prepared you for it, better than I was prepared to hear of it.'

'Yes, mistress the Lord has wonderfully re-

down in her bed, and wept bitterly. Every painful thing came before her,—the dreadful operation,—lameness for life. She never would be able to go to service,—she must always remain in her mother's house,—all the thoughts of happier days, when she might get a situation in some pious family, and escape from scenes of drunkenness, and swearing, and confusion,—all must be given up for ever! At last a voice seemed to whisper in Jessy's heart, 'Is this the way you *suffer* the will of your Lord?' She became calm, and said to herself, 'And is this the way I *trust* to his promise, that he will make all things work together for my good?' She remembered that God had said in his word, 'Call on me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' And how am I to understand this? thought Jessy. Am I now to expect that God will deliver me from what I fear? No, that would be a miracle; and miracles were wrought, not to convince believers, but unbelievers. God will deliver me from such trouble as prevents my soul from loving and trusting him. He will prove to me, that he can enable me to bear whatever he inflicts, and still to love, and still to believe, that he has no pleasure in my afflictions, but sends them for my good. Nay, more, to believe that in all these afflictions my Lord is afflicted with me; and while he thus delivers me from all the bitterness of the trials he sees ne-

may have a good example, and be kept in God's ways; but I will go to that Lord whom I have taken for my master, and my guide, and my portion, and I will wait on him, and look on whatever situation his providence places me in, as the very best for me.'

'Yes, yes, dear mistress,' replied Jessy. 'Every word you say makes my heart cling closer to Him. I will not fear the future.'

After this Jessy had a long conversation with her mistress, during which she fully opened her heart to that kind and sincere friend, on every subject which had given her uneasiness, and received from her much advice, and much comfort; after which she remained quite composed, and, when alone, spent most of the time in prayer. When her mother came, she was enabled to speak words of comfort to her, and took that opportunity of pressing home upon her mind, the necessity of knowing and serving God, if we would hope to be supported in affliction, or prepared for death.

Early next day, Jessy was visited by her doctor. He felt her pulse.

'You are no worse to-day, Jessy,' said he kindly.

'No, Sir, thank God,' replied Jessy.

'You remember what I said to you yesterday, Jessy, that when the patient had strength for it,

we made no delays, after having determined that an operation was necessary.'

'I do, Sir,' replied Jessy, becoming very pale, 'and I trust I am ready.'

'We think of to-day,' said the doctor gently.

'To-day!' repeated Jessy. 'Well, Sir, whenever you think it best.'

'God will support you, Jessy; put your whole trust in him,' said the doctor. 'I will now send the nurse to make you ready. Do not fear. It will not last long.' The doctor left her, and Jessy prayed fervently for support. In a little, the nurse came and spoke very encouragingly. All necessary preparations were soon made for Jessy to be taken to the place where the operation was to be performed. The doctor came again, and felt her pulse.

'It will soon be over, my good girl, remember God is with you,' said he kindly.

'I hope you are to do it, Sir,' said Jessy earnestly.

'A much more skilful doctor is to do it, Jessy, —one, in comparison of whom I am only a beginner.'

'O! Sir, I would wish you to do it, rather than any other doctor. I would feel, when it was a servant of God who made me suffer, more as if it was the hand of my Lord.'

'It is your Lord's hand, Jessy, whatever instrument he pleases to use. It is still his

gracious, gentle hand; and it is his mercy which makes even this severe trial as easy as the greatest skill can make it.'

'It is so, indeed,' said Jessy.

'I will be near you all the time,' added the doctor, kindly.

'More mercy,' whispered Jessy, as she was carried from her bed.

The nurse had put her shawl over her head and desired her not to look, as the sight of the necessary preparations would only frighten her; and Jessy scrupulously obeyed this injunction.

In less than an hour, the operation was over, and Jessy again laid in bed. She said afterwards, that she had suffered less than she expected; and that all the time she felt as sure of the presence of her Lord and Saviour, as if the veil had been withdrawn, and she admitted amongst the spirits of the 'just made perfect.'

For some days Jessy was kept very quiet. Her mother and the schoolmistress visited her, but she was only allowed to speak to them for a few minutes. To the mistress she said, 'Pray for me, dear mistress, that the Lord may be present with me,—that he may continue to support me, and enable me to rest satisfied that all is best.' To her mother she said, 'The Lord has fulfilled his promise to me. I called upon him, and he delivered me from all fear, and enabled me to submit willingly to whatever he saw to be good

for me. O! mother,' added she earnestly, 'why will you not come to Christ? O! if you only knew him! Think of all he has done for us! O! be persuaded to listen to his blessed and gentle voice! Mother, why will you die? You must perish if you reject him and live as you do.' Mrs. Grey wept when Jessy spoke this to her, but she did no more. She did not offer up one prayer. She knew, that if she came to Christ, she must give up all her sins; and she preferred them to the favour of her Saviour. If she had prayed to him, he would have delivered her from the power of sin; but she did not wish to be delivered. O what a choice! A choice for eternity! Sin in this world,—everlasting woe in the next! Who would believe that rational creatures could be capable of such unutterable folly as to make such a choice?

Jessy remained for several weeks in the Infirmary after undergoing the operation; and during that time, she saw, to her great grief, that her mother was more than ever given up to sin. The truth was, that Mrs. Grey, while Jessy was at home, had been in some degree restrained by her presence, and had also found her house more attractive, for Jessy was kind-hearted and cheerful, and when her mother was in good humour, she could at times wile away her thoughts, and keep her tolerably happy at home; but now when Jessy was absent, and Mrs. Grey had no com-

panion in her solitude but her own evil conscience, she never staid alone a moment when she could help it, and was thus continually in the way of temptation. Several times before Jessy left the Infirmary, her mother visited her in such a state of intoxication as to make her ashamed, besides the misery occasioned to her by the thoughts of her wretched state; and now that Jessy was getting better, if she ventured to say any thing to her mother when sober, it was very ill received.

Poor Jessy's heart sunk, as the time approached that she must return to her home. Though she had suffered much bodily pain in the Infirmary, still it had been a time of peace, and comfort, and improvement to her soul; and her heart sickened at the thought of the swearing, and drunkenness, and entire want of peace and comfort which she must meet in all she had now to look to as her home; but she remembered that God was present every where, and that he could change the hearts of his most determined enemies. For this she prayed; and endeavouring to 'cast all her cares,' as she was commanded, 'on the Lord,' she continued to spend those few peaceful days she remained in the Infirmary, in reading her precious Bible, her dear 'Scots Worthies,' and in thoughts of God.

At last, Jessy's doctor pronounced her cure complete, and after giving her some advice about

going to the shop, explained the cause of Jessy's absence, and when the master saw her standing, rather ashamed, leaning on her crutches, he seemed very sorry for her, and assured her, that as she had always been a most diligent worker while she was with him, that now, whoever wanted work, she never should; and that, if she preferred it, she might have some to do at her own home. Jessy gratefully accepted of this offer, and for a few weeks worked at home; but as soon as she was able to walk with ease on her wooden leg, she again went regularly to the shop, as formerly, and 'lame Jessy Allan' soon became the best and most trusted workwoman in the shop.

Jessy continued for nearly two years thus to attend to her business, pleasing her employer, and respected by all her fellow-work-people. During this time, her mother and step-father became gradually more and more enslaved to their ruling vice. Jessy's wages were, however, a great means of their support; they were, therefore, more from greed and selfishness, than from regard to her, always willing to please her. She was, however, obliged at last to take the management of her wages into her own hand, and this brought upon her, sometimes coldness and abuse, sometimes attempts to wheedle her out of her earnings; but Jessy had thought and prayed over the matter, and was convinced that she

they had to do, and went away. Poor Jessy had then time to look around her, as her mother also soon went out. All seemed worse than when she left it, and some articles of furniture were gone,—Jessy guessed too easily where. Her own little bed and her box remained, however, in their own corner of the comfortless room. Jessy put her Bible into her box, and feeling, at least, the pleasantness of the liberty she might enjoy in her own home, began to move about slowly on her crutches, and put things a little into order. In a short time her mother returned, her conduct betraying too evidently on what errand she had gone out. She spoke much and loud, but what she said was quite incoherent. At a later hour, Thomas Grey also returned, in no better state than his wife;—but it is very painful to describe wickedness, and it can do good to no one to read such descriptions. I shall therefore say little more of Thomas Grey, or his wretched wife, but as it may be necessary to account for some parts of Jessy's conduct.

A few days after her return home, her good schoolmistress accompanied Jessy to the shop where she had worked before she met with her accident. She had intreated the schoolmistress to go with her, because she could not now depend on her mother being sober at any part of the day, and she feared she might disgrace herself before the shop people. The mistress, on

going to the shop, explained the cause of Jessy's absence, and when the master saw her standing, rather ashamed, leaning on her crutches, he seemed very sorry for her, and assured her, that as she had always been a most diligent worker while she was with him, that now, whoever wanted work, she never should; and that, if she preferred it, she might have some to do at her own home. Jessy gratefully accepted of this offer, and for a few weeks worked at home; but as soon as she was able to walk with ease on her wooden leg, she again went regularly to the shop, as formerly, and 'lame Jessy Allan' soon became the best and most trusted workwoman in the shop.

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ought not to assist her parents in their indulgence of sin. She was therefore firm, and while she did all in her power to procure real comforts for them, never, when she could help it, assisted them in sinning. While Jessy was 'diligent in business,' she was also 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' The Sabbath and the Lord's house became her delight. She continued to attend the Sabbath Evening School, where she had first been led to love and serve the Lord, till she was sixteen. She was then advised by the master to go rather to church, as he necessarily had to address most of what he said, to those who had still to learn the very first principles of religion, and she ought, he said, to press on, and add to her faith, 'knowledge.' Jessy followed this kind advice, and earnestly sought to profit by it.

Mrs. Grey almost never went to church, and she had no seat any where. There was one minister, however, whose preaching Jessy, very soon after she began to think seriously of religion, found she preferred to any other she ever heard. In his church, as soon as she was able, she took a seat for herself. There was another young girl came to the same pew, whose appearance very much interested Jessy. She seemed, like herself, always to come to church alone. She looked very sickly, and listened to the preacher, as if she was indeed hearing a message from God. Jessy and she very often remained in church to-

gether between sermons, and sometimes they entered a little into conversation on what they had heard. By degrees they became more intimate, and at length met each other with pleasure and kindness. They, however, met only on the Sabbath; for though they walked home together, and her friend passed Jessy's house to reach her own, Jessy never liked to ask her in, for she was ashamed of what she must have seen. This continued till about the time Jessy left the Sabbath-School. Amongst many other things the master had said to her, he had particularly spoken on the nature and intention of the Lord's Supper. About this time, that ordinance was to be administered in the church where Jessy attended. The pew in which she usually sat, was one of those which was removed during the service; she and her friend were therefore obliged to find seats elsewhere. On this occasion the church was very crowded, and after Jessy had with difficulty got a place, she observed that her friend, Mary Scott, could find no seat, and was standing near where she sat. She beckoned to her, and they continued to sit and stand by turns, during the early part of the service. When the people began to move forward to the tables, Jessy knew she must not remain where she was then standing, and reluctantly turned to leave the church for a time, and Mary immediately followed her.

'O Jessy!' said Mary, when they had got out

of church, 'did not you feel it hard to be obliged to come away just when Mr. —— came down to serve the table?'

'Yes,' replied Jessy, 'but I just thought as I came out, well, I trust this is the last time I shall be obliged to stay away.'

'What, Jessy, do you think of joining so soon? It is well with you if you dare venture.'

'*Dare*, Mary?' repeated Jessy. 'Does not our Lord himself command us to 'do this, in remembrance of him?' I think it is more daring to stay away, after he has given us so plain a command.'

'But then, Jessy, the command was given to the true disciples of Christ. I am sure, when Mr. —— was fencing the tables to-day, I thought within myself, Will any one dare to approach?'

'That is so strange,' replied Jessy, 'for it was just when he was fencing the tables, that I thought he was describing, as it were, exactly what the Lord had done for my soul. Do you not remember, Mary, when he spoke of those who were invited to partake of the Lord's Supper, he said, that Christ was all their hope—that to them he was 'precious,'—that to his death alone they looked, as a propitiation for their sins? They did not suppose that their own repentance, or tears, or mourning, could wash away their sins, but they believed that his precious blood would wash them away. They

therefore had come to him, and continued to come to him, that, through the cleansing virtue of that blood, they might have forgiveness, and have their guilt removed, and the fear of God's displeasure taken away. That they ardently desired to be holy, but knew that they could not make themselves so; and therefore, also, Christ was most precious to them, because of his fulness they must receive grace, and life, and strength. Thus, in every sense, Christ was, to the believing soul, altogether 'precious.' And do you not recollect what Mr. —— said after that, Mary? 'If any of you that hear me, can say, that to you Christ is indeed 'precious,'—that you trust in him, and him only, for salvation,—that you rest satisfied in the belief, that his blood cleanseth from all sin,—and that you have trusted, and are still trusting in its power to wash away your guilt, and to reconcile you to God,—if the death of Christ is in this way the only hope and support of your souls,—then you have by faith already partaken of the reality. Come, then, and partake of the symbols appointed by the Lord to confirm your faith, and bring even before your eyes, and into your hearts, the memorials of his dying love.' Cannot you say from your inmost heart, Mary, that to you Christ is precious?'

'Yes, Jessy,—at least at times I trust I can,—but you have remembered the last part of

her mother had recovered from her sur-

:y Scott had busied herself in making this
·oom as comfortable as possible. It had
ıewly white-washed, and the floor made
clean, and now a good fire gave it a most
ul appearance. To be sure, all the furni-
ı it was a bed, a small deal table, a stool,
ɔme other trifling articles; but all were
:ly clean and orderly, and to Jessy her new
seemed delightful. Mary and she had
ɔleasant conversation together, and, before
arted, read a portion of Scripture.
en Mary was gone, poor Jessy could not
hinking of her mother, and the thought
deed a sad one; yet she felt satisfied, that
; her was her last and only resource. And
aving poured out her heart to God, she
wn in peace, and slept.
t day was the Sabbath, and a blessed and
ul Sabbath it was to Jessy. She and Mary
o the house of God together; and when
worship was over, she could in peace spend
urs of retirement in the duties of that holy

.y on Monday morning, Jessy, after hav-
:ed the blessing and presence of God, and
portion of Scripture, sat down to work.
was a good window in her room. It look-
:ward, and as she was high up stairs, this

for several succeeding times, conversed and prayed with them, and then encouraged them by his assurances, that he trusted they were indeed lambs of Christ's fold, who ought to join his people in obeying his last command.

After this solemn, but joyful period, Jessy and Mary were more than ever united to each other. Jessy found that Mary's parents were Highlanders, and went regularly to the Gaelic Chapel. Mary, who had come to Edinburgh when a child, to reside with an aunt, did not understand Gaelic, and had chosen to attend the same church with Jessy, for the same reason,—her preference of the minister. Mary, who was too delicate to go to service, assisted in maintaining herself by taking in work.

About a year after this period, Jessy took a very severe cold, and finding it scarcely possible to get work done properly in her mother's dark and confused house, she went out too soon to work at the shop. She thus got additional cold, and became so ill, that she was confined to bed, and obliged to send for her kind doctor. He came immediately, and attended regularly till Jessy was again able to go out. He desired her to take great care of herself, and avoid cold. This, however was not easy. It was now winter, and after the short day closed in, the door of Mrs. Grey's house was constantly open, and Jessy felt the cold air in a way she had never

before. While she had been confined, ıable to work, her wicked mother had l part of her clothes; and this she had ılthough Jessy's master, knowing the char- f her parents, had regularly sent half the t of her wages at the end of every week. ırey had got this money, but said, 'a sick lways cost more than a well one.' Jessy ıch hurt when she discovered this. She so obliged to go out much less warmly l than she ought to have been in her state th, and soon again began to feel unwell. ıowever, struggled against the weakness ınguor she felt, and continued to go to till she became so ill as to be confined to ain for some days, after which, as soon as ıs able, she returned to her work. In this ıe passed the winter, sometimes being ob- to pass days without working at all, at times obliged to take work in at home. g this period of sickness, her mother be- less kind to her every day; and often, in bad humour, reproached her with being den on her; and foretold that she would ıe unable to gain any thing, and then she just go to the poor's house, for she was ıhe could not maintain her. Poor Jessy d all these sorrows to God, and prayed tly to be directed what to do. She thought, she could by any means procure a little

room, where she might keep herself warm, take care of herself, she might perhaps get st er, and where, also, she might take in work v unable to go out; and in this way, if she did become worse, she felt certain she could mai herself. Jessy thought and prayed over plan, and then went to consult her steady kind friend the schoolmistress. In doing she was obliged to tell more of what she ha endure from the sinful scenes she constantly nessed at home, than she had ever imparte any one before. This she did with tears shame; and when the mistress had heard all strongly advised her to leave such a plac wickedness, where she had so long endeavo in vain to be of use, and to trust the futu that God who had hitherto been so gracio her. The mistress then offered to assist h finding a room. Jessy knew that there w very small one to be got at the top of the st which her friend Mary Scott lived, and be the mistress to look at it, and settle the taki it for her. She then went with a lighter he get some work. This work she took hom she could not venture to stay at the shop walk back in the cold evening air.

When she got home, her mother was si close over the fire, her pipe in her mouth, the room filled with smoke. Jessy left the a little open, to clear it away.

'What are you leaving the door open for?' ıked her mother, in a scolding tone of voice.

'For the smoke, mother. I cannot take out ıis fine clean work till it has cleared away a ttle.'

'Wark!—wark!' scolded out her mother; you and your wark are mair fash than if ye aintained the whole family. One time the door aunna be open for your cough, and anither ne it maunna be shut for your wark. Shut it is minute, I tell ye, and just find some ither ace to live in, if ye maun hae sae mony fikes, ıd mak naething after a'.'

Jessy's heart filled, and she could not speak r a little. She then said, 'Mother, I have :en thinking of doing as you say. I have been inking, if I had another place to live in, I could aintain myself. At any rate, I will not any nger be a burden to you,—I trust the Lord ll provide for me.'

'Oh! ay, begin to preach, ye can aye do that ony rate, and much good it has done you,' id her mother scornfully.

'I am going to take a room, and try to main- in myself, mother,' said Jessy, more firmly; and whatever the Lord sees fit for me, he will end. I have cause to say, that knowing him as done me much good; and now I am going o give up every earthly trust, and rest only in him.'

Mrs. Grey looked up in Jessy's face: 'What's a' this Jessy? What is it you mean?'

'I mean, mother, just what I have said,—I cannot work here. You know I have already had some things so much dirtied, that I was ashamed to take them back. I cannot expect always to be let pass without being made answerable, as the other workers are, for such accidents. My health and strength are failing, so that I cannot go out to the shop. You say that I need not look to you to maintain me; I am therefore going to try what I can do for myself and leave the future with God.'

'A fine story, indeed!' said Mrs. Grey, not believing that Jessy was in earnest. Jessy assured her that she was, and said it would be a pleasure to her to have her free consent.

'Consent! you are most welcome to do as you like,' replied her mother: 'we'll see if we hear of this again. Consent! mind do not say it was want of my consent kept you at home.'

In a few days the room was taken, and a little bed, which the Mistress had lent Jessy money to purchase, and some other little necessary articles were placed in it. On Saturday she received her wages, and work for another week. She then returned home, and giving her mother half of the money, bade her good-night; and, promising to see her next day, took her small bundle of clothes, and had reached her own little room

way for several weeks: at the end of that time she had paid all her debt, and found that she could support herself quite comfortably. Her health, however, as spring advanced, did not improve so much as she expected. Though never so ill as to be prevented working, yet she never felt thoroughly well: and the thought now often came across her mind, that perhaps she had not long to live.

One day that Mary and she were sitting at work together, Jessy turned up the following text, and read it,—'We are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord,'—and then said, 'Mary, can you ever say that you feel that willingness mentioned here?'

'Sometimes I think I could almost say it,' replied Mary. 'After I have spent a Sabbath in the Lord's house, and in seeking him in prayer, and in thinking of the holiness and beauty of his character, I have felt at night,—O that I was where the Sabbath never ends! where I might continually, and without interruption from sin, and ignorance, and darkness, learn more of the glorious character of that Saviour, whom, knowing so little as I do, I yet love so far above what I have words to express. At such moments, I have longed to depart and be with Christ; but you know, Jessy, I am often very ill, and many a time I have thought myself dying, and then I

have so many fears, that I shrink back, and pra
not to be taken yet.'

'And what is it you most fear at such time
asked Jessy.

'Oh! many—many things!' replied Mar
'My sins then seem to have been so great,—
many duties neglected,—the Bible so careles
read, prayer often hurried over, just as a task
keep my conscience at rest,—God forgotten an
other thoughts taking up my mind. Oh! Jessy,
when death seems really near, you will wonder
how different every thing appears.'

'I have sometimes felt as if it was not very
distant, of late,' said Jessy.

'And could you think of it without fear?' ask-
ed Mary.

'No, I cannot just say that; yet it was a strange
kind of fear too. If I could have thought all was
safe, Oh! how willingly should I have departed!
But the very thought—this may be death! has
something hurrying and confusing in it. It is
the cry in the soul,—'The Bridegroom is com-
ing;' and it does indeed awaken it in a wonderful
manner.'

'Yes,' replied Mary; 'and then, where is
the oil to trim the lamp? Mine never seems at
hand.'

'And what do you think is that oil, Mary?'
asked Jessy.

'You know, Jessy, our minister said on that rable, that the ten virgins represented pro-ssors of religion, and the coming of the Bride-oom meant the approach of death. That the fference between true Christians and mere pro-ssors, was proved by the manner in which they ere prepared to meet this last enemy. True hristians might indeed be at first startled by is approach, but still they had that knowledge nd faith which would enable them, in humble onfidence, to go forth and meet their Lord; ut mere professors would then feel that they till had that to seek which alone would make hem ready to meet death. Now this alarmed ne, because, when death does not appear to be ear, then I think I could meet it; but when the ry,—that the Bridegroom is coming, seems eally at hand, then I am all in confusion, and an only implore him to delay his coming.'

'You always remember the alarming part of a ermon, Mary,' said Jessy, 'and I always remem-er what is comforting. Have you forgot what Mr. —— said *that* light was, which could alone enable us to meet the Lord?'

'Not very well,' answered Mary.

'He said,' continued Jessy, 'that our last meeting on earth with our Almighty Redeemer, would be in the 'valley of the shadow of death;' but that true Christians knew what it was to meet with him,—they so knew it as to seek constantly

for his presence as their chiefest joy. They had by faith, time after time, come to him, and laid their sins on him, and, for his precious blood's sake, received remission and forgiveness. Thus they had often, often met with him as their Saviour. They had met him in affliction as their refiner,—they had known him as their intercessor,—as their deliverer from the power of sin,—as their Advocate with the Father. In their last earthly meeting with him, he taught them to regard him in a new character. As their trials would then be severest, this character was the one of all others whose love is most tender, and anxious, and watchful, and which is only borne immediately previous to an everlasting union. It is only the light of the faith and knowledge of Christ, that can enable any poor soul to enter without fear into the valley of the shadow of death.'

'O! I remember now,' said Mary.

'It is want of faith,' said Jessy, 'that makes us shrink back.'

'And consciousness of sin,' added Mary.

'But shall we ever be without that consciousness?' asked Jessy. 'Is there not a something wrong—a little trusting to our own works for acceptance with God in this, Mary? And does not St. Paul say, that 'by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified in his sight?'"

'Yes,' replied Mary, 'but he also says, that without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'

'You know, Mary, Mr. —— said, *that* holiness without which no man could see the Lord, was not a holiness that was to acquit us at the tribunal of God, but a holiness which made us meet to enjoy the presence of God.'

'He did say so, I remember,' answered Mary.

'But, Mary, are we not confusing these two kinds of holiness? We both feel that the thought of heaven is delightful to us. On earth the Sabbath is our day of happiness. We would wish every day to be a Sabbath. May we not hope that this, in some measure, is a beginning of that love of spiritual things, which will make heaven a place of delight and joy to us? But when we think of appearing before God in this poor holiness, all the sins that still cleave to us come into our thoughts, and we feel so defiled, that no wonder we tremble. If we trusted wholly in that righteousness in which there is no spot, to justify us before God, as we suppose we do, then, instead of trembling at the thought of our continual shortcomings, we would rejoice that we were going where sin would for ever leave us.'

'Sometimes I think I see clearly that it ought to be so,' replied Mary; 'but then again I meet with some passage in Scripture, or I hear something said, which turns my thoughts to what is less comforting.'

'Turns your thoughts from trusting in Chr said Jessy; 'and as there is none other name der heaven, given among men whereby we r be saved,' so, when we lose our confidenc him, we feel that we are without hope.'

Jessy and Mary often talked thus toget and helped each other in their course. As summer passed away, Jessy did not feel that strength returned, and, in the autumn, she be to suffer frequently from a pain in her side, oppression on her breathing. These gradu increased as the weather became colder; an last she found that she could not go out, wit making herself so ill as to oblige her to sit half the night, and this prevented her being to work part of the next day. Jessy's frie brought her work when she could no longer out, and for a time she continued to support l self. Before the winter was over, however, became so weak that she could not sit up ab half the day. On first being obliged to con herself to the house, Jessy had sent for her k doctor. He attended her regularly, but exc perhaps, for a day on first using them, his p scriptions failed in producing any effect. did not seem to understand her complaints p fectly, and brought some of his medical friend visit her. None of their prescriptions, howe were more successful; and the breathlessn which was the most distressing of Jessy's c

plaints, increased so rapidly, that she was soon forced to give up every attempt to work, and spent great part of her days and nights sitting up, supported by pillows, in bed.

It was at this period, when every means of earthly support seemed cut off, that Jessy's kind friend the schoolmistress applied to one of those ladies who still took charge of the school at which she had first received her religious impressions. This lady was deeply interested in poor Jessy, after having heard her short history since she left school, and immediately went to visit her. With some difficulty she found the close in which she lived, and after climbing up a very long stair, inhabited apparently by many families, and which in some parts was very filthy, and after being half frightened by the noise and confusion which she heard as she passed some of the many doors, she at last reached poor Jessy's little room. Here all seemed peace. The room was very light, as clean as possible, and in the most perfect order. In one corner was a little low bed, on which Jessy lay, or rather sat, her head resting on the pillows which supported her. The door, on the lady's knocking, had been softly opened by a pale gentle-looking girl, who, after having placed a chair, and closed the Bible, which she had been reading to Jessy, and which she had left on the bed, took her work, and modestly left the room.

'Do you remember me, Jessy?' asked t lady, sitting down by Jessy, and holding out h hand to her.

'O! yes, ma'am, I have good cause to r member you,' replied Jessy, taking the lad hand, and clasping it in both of hers. The e ertion of saying these few words, increased t rapidity of Jessy's breathing so much, that s seemed ready to faint. The lady looked at h in alarm, but Jessy smiled, and after recoverir a little, said, 'That blessed school!' She coul say no more.

'Would you say, Jessy,' asked the lad 'that the instructions you received at scho were blessed to you?'

'O! yes, yes.'

The lady was moved. 'You find, Jessy, tha the truths you learnt there, now support you i this severe illness?'

'Yes,' replied Jessy, and after a little added 'and in the view of death.'

'Have you no hopes of recovery, Jessy?'

'None; I do not wish it.'

'And have you no fears?'

'Not now,' replied Jessy.

'The effect of speaking seems so distressing to you, Jessy,' said her friend, 'that I think you would perhaps answer me more easily by turning up passages of Scripture. Could you, in

that way, tell me, how your fear for that 'king of terrors' has been taken away?'

Jessy turned up the following passages, one after another,—'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. If God be for us, who can be against us? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh continual intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'

'These are indeed precious words,' said the lady, 'and they are happy who can apply them to themselves.'

Jessy answered by turning to these words,—'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' And again,—'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.'

'The offer is, indeed, altogether free,' said the lady; 'was there any heavenly gold, any

pure righteousness required of us to make it ours, we should have no hope.'

'O no!' said Jessy, 'It is free,—all free.'

After conversing for some time in this manner, the lady rose to go. Jessy held the hand she gave her, till she had turned up the 41st Psalm, and pointed to the first verses. Her friend read them, then shaking hands kindly with Jessy, said,—'I trust I may be the means of some temporal good to you, Jessy; and, I am sure, it must be my own fault if I do not receive good infinitely more valuable, by seeing how God supports you.'

This lady continued to visit Jessy very frequently for the five or six following weeks, during which her sufferings gradually increased, and each time received some new proof of her readiness for her great change. During this time, Jessy could speak scarcely any, but she contrived, as long as she was able, to converse by turning up passages of Scripture. At last she became too weak to do this, and could then answer only by perhaps a word or two, or by the sweet and pleasant expressions of her countenance. Several ladies, friends of the one she knew and loved best, also visited her, and provided for all her wants. These ladies always read to her when they came, and the lowly, but heavenly expression of her looks, as they read, conveyed, as much as words could do, how pre-

cious the word of God was to her soul. Mary Scott, also, devoted herself to her friend, and never left her but when her own strength failed. The excessive breathlessness with which Jessy was afflicted, continued to increase so much as to bring on fits of extreme suffering. During these fits, Jessy's friends often expected to see her breathe her last. The doctor saw her often, but no earthly skill was of any avail. Her fits became more and more frequent, and though, when she had any ease, Jessy continued to look even cheerful and happy, those who knew her could not wish her sufferings to be prolonged. When it was found necessary for a person to sit up all night with her, one of the ladies went herself to Jessy's mother, (who now scarcely ever came to see her,) and told her how ill her child was, and asked her to sit up with her at night, by turns with her other friends. Her answer was, *That she would do so, if the ladies paid her for it.* Poor Jessy was not told this; but she never afterwards saw her mother.

At last the time came when Jessy was indeed to hear the cry,—'Behold the bridegroom cometh!' But now her lamp was trimmed, and the cry was welcome. The day before that event, one of her kind ladies visited her. When she was going to read, Jessy attempted to speak, but was so weak her voice was inaudible. The lady put her ear close to her, and she said, 'The 17th

of John.' This the lady read, and Jessy seemed to feel every word. When the lady was leaving her, she made an effort, and looking smilingly at her, and then up to heaven, said, 'Farewell.' That night she had many severe fits; and, at last, after one in which she suffered much, she at once ceased to breathe, and lay in perfect stillness. Her friends at first scarcely believed it was all over; but when the stillness continued, and the face relaxed into that look of inexpressible calmness which follows death, even Mary Scott thanked God that her beloved friend would suffer no more, and followed in solemn, but delightful thought, her spirit, now made perfect, into the presence of that glorious Redeemer, whom, while on earth, she had loved so ardently.

A few days after this, Jessy's remains were laid in their narrow house. Her step-father was asked to attend as chief mourner, but he had no proper clothes, and declined going. The Sabbath-school master, Mary Scott's father, and a few of his friends, attended. The schoolmistress, dressed in mourning, and some of the school girls, also went to the church-yard, and waited to see the last mournful duties performed. At last the few and lowly mourners entered the church-yard, and walked slowly to its farthest and most crowded corner, where a grave was newly dug. The mistress approached nearer. Many new made graves were in the same place.

When all was completed, and the withered turf laid on the grave, one of the girls said in a whisper to the mistress,—'O mistress! what makes them put the graves so close together in that corner? See they are obliged to tread on some that seem quite new.'

'That is the place for the poor, my dear,' replied the mistress; 'but when the last trumpet shall sound, and the graves give up their dead, many, many, will rise to glory, who have been left to charity for the earth in which to sleep their long, long sleep.'

END OF JESSY ALLAN.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following Story an attempt is made to assist religious parents in impressing the important truth on the minds of their children, that this life is only a portion of time, short and rapid in its progress, in which the "one thing needful," is to prepare for the eternity that shall follow.

All religious parents, at those moments when their views are clearest, and their resolutions most single, desire to impress the minds of their children with this truth, and also to preserve them from those pursuits which fascinate and ensnare the unrenewed heart, and make it turn with indifference or disgust from that religious training which is uncongenial with its nature, but which God has appointed as the means to bring the soul to Himself; but how few steadily and perseveringly act up to their convictions on this

point! How do they waver and hesitate! How inconsistent are their calmer views and their practice! How little can they endure the thought that their children shall forego on account of religion any advantage esteemed by the world; and how often do they risk their eternal interests by setting them the example of professing to give up the world, while still, in many things, they conform to it, and set a high value on its approbation! What can be expected from such an education, but that young people should grow up with their heads full of religious knowledge, and their hearts full of the love of things, which though perhaps not the most glaringly so, are yet altogether worldly? Were religious parents more single-hearted in obeying the precept "Train up a child in the way he should go,"—they might more confidently trust to the fulfilment of the promise, "and when he is old he will not depart from it."

ANNA ROSS.

:ELY there is no British boy nor girl who has heard of the battle of Waterloo! It was .y in the morning when the accounts of it ar-:d in Edinburgh; and many people were ıkened by the firing of the great guns from castle, to announce the joyful news. Then 'e seen servants hurrying to the post-office to their masters' newspapers—gentlemen hast-ng to the same place to learn what had hap-ıed—and every face expressing interest and ciety; for many had brothers, and fathers, l sons, and dear friends and relatives in that :tle. And though the loud thunder of the ınons, as it was echoed by the towering build-gs of the old town and the neighbouring hills, rried joy to the hearts of many, while they ought only of the victory that had been gained, hers felt only alarm and apprehension, lest

those they most dearly loved might be amo
the number who must have suffered in the ba
Such were the feelings of Mrs. Ross, the mo
of the little girl whose story will be told in
following pages. On that morning Mrs. I
and Anna had risen at their usual early h
and were beginning the day as they did e
day. Anna had read a portion of the Bibl
her Mamma, who had explained it to her as
proceeded, and listened to all her questions
remarks with her usual gentle kindness: and
swered her so as to make Anna feel that
was present everywhere, and saw her heart e
moment, and loved those who loved Him,
was angry with the wicked every day. A
this reading and conversation with her Mam
Anna had sat down on a footstool beside he
commit to memory some verses, as she did e
morning, while Mrs. Ross read to herself. W
the first gun fired from the castle, little A
started up and hastened to the window. M
Ross's house was in a street from whence
castle was seen, and, just as Anna reached
window, she saw the flash and smoke of a sec
cannon.

"Oh, Mamma, the castle is firing!" exclair
she. "There must be a victory! Papa will
home!" On turning round, Anna perceived
her Mamma had become very pale, and was l
ing back in her chair. Anna ran to her. "I

Drawn by Marg^t Vans. J.H.Sc.

Oh Mamma the Castle is firing!

Page 38.

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Mamma, are you ill? You tremble all over! What shall I get for you? Dear Mamma, speak to me!"

Mrs. Ross put her arm round her little girl, and said, "I want nothing my love." But she seemed unable to say any more; and little Anna, forgetting the guns, and every thing else, stood looking anxiously at her Mamma, who started, and sometimes shuddered at their loud reports. Just as the firing ceased, Mary, Mrs. Ross's maid, came into the room to say, that Mr. Grey, a kind friend of Anna's Papa, had just called on his way to the post-office, to beg Mrs. Ross not to be alarmed, and to say he would bring the newspaper himself, and let her know whatever had happened.

Mrs. Ross and Anna immediately went down stairs, and Anna placed herself at the window to watch for Mr. Grey's return. The time seemed very long; at last she exclaimed, "There he is! There is Mr. Grey!" and herself ran out to open the door for him; but Mary too had been on the watch, and, on Mrs. Ross coming into the lobby, she met him. Mr. Grey turned away a little on seeing her, and looked so grave, that Mrs. Ross could only say, "I see, Sir, you have bad news for me," and she then stood as motionless as a statue.

"No, no; not bad news, I hope," replied

Mr. Grey, "only an honourable wound, my de
Madam."

"Wounded!" repeated Mrs. Ross, "Is h
name among the wounded?"

"Yes, my dear Madam, you shall see it you
self." Mr. Grey supported Mrs. Ross to
chair, and then showed her the list of the woun
ed in the newspaper. Of some it was said th
were wounded slightly, of others severely, a
of others dangerously. Major Ross severel
was read by Anna's Mamma. She repeated t
word "severely." "Yes," said Mr. Grey, "h
not dangerously." "God grant it may be so
ejaculated Mrs. Ross fervently. Then adde
"I must go to him, Mr. Grey."

Mr. Grey tried to dissuade Mrs. Ross fr
this plan. She had been very unwell during t
winter and spring, and had a cough, and at tim
pain in her side, and Mr. Grey thought h
quite unable for the fatigue she proposed; b
Mrs. Ross would not be dissuaded, and Mr. Gr
at last consented to make inquiries whether a
vessel was to sail from Leith in which she cou
be accommodated. He then left her, and M
Ross, after kissing little Anna tenderly, desir
her to remain for a time with Mary, and th
went into her own room, and locked her do
Anna thought the time very long while h
Mamma staid away; but she knew that s
would be displeased if she disturbed her wh

locked into her own room. Mary intreated Anna to eat, as it was past her breakfast time; but when Anna tried to do so, she could not, for her heart was full, and she could only think of her Mamma. At last she ventured to take some tea and toast to her Mamma's room door. She knocked very gently, and Mrs. Ross opened it.

"Dear Mamma, it is very late, and you have eaten nothing." She looked up anxiously in her face.

Mrs. Ross stopped and kissed her, and took what she had brought from her; but when she said, "I thank you, my dear," Anna scarcely heard her, she spoke so low; and she saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping. Mrs. Ross, however, did not invite Anna into her room; but after putting down the tea, gently closed her door, and again locked it. Poor Anna did not return to Mary, but sat down on a step of the stairs near her Mamma's door, and wept in silence.

After a long time, as Anna thought, she heard her Mamma's footstep in her room, and instantly hastened softly down stairs to conceal her weeping face. Mary had left the room, supposing Anna had remained with her Mamma, and she had time to dry up her tears, before Mrs. Ross came down stairs, and entered the room.

"Come hither, my love," said she to Anna, who had turned away to hide her face. She im-

mediately came to her Mamma, who drew her into her bosom. "Will you go with me, Anna and assist me to nurse your Papa?"

"Oh yes, dear Mamma, do let us go."

"But, my love, you do not know what you may have to suffer. We must go by sea, probably with very bad accommodation—no good bed to sleep on—no good food to eat—no maid to attend you."

"Will Mary not go, Mamma?" interrupted Anna.

"No, my love, I must have no expense I can avoid."

"Well, Mamma, I can do quite well without Mary, if you will tie my things that fasten behind."

"Yes, my love, but what I mean to prepare you for is this, you must try to enable me to trust that you will do every thing for yourself that you can, and neither be a trouble to any one, nor give me cause to be anxious about you, for when I get to where your Papa is, I must devote my whole cares to him; and, if I did not think I might trust to your being rather a comfort than a cause of anxiety to your Papa and me, it would be wrong to take you; yet I know no one here with whom I should wish to leave you."

"Oh Mamma, do not, do not think of leaving me! Indeed, indeed, Mamma, you may trust me. I shall not be a trouble to you."

"Well, my dear Anna, I hope I may. But remember, my love, I warn you before we go, that you will have many, many inconveniences and hardships to meet with; you will be sick at sea; you will be crowded into the same cabin with a number of people; and no quiet or comfort, night or day; and I may be sick at the same time, and no one to be sorry for, or take care of you."

"Or of you, Mamma?" asked Anna anxiously.

"I trust God will support me, my love."

"And God will take care of me also, Mamma."

"Oh my dear Anna," said her Mamma, pressing her closely to her heart. "If I thought you really loved God, and really trusted yourself to his love and care, I should have no anxieties about you; but Anna, there is a great, great difference between reading and learning about God, to please me, and because I wish you to do so, and loving Him really, and really trusting Him; and I fear, as yet, my Anna only reads and learns the character and will of God, because I wish her to do so."

Anna hung down her head and made no answer, because she knew that what her Mamma said was true; and while she stood thus, for an instant, she said in her heart, "O Lord, teach me to love, and to trust in Thee." And though

Anna, ever since she could speak, had kn
morning and evening at her Mamma's lap, a
repeated her prayers; yet, perhaps, in the sig
of that God who looks on the heart, Anna h
never before really prayed. Mrs. Ross kiss
Anna, and then rung for Mary, and desired h
to pack up some things, while she also occupi
herself in the same way. Anna immediat
thought with herself, "now, how can I be use
to Mamma?" and then very soon found out man
ways that she could be so, and anxiously avoid
asking a question, or doing a thing that could b
the least troublesome.

Before Mrs. Ross had finished her necessary arrangements, Mr. Grey returned to say that a vessel was to sail that evening for Rotterdam; that it would be crowded with passengers; but that another vessel would sail in a few days, for which he urged Mrs. Ross to wait; but she determined to go that evening.

Every preparation was soon made, and about six in the evening, good Mr. Grey saw Mrs. Ross and Anna safe on board, and soon after the vessel moved out of the harbour, the sails were spread, and when Anna looked back to the shore and the pier, where the numbers of people, and noise, and bustle, and voices had so confused her, that she scarcely knew where she was, nor what she did, it seemed as if they were receding from the ship, and she no longer heard their

noise. It was a beautiful evening in June, and most of the passengers remained on deck. Mrs. Ross and Anna did so also, and all around her was so new to Anna, and occupied and amused her so much, that she could scarcely believe it possible, when her Mamma told her it was her usual time of going to bed. Mrs. Ross, too, began to feel the air chill, and she and Anna went below. It was as Mrs. Ross had said; the cabin was crowded to excess, and the beds as small and close as possible. Anna for a time shrunk from creeping into the one destined for her Mamma; but recollecting her promise, not to give any trouble, she begged her Mamma to allow her to undress herself; and while she tried to do so, and laughed at her own awkwardness in undoing those fastenings she could not see, she also occasionally stole a look at her bed, which seemed to her no larger than a shelf in her Mamma's wardrobe at home. She, however, with her Mamma's assistance, crept into it, and getting as far back as she could, to leave room for her Mamma, was soon fast sleep.

Next morning poor Anna waked more sick than she had ever been in her life; so were most of the other passengers, and for that day, and the following day and night, there was nothing but complaints, and sickness, and crying children, and running to and fro of the two old sailors who attended on the passengers. Mrs. Ross suffered

less from sickness than the others, but the closeness of the cabin made her cough incessantly, and at the close of the third day, when the other passengers were beginning to feel well, she seemed worn out and ill. When Anna was able to go on deck, however, her Mamma went also, and the air revived her strength. Among the passengers was another officer's lady. Her husband had not been wounded, but she was going to join him. This lady's name was Mrs. Mason. When she was sick Mrs. Ross nursed her as well as Anna; and when she was again well, she was anxious to prove her gratitude to Anna's Mamma, by showing her every attention in her power.

When the vessel arrived at Rotterdam, Colonel Mason, Mrs. Mason's husband, was waiting there to receive her. Colonel Mason knew that Major Ross, Anna's Papa, was among the wounded, but had not heard of him since the day after the battle. He could, however, direct Mrs. Ross to the place where he, and other wounded officers of the same regiment, had been carried. It was a village a few miles from the field of Waterloo.

Mrs. Ross immediately left the vessel, and travelled the same day till within a few miles of this village. Mrs. Ross then became so very much fatigued, that she could travel no farther, and had to stop and rest till the following day,

when she and Anna set out from the village. As they drove rapidly along, Anna observed that her Mamma frequently clasped her hands together, and raised her eyes to heaven, and wept; but Anna did not say any thing, lest she should trouble her: she only prayed in her heart that God would comfort her Mamma. At last she ventured to say, softly, "You love God, Mamma; He will support you."

"I have no other support, my own Anna," replied her Mamma. "He does support me, or I should not have strength for this moment. Perhaps, Anna, your Papa may be very ill—perhaps you no longer have any Papa."

Anna had never thought of this; and just then the post-boy turned round to point out the village to which they were going, and which Anna now saw at no great distance. Mrs. Ross again clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. She leant back in the carriage, but Anna kept her eyes fixed on the village.

"I see a great many soldiers, Mamma," said she at last. "They are all standing before a white house at the end of the village nearest us. And now I see they are Highlanders. Perhaps they are Papa's own soldiers. Now they begin to move slowly; they are coming quite near, Mamma, I hear music; how slow and melancholy it is!"

The carriage moved on till the soldiers came

up. The post-boy then stopt at one side
road to let them pass. It was an officer's f
The soldiers, as they passed the carria
slow and solemn march, looked so gra
sad, and the music was so mournfully s
that Anna felt partly sad, and partly frig
She held her Mamma's hand firm in both
while she continued silently to watch tl
procession. There were many files of s
passed;—then the sad music—then more s
—then, carried by soldiers, came the coff
on it lay the officer's military cap, his sa
sword, and belt. Just as this passed, An
claimed, "Dugald! There is Papa's s
Dugald!" The soldier heard Anna's voi
looked up. "My master's child!" exc
he; and then the other soldiers who we
also looked into the carriage, and stopt
instant. Dugald, however, gave them so
rections, and they moved on, while he l
left the ranks, and came near the carria
not so near as to listen to Mrs. Ross, wh
a sign to him to approach. He took no
of her sign, but waited till the soldiers ha
ed, then hastened back to the village.

"I see how it is, Anna," said Mrs. Ross
ly; and when Anna looked round, her M
had sunk back in the carriage; her eye
closed, and she was quite pale. Anna ha
her Mamma faint before; and though sh

very frightened, she remembered what should be done, and supported her as well as she could in her arms till the carriage stopt at the white house in the village. Dugald was waiting to open the carriage door; and though he was a brave rough soldier, when he saw Mrs. Ross in a faint, and poor little Anna, almost as pale as she was, attempting to support her, tears gushed into his eyes. He, however, hastily wiped them away, and then gently lifted, first Anna, and then her Mamma from the carriage. The woman of the house was waiting to assist, and Mrs. Ross was carried into a room and laid on a bed, and every thing proper done to recover her. In a little time she opened her eyes; and when she saw Dugald, who just then entered the room with something he had gone in search of to hasten her recovery, she said to him, "Your master is gone, then, Dugald."

Dugald seemed as if he could not answer; at last he said, "He is gone, Madam, from a world of care, and sorrow, and suffering, to one of everlasting happiness."

Mrs. Ross then asked some questions respecting her husband: and when she had heard all she wished, and that it was his funeral she and Anna had met on the road, she sent Dugald, and every one away but Anna; and then desired her to draw the curtains of the bed close round her. "And now, Anna," said she, "come and lie

down beside me, for you are now all that has left me on earth."

Anna did as her Mamma desired, and she put her arms round her neck, and pu little face close to hers, Mrs. Ross wept very much, and Anna wept and sobbed her.

For three days Mrs. Ross was very littl of bed; for when she attempted to rise, sh came so faint that she was obliged to lie again. During these three days, Anna wa constantly by her Mamma's bed, and whe could listen read portions of the Bible to Mrs. Ross never seemed well except when was thus employed; but her cough had be so unceasing, that it was only at short inte she could listen. There were many officers ing in the same house, who had been wound the battle, and they required much attenc from the people, so that Mrs. Ross was le most entirely to the care of Anna and Du Dugald, however, was an excellent assista Anna. He stationed himself during the day her Mamma's room door, and never left his except when obliged by his military duties. night he wrapped himself in his plaid, an down just behind her door, so that whe Mrs. Ross wanted any thing, Anna had ju open her door gently, and there was Du ready to get it, or to find some one who c

Poor Dugald, from the first day he had seen his Lady on her arrival at the village, had thought her looking very ill, and had intreated her to allow him to bring the surgeon of the regiment to visit her. Mrs. Ross would not consent at first: but after a few days, when she felt herself becoming worse and worse, she allowed him to do as he wished. When the Doctor came, Mrs. Ross sent Anna out to take a short walk, attended by Dugald, for she wished to see the Doctor alone.

As Anna passed out of the house, and along the road near it, many soldiers were standing about, who, when they saw her accompanied by Dugald, guessed who she was; and she heard many of them say, "God bless her for her father's sake." Anna did not stay out long, for she wished to return to her Mamma; and on coming back there were more soldiers near the house than there had been before. They stood back respectfully to let her pass, and many of them again prayed God to bless her; and one, an old serjeant, stepped forward, holding in his hand a basket filled with nice fruit and flowers, and said, he hoped she would not refuse to accept of a little mark of respect from her Papa's own men. Little Anna thanked the old soldier, and said she would take the fruit to her Mamma. He then gave the basket to Dugald; and when Anna, who felt that she loved her Papa's old soldier, held

out her hand to take leave of him, he stoo
down and kissed it two or three times, and t
turned away to wipe the tears from his eyes,
many of the other soldiers did also.

When Anna returned to her Mamma,
pressed her to eat of the soldier's fruit, and
picked out the most beautiful of the roses
place in her bosom, and told her how the
diers had blessed her for her Papa's sake. M
Ross let her do as she would for a time, and
tened to her account of what she had seen
heard; she then said, "There are many, Anna,
will be disposed to love you for your Papa's sa
for he was a kind friend to many; but there
one, Anna, who has promised to be the father
the fatherless. Do you love him, my child?"

"I think I do, Mamma."

"If you love him, Anna, then you may be s
He loves you far more; and if so, you will
lieve that whatever is best for you, though it
cause grief and pain at the time, is what he
do."

"I think I believe so, Mamma."

"Do you think God loved you when he t
away your Papa?"

"I think God loved Papa, and took him a
from this world to make him quite happy—h
pier than he could be here; and I love God
loving Papa."

"And if God should show his love to

amma, Anna, by taking her away to be happy
th your Papa, in heaven, should you then love
od still more?"

Anna looked up in alarm, "Mamma, what do
u mean?"

"I have asked you a simple question, my love.
believe firmly, Anna, that I should be far hap-
er in heaven than here. Do you think you
uld love God more if he took me to heaven?"

Poor little Anna became as pale as one of the
ies she had brought to her Mamma, and could
t keep from crying, while she answered, "No,
, indeed, Mamma. I cannot say I could love
od if he took you away from me."

"Then, my dear Anna, you love me more than
od; and you remember who it was who said,
He that loveth father or mother more than me,
not worthy of me."

"But, Mamma, how can I help it?"

"God is going to teach you how you may, my
ve. He is going to teach you by your own ex-
rience, that your Father in heaven can do a
ousand times more for you than any earthly
rents. He is going to take away your mother
well as your father, that you may have none to
st to, or to love more than himself. He is
stantly near you, Anna. At this moment He
present with us, and looking on your little
art, which he sees ready to break, because I
n telling you that you are to have no parents

but Him. Yet though you love Him so little, He still loves you. He sent his only beloved Son into the world, to assure us that he loved us. Jesus invited children to come unto him, and took them in his arms, and blessed them. He never changes. He loves children as much now as he did when he was on earth, and still invites them to come to Him, and promises that he will "gather them with his arms, and carry them in his bosom." Why, my dear Anna, do you suppose that God sent his Son into the world to become a little child?"

"I do not know, Mamma."

"It was for this reason among others, my love, that He might himself feel as children feel. Jesus was once a child of your age, Anna, and remembers and knows what the feelings of children are, and suits his love and grace to them. God has given his Son to us, that he might lay down his life for our sins; that he might be our friend, and guide, and teacher. He is in God, and God is in Him; and if you, my dear Anna, will give yourself to Him, he will be all these to you, and far more than any earthly parent could be; for all things are his, and all hearts are in his hands, and he can make all things, and all hearts work together for your good and happiness; and above all, He can give you yourself, my Anna, a new heart, and prepare you to live for ever in heaven."

Mrs. Ross spoke to Anna with so much solemnity and earnestness, that she soon became exhausted, and was obliged to lie down. Anna watched beside her, and thought of what she had said, and then she prayed in heart that God would not take away her Mamma.

From day to day Mrs. Ross continued to grow worse. At last she was quite confined to bed, and spoke so low that Anna could scarcely hear. A nurse had been procured by Dugald to be constantly with her, while he continued to keep watch at her door.

One morning very early, Anna was awakened by the nurse, who said her Mamma wished to speak to her. Little Anna immediately got up, and hastened to obey the summons. She found her Mamma sitting up, supported by pillows in bed. She looked very ill indeed, and breathed very quick, and she could only say two or three words at a time.

"My dear Anna," said she, "I have sent for you once more before I leave you. Listen to me. I am scarcely able to speak, but must say three things which I hope, my dear love, you will never forget. Anna, when the last day comes, the Lord, the Great Judge, will make a separation between his own people who have loved and served him, and those who have loved the things of this world more than him. He will place his own people at his right hand, and those

who are not his at his left. Anna, will you seek to meet me at his right hand at that day?"

Mrs. Ross spoke with great difficulty, but also with great solemnity; and when she asked the last question, Anna trembled, and answered, "I will seek to do so, Mamma."

"Then, my love," resumed Mrs. Ross, "you will begin seriously to seek Christ; for there is no name given under heaven or among men whereby you can be saved but his. I charge you, Anna, never to suppose you are safe, or that you will meet your Papa and me in heaven, till you can truly say that you know Christ, and that he is all your salvation. You do not fully understand what I say, therefore I charge you, my dear Anna, never on any account, or wherever you are, to let one morning or evening pass without praying to God; and, if possible, reading, as you have done with me, a portion of his holy word."

Mrs. Ross could say no more, but she made signs to the nurse to take Anna away, and she was again put to bed in a little room off her Mamma's; and when the nurse came again to her, it was to tell her that her Mamma was in heaven.

Two days after this, Mrs. Ross was buried in the same grave with her husband; and on the day following, little Anna, under the care of the nurse, who was a soldier's wife, and who had promised to Mrs. Ross before her death not to

eave Anna till she had placed her safely with her own friends, set out on their return to their own country. Dugald also accompanied them, and saw his master's child safe on board the vessel which was to convey her to a new home among strangers. He was then obliged to return to his regiment.

The home to which Anna was now to go was the house of her uncle, her Papa's brother. This gentleman had just been expected home from the West Indies at the time Mrs. Ross and Anna had left Edinburgh to join Major Ross, and with whom, if he had been arrived, Mrs. Ross would have left Anna. He was Major Ross's only brother, and had been appointed by him, in the event of the death of her parents, one of Anna's guardians. The other guardian was her Mamma's brother, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Ross had left directions in her will that Anna should first go to her uncle Ross's, and remain with his family six months, and then to her uncle Murray's, to remain the same time; at the end of which she was to be allowed to choose in which family she would reside as her future home.

Poor Anna was again very sick for two days on her passage home. The nurse watched by her, and when she got better, took her on deck, and did all she could to comfort and amuse her; but Anna could not be amused. Her heart was sad, for she could only think of her own dear

kind Mamma; and when she looked up to the pure blue sky above the ship, she wished that she could die too, and go to her; and then the thought would come into her mind, perhaps if I did die, I should not get to where Mamma is; and then she would weep, and try to remember what her Mamma had said to her was the only way to get to heaven. She had not once forgotten to pray morning and evening since her Mamma had so solemnly enjoined her to do so; and indeed she had prayed far oftener; for she remembered that God was now, as her Mamma had told her, her only Father; and her heart began to feel confidence in God. She remembered that her Mamma had said, that all hearts were in his hand; and as every one was good and kind to the little orphan, she knew that it was God who made them so, and thanked him in her heart and in her prayers. When she went on deck, she would take her Bible with her; and the sailors were so sorry for her, that they had placed an awning over a corner of the deck, that she might have a place to retire to where the other passengers would not disturb her; and Anna thanked her Father in heaven for all their kindness, and asked nurse to tell the sailors that she did so.

Anna had never seen the uncle to whose house she was going; but she supposed he would be like her Papa. She had often heard that her

Aunt was particularly anxious about the education of her children. She had one son, and three daughters, for whom Anna had heard of tutors and governesses being sent both from France and England to instruct them; and she felt rather afraid, she scarcely knew why, to meet this aunt.

At last the vessel arrived at Leith, and just on its entering the harbour, a person came on board to inquire whether Miss Ross was among the passengers; and then Anna was informed that her aunt was waiting for her in her carriage on the shore; and her little trunk was got, and nurse was directed to follow with the other things she had charge of; and before Anna had time to think, she found herself on shore, then in her aunt's carriage, in which was her Aunt, a little girl about her own age, and a boy a good deal older, who had come down from the coach-box, where he had been seen seated beside the coachman, and jumped into the carriage after Anna, with no other intention apparently than to stare at her.

Anna's aunt kissed her, and desired her little girl Louisa to do so also, and George to shake hands with his cousin. "You must love each other as brother and sisters, my dears," said she; "for I hope Anna will choose to remain always with us."

Louisa and George made no answer, but con-

tinued to stare at poor Anna, who thought it very unkind in them to do so, as she felt very strange, and could scarcely keep from crying.

"Were you sick at sea, my dear?" asked her aunt Ross.

"Yes Ma'am, very sick," answered Anna.

"You will soon be well and happy, my dear, with your young cousins. Though they look so shy, and do not speak, it was their wish that our airing should be on the sands to-day, just in the hopes that we should hear something about you; and when we saw a sail making for the harbour, we sent immediately to discover from whence it came; and when we heard from Rotterdam, we hoped you might be on board. But, my dear," continued Aunt Ross, "you are not in mourning. That will look very odd. You must not be seen till you get mourning."

Poor Anna could no longer keep from crying, for this remark reminded her of her Mamma. She attempted to say that there had been no time to procure mourning, but she could not speak, and just turned away her head and wept. Her Aunt did not attempt to comfort her, but she heard her whisper to her cousins, "Do not mind her, my dears, it will soon go off;" and then they began to speak of other things, as if she had not been present; and George told his Mamma, that Sam the coachman had allowed him to drive for most of the time he had been on the coach-box;

and his Mamma said, that if she had known it, she should have been terrified out of her senses; and George laughed, and insisted on again getting out of the carriage, that he might show his Mamma at what a rate he should make the horses go on Leith Walk; and his Mamma intreated, and Louisa held by his jacket, and George only laughed the more; and getting his head out of the window, called to Sam to stop, which he immediately did. The servant from behind came to know what was wanted, and was ordered by George to let him out; and while he was doing so, he was desired by Aunt Ross to charge Sam on no account to allow Master George to drive. During this scene Anna was so astonished that she forgot every thing else.

"He is a sad boy, my dear," said her aunt to her on observing her looks of surprise; "but his Papa and Tutor know how to manage him. You, Anna, will be under my care, and I hope you will be very good and obedient."

Anna said she hoped she always should be so, and then the carriage was again stopt to direct Sam to drive to the dress-maker's; and when they arrived there, so much was said by Aunt Ross about how every thing was to be made, and "Let every thing be as deep as possible, for the child has just lost both her parents," and so on, that poor Anna was soon again in tears, and in her heart longed for her quiet little corner under

the awning on the deck of the little vessel, where the rough sailors had felt so much more for her than her Aunt seemed to do. At last Aunt Ross had given as many directions as she thought necessary respecting Anna's dress; the carriage was ordered home, and in a few minutes stopt at the door of a large house in Charlotte Square.

"Now, my dear," said Anna's aunt to her as they entered the house, "you will just go up stairs, and remain with Miss Palmer out of sight for a day, till you get your mourning dress. Oh, you do not know the way, and I feel so fatigued, I really cannot mount the stairs to the school-room. John," addressing a footman, "do you show Miss Ross the way to the school-room, Louisa must remain with me, as Lady Alderston may perhaps call this forenoon, and she expressed a wish to see my children; and Anna, my dear, tell Miss Palmer to have the other children nicely dressed, for if Lady Alderston should ask for them, I shall send to bring them down."

Anna promised to do as her Aunt desired, and then followed John, who proceeded up stairs before her to the door of the school-room, which he threw open, and announced, "Miss Ross, Ma'am, the young Lady who was expected."

Anna timidly entered, and was received with kindness by Miss Palmer. There were two little girls in the room with Miss Palmer, whom she introduced to Anna as her two cousins. They

ere two pale sickly-looking little creatures; but ey seemed very happy to see Anna, and immeately intreated Miss Palmer to give them a holay because their cousin was come. "Oh, no, , my dears," replied Miss Palmer, "you have id two holidays this week, and your Mamma id you could have no more, on any account hatever, and you know your cousin is to remain ith you."

"But do, Miss Palmer, give us at least two ours," said the eldest, whose name was Jane. Oh, pray do, if you please, just this once, Miss almer," said little Marianne, tears starting into er eyes, "for I am so tired sitting in that stiff hair with my feet in the stocks!"

"No, no, children, it cannot be," replied Miss almer, "and you must not tease me. I dare ay your Cousin is a good little girl, and tired of eing idle."

"Tired of being idle! I wonder who ever tired being idle," said Marianne, putting her arms axingly round Anna. "Are you tired of being le?" asked she, looking up in her face.

"Perhaps I could assist you. What were you ing?" asked Anna, while she warmly returned r little Cousin's caresses.

"Now, you see what a good, kind little girl your ousin is," said Miss Palmer, "and how much tter bred than you, Miss Marianne; for you peated my words very rudely, and Miss Anna

has shown that she knows how to be both kind and polite."

"But will you really assist me?" asked Marianne, still clinging to Anna.

"Indeed I will, if you will tell me how I can."

"Oh, come, come then," exclaimed Marianne joyfully.

"But I must first deliver my message to Miss Palmer," said Anna: and then she told her Aunt's wish that the children should be dressed, and ready to be sent for if Lady Alderston called; and then, though the little cousins could not have a moment to get acquainted with Anna, every thing must be stopt, and they sent off to the nursery, though already quite neatly dressed, to be decked out, that a stranger might perhaps say to their Mamma, "What nice children—what pretty children;" and forget the next moment that they were in existence.

Little Marianne was very anxious that Anna should go with her when she went to be dressed, but Miss Palmer said, "No, no, my dear; Miss Anna shall remain with me, and that will make you return the sooner;" and poor little Marianne ran off to get dressed as fast as Kitty, one of the nursery-maids, would be prevailed on to assist her. In her absence, Miss Palmer asked Anna many questions.

"May I ask how old you are, Miss Anna?"

"I was nine about two months ago, Ma'am."

"Nine! You are very tall of your age. Miss Louisa is ten, and she is no taller I am sure. Have you begun music?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Mamma had been teaching me two years."

"Indeed! and French? can you speak it at all?"

Anna answered Miss Palmer in French, that her Mamma had been teaching her that language also.

"Indeed!" repeated Mrs. Palmer, "and you seem to have got the pronunciation very correctly. But that is not in my department. Poor Mademoiselle, the French governess of your Cousins, got into such bad health as to be obliged to return to her own country. Mrs. Ross is in search of another; and in the mean time the children have a master. You have learnt dancing, I suppose?"

"No, Ma'am, I never have."

"What! No dancing! That is very extraordinary."

Miss Palmer asked a great many more questions, and concluded, after Anna had answered them all, by saying, "Well, my dear, I hope to find it a pleasure to carry on your education. You seem to have been accustomed to regularity and obedience, which I too have always been accustomed to exact." She then kissed Anna affectionately; and the little orphan remembered

that God was her Father, and she thanked Him for making Miss Palmer love her.

When Jane and Marianne returned, Miss Palmer immediately set them to their lessons. Jane sat down to the piano-forte to practise, while Miss Palmer sat by to instruct her, and also to remind her how she ought to sit, and use her fingers, and how to place her feet, and her elbows, &c. As for poor Marianne, she was set on a high chair, the back of which was so made as to oblige her to hold her head and shoulders properly; and her poor little feet were placed in stocks, because her Mamma said she turned her toes in when she walked; and in this stiff attitude she was getting a lesson for her French master. Anna sat down by Marianne, and assisted her so much, that her little Cousin two or three times forgot, and threw her arms round her "dear Cousin Anna's" neck to thank her; but every time she moved from the posture in which she had been placed, Miss Palmer added to her task, so that poor Marianne at last remembered Miss Palmer's instructions, to express what she felt by words. "You have a silly childish way, Miss Marianne," continued her governess, "of always putting your arms round one, crumpling one's ruff, and almost strangling those you love. You know your Mamma has often forbidden your doing so."

Poor little Marianne seemed to think she had

been guilty of a serious fault, and a blush spread over her pale sickly little countenance, while Anna felt bewildered on hearing blame attached to those proofs of affection which her own Mamma had always received from her, and returned with the most tender kindness.

Dinner followed the lessons; and an hour's walk followed dinner, during which the children were directed how to sit, and how to eat, and how to be graceful, and how to be polite; and Louisa looked tired and cross—and Jane looked stupid—and little Marianne cried two or three times—and Anna did all she was desired as well as she could, and was praised by Miss Palmer, but wished very much that it was bed-time, when she hoped that nurse would be allowed to attend her. Bed-time came, but when Anna modestly asked Miss Palmer if she might be allowed to see nurse, she was told that her Aunt Ross had thought it best that they should not meet again, because a parting scene would have done no good to either; but that nurse had been well rewarded for the trouble she had taken.

Poor Anna could not stand this, and burst into tears. "Oh fie, fie!" exclaimed Miss Palmer, "what a baby! Come, Miss Louisa, you shall say your prayers first, and I shall give Miss Anna that time to recover herself."

Louisa knelt at Miss Palmer's lap, and repeated a short prayer without seeming to attend

to a word she said; and, though she conclu by a long yawn, Miss Palmer found no fa When Louisa rose from her knees, Miss Palı motioned to Anna to take her place. A drew back. When she was a little child could have said her prayers at any one's lap, now she knew better what it was to pray, a she felt that Miss Palmer was a stranger.

"Come along, child," said Miss Palmer patiently.

"If you will be so good as allow me, M Palmer, I will say my prayers in my room fore I go to bed."

"Nonsense," said Miss Palmer, "don't k me waiting;" and poor Anna knelt down. S remembered, however, that it was God hims that she, a little ignorant sinful girl, was addre ing, and she repeated a prayer her Mamma h taught her when she was two years young (for latterly she had been instructed to pray God from her heart,) with awe and reverence her tone of voice, and in her manner; and wh she rose from her knees, she thought that wh she got into her own room she would read portion of the Scriptures, and pray to God those blessings he l promised to give answer to prayers of th heart. Anna was sa disappointed, however, when, on Miss Palm ringing her bell twice, the maid who had abo an hour earlier come to take Jane and Marian

to bed, again appeared, to whom Miss Palmer said, "Take the young ladies to the little room off mine, which was prepared for them, Hannah, and do not allow them to trifle while you are undressing them, for I shall be in my room in half an hour; and remember, Miss Louisa, if you are not in bed, I shall just take away the candle, and leave you to get into it as you best can."

Hannah had prepared every thing in the girl's little room. She had opened Anna's trunk and got all that was necessary, and now offered her assistance to undress her.

"If you please, Hannah, give me my Bible out of my trunk; I always have been used to read at least a few verses before I lie down to sleep," asked Anna modestly.

"Certainly, Miss Anna; but you will have very little time, for Miss Palmer is very exact in always doing as she says, and she will take away the candle whether you are in bed or not."

"Well, Hannah, I do not mind. Pray give me my Bible." Hannah did as she wished, and Anna began to read; but Louisa talked so much, and so often addressed what she said to her, that she found she could not attend to a word she read—and then Hannah every moment reminded her that Miss Palmer would be coming—so that at last poor Anna was obliged to shut her Bible, and allow Hannah to undress her,

and she was scarcely in bed when Miss Pa
entered the room. Louisa, who had disrega
all Hannah's exhortations to make haste,
who seemed quite a new creature when no lo
in her Mamma or Miss Palmer's presence,
chatting, and laughing, and declaring th
could not be above a quarter of an hour
they had left the school-room, and only s
half undressed.

"Very well, Miss Louisa," said Miss Pal
"I suppose you like being in the dark. C
away, Hannah;" and she took the candle,
desiring Hannah to leave the room before
immediately followed, closing the door after
and leaving Louisa in the middle of the
half undressed, and in total darkness.

"Oh! Miss Palmer—if you please, Miss
mer"—exclaimed Louisa; but Miss Palmer
not a word in answer. They heard her mo
about in her own room, through which was
only entrance to that in which the girls w
but she returned not, and poor Louisa had t
into bed, as Miss Palmer had threatened,
best way she could. Anna heard her mutte
"How cross! I shall never get these knots
tied—what shall I do?"

"Come near, and I will try to assist y
said Anna in a whisper. Louisa groped a
in the dark till she found Anna's bed, and

they together at last succeeded in getting off Louisa's things, during which she said to Anna,—

"Did you ever see any one so cross as Miss Palmer is?"

"She told you what she would do," replied Anna. "You know she could not help doing it after she had said she would; and it was somebody else who was to blame when you were left in the dark."

"But she might have staid just a few minutes!"

"Then she would have broken her word," said Anna, "and that would have been much more sinful than leaving us in the dark."

Louisa was silent for an instant, then said, "I hope you like early rising, Anna, for you will see Miss Palmer will send Hannah to us at six o'clock in the morning."

"And what is the first thing you do in the morning?" asked Anna, in the hope that she might hear that the day was at least begun as she had been accustomed to see it.

"Lessons, lessons, lessons," replied Louisa, "from morning to night nothing but lessons, and sit this way, and sit that way, and walk so and so, and how awkward you are, and how ungraceful, and you will never be like Miss somebody, or Miss t'other body. Oh, how I wish that I was grown up, and then no more Miss Palmer for ever at my elbow!"

"But do you not read God's word the firs thing you do in the morning?" asked Anna "How can you know how to please him unles you learn what his will is from the Bible?"

"Miss Palmer reads a prayer, and one of th lessons, every morning," replied Louisa, "but never listen, nor know what they are about."

"And does Miss Palmer not question yo whether you have understood what she h read?"

"No, never. She is in a hurry to finish th we may get to our lessons—grammar, geogr phy, French, scribbling, arithmetic, long divisio and compound multiplication, and parsing an spelling, and jingle, jingle, on the piano—yo are out of time, and you are out of tune, fro the time you rise till you go to bed."

Anna could not help laughing.

"Do not laugh; she will hear you," sai Louisa, "and that will bring a lesson on laugh ing——about loud laughing, and vulgar laugh ing—and the polished smile, and the gente laugh. Oh! if you heard how George ca mimic Miss Palmer; but, goodness, there she coming;" and Louisa quickly groped her wa into bed; where she was scarcely laid, whe Miss Palmer, with a candle in her hand, opene the door and looked in.

"Just got into bed, I perceive," said sh "and your clothes left scattered on the carpe

pray Miss Louisa, ju and
their proper place." L o d
obey; but did so with so a g —so sl(y,
and with such a cros pre on her c(
tenance, that Miss Pa ', as a p ıment, told
her, that the first t sh(l do next
morning should be, to t a rtion of the Bible
by heart, to teach her to be of a better temper.

When Miss Palmer left the room, all remained perfectly quiet, and Anna remembered her wish to pray, but she did not feel such confidence in God when she thought of him, as she had hitherto done since her Mamma's death; and when she began to ask him to forgive her for what she had done that was wrong, she felt that, during the last short time in which Louisa had been speaking to her, she had been led into what was very sinful, in joining in her laugh at the pains and trouble her governess was taking with her; and she prayed God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her, and then again she felt confidence in God as her Father in heaven; and she thought of her Mamma, and remembered how she used to teach her every thing in such a way that she loved to be taught. She remembered, too, how often her Mamma had told her that the only return she could make to those who took the trouble to instruct her, was to love them, and make it as easy as possible for them to teach her, by being attentive and obedient; and while

she thought thus, she felt so peaceful and he that she believed what her Mamma had told her, that it was the Holy Spirit, God's Spirit, who put every good thought into hearts, and who was "the Comforter, and us peace;" and she prayed God to give he Holy Spirit, to lead her every moment to t and desire, and love, what was right, and she repeated to herself her nursery lines:

Now, when I lay me down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever:

and then she fell into a sweet calm sleep.

Next morning all was pretty much as L said it would be. The girls were called at past six o'clock; and, on going into the sc room at seven, found Miss Palmer ready t ceive them. Louisa again knelt at her lap, carelessly repeated a prayer. Anna was di ed to follow her; and, when repeating her n ing prayer in a slow and reverent manne tempting to enter into the meaning of wha said, Miss Palmer whispered to her, "Spe little quicker, my dear." Miss Palmer a wards read a lesson, and one or two praye a rapid manner; then closing the Prayer-b and putting it away in its place, without atte ing to explain any thing she had read, and

the first duty of the day had been fulfilled, she said, "Now, my dears, let us to work;" and while she was looking for the proper book for Anna to get a lesson in grammar, Anna could not help recollecting how often her Mamma had said to her, that the *form* of repeating prayers, and the *task* of reading a portion of God's word, while the heart was not praying, and while the heart was not seeking to understand and obey, was a daring mocking of God instead of pleasing him: for that God looked only on the heart. When Miss Palmer gave Anna the lesson she was to get, poor Anna was so occupied with thinking how little she had begun this morning as her own Mamma had charged her to do, and in trying to find something to say which might induce Miss Palmer to allow her to return to her little room for half an hour, that she might really pray and read, that she quite forgot her lesson, and was roused from her thoughts by Miss Palmer saying, with much displeasure, "Miss Anna, what are you about? When do you expect to have your lesson, if you sit dreaming in that manner?"

Anna dared not venture to say any thing when Miss Palmer seemed so much displeased, but her thoughts were so much taken up with the idea that she had disobeyed her Mamma's last wishes, that she got her lessons very ill, and then Miss Palmer was still more displeased, and

the next lesson was no better—or the next, and poor Anna was in disgrace most part of the day. Next day was spent much in the same way, and Anna began to feel very unhappy. She had not yet got her mourning dress, and, as there was company constantly with her Aunt, she had not been allowed to come down stairs. Her uncle had, on the first day of her arrival, and each day since, come to the school-room several times to pay her visits, and had been so kind to her that she already began to love him, and she now thought of a plan that she determined to ask his permission to put into execution. Anna had observed, that there was, next to the school-room, a large bed-room in which no one slept; and she thought, that if she could get her uncle's permission, she would ask Hannah to wake and dress her half an hour earlier than Louisa, and then she would go into that empty bed-room, and pray to God alone, and read the Bible, as her Mamma had charged her to do, and be ready to join Miss Palmer and Louisa at the usual time. Full of this plan, Anna, the next time her uncle came into the school, ran joyfully to receive him.

"Well, my little Anna, how are you? Well, and happy, I hope," said her uncle, sitting down, and taking her on his knee. "You are still a prisoner up here, I find. That dress-maker is a naughty woman."

"I have a great favour to ask of you, uncle," whispered Anna into his ear.

"What is it, my love? ask any thing you choose. Is it a secret? Pray, Miss Palmer, take away Jane and Marianne, and leave us for a little."

Miss Palmer did not look quite pleased, but did as she was directed, and when she was gone, Anna told her uncle about her Mamma's last illness, and how she had sent for her just before she died, and the three things she had charged her to remember; "and, indeed, uncle," continued Anna, "I cannot obey my own dear Mamma if I never am one moment alone, and never even allowed to read the Bible, and then when the last day comes, and Mamma is on the right hand, and looks for me, where shall I be?" and then poor Anna could not keep from crying and sobbing.

Her uncle kissed her, and pressed her to his bosom. "You are your Father's own child, Anna," said he. "He used, from a boy, always to be talking in that way; and, though I think it all nonsense, at your age, to be making yourself melancholy with such things, still, for his sake, and as his Father, who was far better than I am, let him do as he chose, you too, Anna, shall have your own way; so tell me, my love, what you wish."

Anna clasped her arms round her u
neck. "Dear, dear uncle, how good you
This is what I wish; you know there is nc
sleeps in the bed-room next the school-r
and if you would allow me to go in there
every morning, and put my Bible in one c
drawers, and lock it, and keep the key, and
nah to wake and dress me half an hour e
than Louisa, and tell Miss Palmer not to b
gry, for you allowed me."

"Yes, yes, my love, I shall settle it all
Miss Palmer, and I shall tell her abou
Anna ran joyfully to tell Miss Palmer to
and her uncle directed all to be as she wi
and left Anna quite happy.

Next morning Hannah came at the tim
had been desired, and Anna moved about
softly, that she might not wake Louisa.
taking her Bible, went into the empty bed-r
and bolted the door; and then she remem
that she was alone with God; and she lov
think that it was so; and she prayed to H
to a father, and tried to recollect and cc
what she had done wrong, that she migh
God to wash away all her sins in the blo
Christ. And then she believed that they
all washed away; and she prayed for God's
Spirit to guide her every moment, and to
her to understand God's word: and the
read, and understood some, though not n

ıat she understood she read over two or
times that she might remember it. And
so chose a chapter, that she might begin to
t it to memory, as she used to do with her
Iamma; and she had got two verses, and
st getting a third, when Hannah came to
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ıd what to say when any one who called
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r mourning dress, Aunt Ross said she was
o be seen. On this day, however, Anna's
at last arrived; and Aunt Ross herself
ıp stairs to see how it fitted, and said so
about every part of it, that poor Anna
not keep from crying; for the dark dress
ɜminded her that her own Mamma was
o another world.

ıt Ross chid Anna for being such a baby
ry at every thing, and then desired that

she should dry up her tears, and accompany he to the drawing-room.

There was nothing in the world Aunt Ros desired more, than what she considered the goc of her children; and she felt quite disposed adopt the little orphan Anna into her family, a bestow a portion of her cares on her. Indee as superintending the education of children w what she supposed herself peculiarly capab of performing, it was rather agreeable to h to have one more added to the number those who she hoped would, on a future da prove the superiority of her mode of educatic With this end in view, Aunt Ross spared hers no trouble which she thought could promote Her great aim was, that her young people shou be genteel, fashionable, and accomplished. N thing, however, is more difficult than to defi what it is to be genteel and fashionable. Au Ross supposed she was a perfect judge on the important subjects; but many other fashional ladies would have laughed at Aunt Ross's notio and considered her a vulgar under-bred woma while, perhaps, these very ladies themselves wou in their turn, be held in scorn by others. One Aunt Ross's methods of forming, as she said, t manners of her young people, was to make the pass two hours in the drawing-room on the forenoons in which she remained at home, to r ceive such visitors as might happen to call.

ey together at last succeeded in getting off ouisa's things, during which she said to Anna,—
" Did you ever see any one so cross as Miss almer is?"
" She told you what she would do," replied nna. " You know she could not help doing it ter she had said she would; and it was some-dy else who was to blame when you were left the dark."
" But she might have staid just a few mi-ıtes !"
" Then she would have broken her word," id Anna, " and that would have been much ore sinful than leaving us in the dark."
Louisa was silent for an instant, then said, " I ope you like early rising, Anna, for you will see liss Palmer will send Hannah to us at six o'clock ı the morning."
" And what is the first thing you do in the ıorning?" asked Anna, in the hope that she ight hear that the day was at least begun as he had been accustomed to see it.
" Lessons, lessons, lessons," replied Louisa, ' from morning to night nothing but lessons, and it this way, and sit that way, and walk so and o, and how awkward you are, and how ungrace-il, and you will never be like Miss somebody, r Miss t'other body. Oh, how I wish that I vas grown up, and then no more Miss Palmer or ever at my elbow!"

to Mrs. Elford, and looked pleased and grateful for her notice, while Louisa did not venture to leave her seat, till her Mamma said coldly, "Come and speak to Mrs. Elford, my dear." She then approached, but Mrs. Elford did not seem now to observe her, being wholly occupied with Anna. She had drawn the grateful-looking, smiling little orphan, into her kind bosom, and was now caressing her as she talked to her, while a tear sometimes stood in her eye.

"Will you come and see me, my love? I have many young people at home, and I am sure they will all be most happy to see you."

"I shall like very much to come, I am sure," replied Anna, drawing the kind Mrs. Elford's hand closer round her waist, "if Aunt will allow me."

"I allow of very little visiting," said Aunt Ross, dryly, "but we shall think about it; and now you may return to your lessons."

Anna was again kissed by Mrs. Elford, and then obeyed her Aunt.

When the two little girls had resumed their seats, Mrs. Elford asked Mrs. Ross in what church she had decided to take a pew.

"Not in the one you advised, Mrs. Elford," replied Mrs. Ross. "I found on inquiry that scarcely any genteel people sat there."

"I did not say genteel people sat there," replied Mrs. Elford; "I said the Gospel was

purely preached there; and the clergyman so plain in his style, and at the same time so attractive and persuasive in his manner, that I thought your young people would love him, and listen with attention to him, as I find mine do."

"Oh, I hope my young people are too well instructed, not to listen to any clergyman their parents take them to hear," replied Aunt Ross, "but I do not choose them to go where so few genteel people think of going. I have decided on taking a pew either in St. George's Church, or in one of the Church of England Chapels; but I think the latter, because, though I understand St. George's is crowded with the genteelest people, I am told the clergyman is very uncharitable in his style of preaching, always addressing even his congregation as if they were irreligious people, which I think is quite contrary to the mildness and charity inculcated by the Christian religion."

Mrs. Elford was beginning to answer Aunt Ross, when the door was again thrown open, and the servant announced, "Lady Alderston," and Mrs. Ross was immediately in such a bustle to receive this, as she thought, fashionable visitor, that she seemed quite to forget Mrs. Elford. That good lady, however, quietly rose to take leave, and, before going, went to the window where the little girls were sitting, again kindly invited Anna to visit her; and then, taking a

pretty little book from her pocket, gave it to her, saying, "Ask your Aunt's leave, my love, and then read this little book. I am sure you will like it."

Anna thanked Mrs. Elford very gratefully, and then, though she longed very much to look at the kind lady's gift, she put it aside till she should ask her Aunt's leave.

It had taken all this time for Lady Alderston to come up stairs. At last she entered—a lady so fat, she seemed scarcely able to walk, dressed out in the most fantastic style, and accompanied by a little dog quite as fat, which came into the room puffing and wheezing, and immediately squatted itself down on the rug. Lady Alderston sunk down on a sofa; and Mrs. Ross called to Louisa to bring a footstool, and herself placed a cushion; and at last the poor lady seemed tolerably comfortable.

"Allow me to introduce my niece to you, my dear Lady Alderston," said Aunt Ross, looking towards Anna, who immediately approached. Lady Alderston looked carelessly at her for a moment.

"A fine child, Mrs. Ross. Pray have you got the French governess you were in quest of?" and she took no more notice of Anna, who returned to her seat in the window rather mortified,—but recollecting her Aunt's injunction to pay particular attention to the manners of those

to whom she was introduced. Lady Alderston spoke of the Theatre, and of parties, and of balls, and of young ladies who had come out, and of Lord this, and Lord that, and Sir John and Sir Thomas, and Lady M—— and Lady S——, the one's carriage, and the other's beautiful suite of rooms. And Mrs. Ross seemed delighted, and poor Anna listened as she was desired, while her little face became colourless, and she yawned every minute, and was at last quite happy to hear another visitor announced, and then another, and another: but Lady Alderston sat on, and she still was obliged to listen. She was introduced by her aunt to several other visitors; but the two hours in the drawing-room seemed to Anna the longest she had ever spent in her life, and she felt quite rejoiced when her aunt permitted her and Louisa to return to the school-room. As they went, Louisa whispered to her, "You know, Anna, we are to imitate Lady Alderston, now see how well I can obey Mamma;" and then she walked exactly like her, imitating every motion, till she reached the school-room door. She threw it open, and called out, "Lady Alderston," and then waddled into the room, and sunk down on a chair, pretending to pant for breath as she had done. Anna could not help laughing, yet she felt that she was wrong in doing so, for her Mamma had often told her that those who ridiculed others for personal de-

fects, which they could not help, mocked not at them, but at their Creator. Anna, too, had observed that Miss Palmer herself had turned away her head to conceal the laugh she could not suppress; yet Anna continued to laugh, while something within was checking her all the while.

Miss Palmer, however, soon recovered her self-command, and told Louisa she would have no more such fooling; but this was all she said. And when Anna was at last quietly again set to her lessons, instead of attending to them, she began to think how differently her own Mamma would have viewed such conduct; and she said within her heart, "How shall I learn to be good now? Nobody here is like Mamma." Then she remembered that God's word would teach her how to be good; and that God himself would assist her if she asked him, for he had promised to give his Spirit to those who asked him; and as she sat with her head leaning over her grammar, she in her heart prayed to God to forgive her, and give her his Spirit, to lead her to do and think what was right; and then she felt quite happy, and began to get her lessons with a light and cheerful heart.

Anna had not forgot her little book; and the first time she again saw her aunt, she asked her permission to read it.

"What is it, child?" asked Aunt Ross.

"I have not looked at it without your leave,

ınt," replied Anna, putting the book into her nd.

" Very right, my dear." And her aunt open- the book, and looked at the title-page, " A elp for the Young and Ignorant to understand e Scriptures." Mrs. Ross smiled contemptu- sly. " Poor Mrs. Elford!" said she, " does e really think children will read such books!" en giving it back to Anna, " Read as much as u can of it, my dear. I give you free leave. will not be much." Anna thought very dif- rently. She just wished for some help to un- rstand the word of God, and she carried up her tle book, and as she put it into the drawer be- le her Bible in the empty bed-room, she thank- l God for having put it into Mrs. Elford's heart give her such a precious little book; and next orning when she went alone to read and pray, ıe found that it assisted her very much to un- erstand what she had never understood before.

One day of Anna's life at her aunt's was very ıuch like every day. Lessons, lessons, as Louisa ad said, from morning to night—or sitting in ıe drawing-room—or a formal walk with Miss almer. No person in her Uncle's house seem- l, from one end of the day to the other, to re- llect that there was another world—two other orlds rather, to one of which every man, wo- an, or child, is on the way. One world where od is, and where good angels, and the spirits

of holy people are. Another world, to which those who forget God are on their way, where Satan is, and wretched spirits, and unholy souls of men, and women, and children; where there is no hope! where there is nothing but pain, and horror, and misery, and darkness, for ever and ever! but Uncle Ross, nor Aunt Ross, nor Miss Palmer, nor her Cousins—no one seemed to recollect these two worlds. Her uncle looked old, and had grey hairs; but he never seemed to think of any other world than this which he must leave so soon. He scarcely ever went to church. He never taught his children or his servants any thing about God. He often, when he spoke, took God's name in vain. And Aunt Ross, whatever she did, it was always to do as other people did. Every one does so and so, was a sufficient reason for her doing any thing she wished to do. She never seemed to recollect that God had given us his word to tell us what we ought to do, and that, at last, every one should be judged according to it. In educating her children she seemed to think they were to live for ever in this world; for she only aimed at preparing them to take a part in those things which belong only to this life. Miss Palmer also, after the quarter of an hour she spent in reading a lesson and one or two prayers in the morning, seemed to forget that God saw her and her pupils every moment; and that, while she was, hour after hour, urging

them on in their acquirements of such things as were of no value in his sight, she was neglecting his command, to train up children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," to teach them to "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth," and to tell them that those who sought God early should find him. If Anna tried to talk to her Cousin Louisa about God, or Jesus her Saviour, or heaven, Louisa would get away from such subjects as soon as she could, and try to do or say something to make Anna laugh, for nobody, she said, spoke of such things except when they were melancholy. Poor little Marianne was the only person in the family who seemed to love such subjects. She was very sickly, and often confined for most of the day to her little crib, to avoid catching cold; which from having been born in a warm climate, and spending her infancy there, she did very easily. When she was so confined, Anna went to her whenever she was permitted, and the poor little thing soon loved Anna better than all the world besides, and would listen to any thing she told her, and loved to hear of that Saviour who came into the world to save lost sinners, and who loved children, and took them in his arms, and blessed them. She also was taught by Anna to pray to this Saviour, and to repeat some hymns which mentioned his love and goodness to children; and little Marianne would sometimes say, "I am so often sick,

Anna, that perhaps I may die soon, and go to Jesus, and to your Mamma." And then Anna and she would talk about what Jesus had done for them that they might get to heaven—how he had shed his own blood, and died a death so painful, that they might never be punished for the sins they had committed, and how he had promised to send his Holy Spirit into their hearts to make them holy, and fit to live in heaven with him for ever. And little Marianne would say, " I love God for making me sick, for I never should have known about Jesus my Saviour unless I had been confined to bed, and you, Anna, had come to watch me and teach me." After these times of sickness, Miss Palmer and every one remarked what a good, industrious little girl Marianne was.

Month after month passed away in the same manner at Uncle Ross's. Anna had become a favourite with every one, as well as with Marianne. Uncle Ross said he loved her, because she was always in good humour, and because she was so kind to his poor little Marianne. Aunt Ross loved her, because all her masters praised her for her docility and attention; and because she danced gracefully, and played well for her age on the piano-forte, and came into the drawing-room quite with the air of a fashionable little girl; and she never was rude or ungenteel; and she had improved so astonishingly in all these important things since she had been under her

. Miss Palmer loved her, because she gave little trouble. Louisa loved her, because she good-natured, and always assisted in getting out of the scrapes her love for ridicule, and ıess, and giddiness, were continually bring- ıer into. Jane loved her, because she never hed at her stupidity, which all the others and George loved her for all the reasons ›thers loved her; and poor Anna's heart be- to be puffed up with pride, for it is much ·r for the human heart to continue soft and ble when in sadness and misfortune, than ı all things are prosperous and happy. Poor a began to like to hear herself called grace- and clever, and good-natured. She tried to ıore graceful, and exerted herself to excel all other little girls who were attended by the ɜ masters; not that she might please God,— that she might prepare to meet her Mamma ıe last day, but that she might hear it said she was the cleverest of all Mr. B———'s ›lars, or the most graceful dancer at Mr. ——'s school, or the first in her class some- re else; and all this, instead of being pleas- to God, only made her proud; and pride is most hateful of all things in his sight. When ıa began to be proud, however, and to think ıly of herself, she began also to think less God, and of heaven, and of her Mamma. still continued to pray morning and evening,

and to go alone to read the Bible, and good Mrs. Elford's little book; but she both read and prayed carelessly. Anna now looked upon herself as good and clever, and trusted to herself; and she had forgot that it was God who had given her any power she had, and who had given her health, and friends, and all things.

Anna was in this state of mind when poor little Marianne caught the measles. It was not certain that Anna ever had the complaint, and she was therefore completely separated from her little Cousin, as Aunt Ross said it would be quite a pity to stop all her lessons, and every thing, when she was improving so rapidly, by exposing her to the infection; Anna, however, was grieved not to see Marianne, and she now felt that she loved her more dearly than all the others; but Aunt Ross, or Uncle Ross, would not be prevailed on to suffer her to go to the poor little girl. Marianne was very ill, and many Doctors were called in, and Anna saw that her Uncle was very uneasy, for she observed him one time, when he came out of Marianne's room, wiping his eyes as he went down stairs; but still she could not get permission to see her. Anna prayed to God that Marianne might recover, but she now found that she could not pray as she used to do. She remembered, that for many mornings and evenings she had prayed to God with her lips while her heart was far from Him; and now, when she

rished to pray to Him from her heart, she could nly remember how sinful and ungrateful she ad been, and she could not believe that God vould listen to her, or regard her, except with lispleasure. She was very unhappy, and wished hat she could be alone for a long time, that she night think over the past, and confess her sins o God, and remember what her dear Mamma sed to say to her, and to read those passages in he Bible, which she now remembered to have oticed when she was reading, in which it was aid, "Return ye backsliding children, and I will eceive you," saith the Lord, or some such words; ut Anna could not get alone, for Aunt Ross had esired that the lessons should go on as usual; nd while Anna was thinking on these things, he was, at the same time, attempting at inter- als to note down a task of music. She was also istening to every footstep which passed to Ma- ianne's room, and, on Miss Palmer's leaving the partment in which they were, Anna, forgetting every thing but her anxiety to hear of her little Cousin, slipped to the door, in the hope that she might see some one who could tell her about her. Just on opening the door, she saw a maid-ser- vant come out of Marianne's room at the other end of the passage, and on going softly towards her, observed that she was weeping.

"What is the matter, Hannah?" asked Anna, fearfully, "Why do you cry so much?"

"Oh, Miss Anna, who could help
that saw that sweet child!" and Hannah
again into tears, and covered her face wi
apron.

"Is Marianne so ill, Hannah?" asked
beginning to cry also.

"Yes, Miss Anna, she is ill, very ill; b
not that: I have often seen illness befor
to see that young, young thing, with its litt
white hands clasped together, and prayin
such a solemn heavenly look in its innocen
Oh, I could not stay—it made me seem t
self—I cannot tell what—so sinful"—and
nah cried and sobbed again.

"Was Marianne praying to be well,
nah?" asked Anna.

"No, Miss Anna. She was praying to
to wash away her sins, and take her to he
be with Himself; and to come quickly an
her; and she prayed for you too, Miss Ann
called you her dear, dear teacher; and f
Mamma, and every one; and she said to n
she was going to where your Mamma was.
this moment Miss Palmer appeared, on h
turn to the school-room. She reproved
for having left it, and, as a punishment, inc
her task.

In the evening the children were inform
their Mamma, that their little sister Ma
was an angel in heaven. That they must b

children, and they too would go there when they died. Aunt Ross could not speak without crying, and she kissed them all kindly, and then left them.

Next day the whole family left town, and went to a house a few miles in the country. Uncle Ross looked very sad; but a number of his friends came to see him, and they took him out, and they staid with him, and talked with him, and did all they could to make him forget his poor little Marianne, and be comforted. Aunt Ross's friends also came to see her, and the children were allowed to be constantly out in the pretty pleasure grounds, and to forget every thing in the novelty of the scene. George received a beautiful little pony in a present from a gentleman, a friend of his Papa's, and before a fortnight had passed, poor little Marianne seemed forgotten, except by Anna; but Anna had spent this fortnight very differently from the others. When she found she might spend her time pretty much as she chose, she had found a quiet pretty bower in the garden to which she had retired every day; and while George and Louisa were going to every part of the grounds in search of novelty or amusement, or disputing which should ride on George's pony, Anna was trying to recollect the instructions her own Mamma used to give her, and remembering how sinful she had been, and praying to God to forgive her, and

thinking of little Marianne, and repeating to herself those passages of Scripture she had learned. When she had occupied herself in this way till she found her heart again loving God and Jesus, and trusting in Him, then she would join her cousins.

At the end of the fortnight the family again returned to town. The children were told never to mention Marianne's name before their Papa or Mamma. Lessons and masters were all again as before; and every thing was done to make every one forget that there had been death or sorrow in the house. When God sends affliction, however, it is in mercy, to make people consider, and remember that they must die, and prepare for it: and when people do not attend to what God does, but turn away from Him, and forget Him, then He turns away from them, and ceases to send His Holy Spirit to put good thoughts or good desires into their hearts; and then Satan, and their own sinful natures make them worse, and more forgetful of God, and more disobedient to Him than ever. So it was at Uncle Ross's. Uncle Ross himself now never went to church at all, and was sometimes so cross that nobody could please him, and then he would take God's name in vain when he found fault with every one, and would curse his servants. George, too, imitated his Father, and never would enter church, but spent the Lord's Day in

riding on his pony, or walking with other thoughtless sinful boys, or reading any foolish story book, or tormenting Anna; for though he was always kind and affectionate to her on other days, he could not bear to see her slip away from the drawing-room, that she might be alone on the Sabbath evenings; and he would take a hunting whip he had, with a loud whistle at the handle, and he would keep whistling at the back of her door, till the whole house rung. His Mamma reproved him for making such an intolerable noise, but his Papa only laughed, and said it was just what he used to do himself to Anna's Father. Poor Anna could not read or pray in such a noise, and she would be often weeping inside the room while George was amusing himself without; and she would say in her heart, "Oh, God, how can I be good?" and she would even sometimes wish that she might die like Marianne, and go where every one was good; but then she would be afraid; for Anna's heart was by nature sinful, like all other hearts, and she was so often led to do what she knew to be wrong, that she sometimes feared that she was not really a child of God. She still was often proud of the praises she received, and often eager to excel her companions, and felt elated when she did so, and despised others, and she knew all this to be very sinful; but she so constantly heard her aunt, and Miss Palmer, and every one talk, as if goodness

consisted in having lessons most perfectly, and in dancing gracefully, and in being fashionable in manner, and playing well, and as if nothing was so wrong as being the most stupid girl in the class, or dancing ill, or being awkward, or shy, or vulgar, that poor Anna scarcely could distinguish now what was right and wrong, at least what her own Mamma would have considered right and wrong, as the Bible taught.

Poor Anna was in this dangerous state, when, one day while she was in the drawing-room, her Aunt Ross received a letter, which seemed to displease her very much. After reading it more than once, she threw it on the table, saying—"How provoking! I had quite forgotten that tiresome, vulgar uncle." Then, turning to Anna, she said, "Here is a letter from your Uncle Murray, my dear, to remind me, as he says, that the six months you were to spend with us is now elapsed, and that he will be here himself in two days to take you home with him for the next six months. I am quite vexed at this," continued Aunt Ross, looking very much displeased. "You will lose every thing you have got. I have done all I could to improve you. Your uncle has determined to add to your fortune, so as to make it equal to Louisa's. You are two of the most elegant little girls to be seen—every one says so; and to take you away to live at a Scotch minister's! Vulgar people, without fortune, or any

advantage; and to associate with their rude, hobbish boys. How could your parents make such a will!"

"Mamma loved Uncle Murray," said Anna, who never could bear to hear any reflection thrown on her own Mamma. "Well, well," replied Aunt Ross, "your Mamma had some strange notions; but what is to be done now? I would not for the world you should lose all the advantages you have got with me; and six months is such a time at your age. All the other little girls will get before you, and Louisa never attended to any thing half so well till you came. What shall I do?" Aunt Ross thought for a little, then said, joyfully, "Ah! that will do! Miss Palmer shall go with you; and I can get another governess for Louisa, who I can myself superintend; and her French governess is to be with us immediately. That will do delightfully, and as much as possible counteract the evil you would acquire at your uncle's. Poor Miss Palmer, to be sure, will not like to bury herself in such a place; but your uncle will increase her salary for the time. You may go to the school-room, my dears, for I must settle all this immediately; so Aunt Ross rung the bell, and desired the servant to tell a lie, and say she was not at home, though she was; and the children went off to the school-room.

Every one was angry at Anna's uncle for com-

ing to take her away. Uncle Ross vowed she should not go, for he could not live without his pretty, good-natured, cheerful little Anna; and then he said, "I have adopted her in the place of my poor Marianne. I will give her the fortune I meant for my own child. What can that preaching minister do for her? She shall not go." Aunt Ross knew, however, that Anna's uncle could not be prevented from taking her away; she therefore tried to reconcile her husband to the idea of parting with her, and mentioned her plan of sending Miss Palmer with her. Uncle Ross could not, however, be reconciled to the thought of parting with Anna, "his only brother's only child." And though he was at last obliged to acknowledge that he could not prevent her going, he never saw her for the two following days without saying something against her Uncle Murray, and lamenting over her being obliged to go to such people. George and Louisa, too, lamented over Anna, and for themselves. "What shall we do without you, Anna?" said George. "Louisa must always have her own way, or she is as cross and ill-natured as—I cannot say who; and Jane is such a clod, it makes me yawn to look at her. And what, on earth, will you do at the manse? Make butter and cheese?" "Hold your tongue, George," said his Father, who had overheard him, "Do you not know that my father, your own grandfather,

was a minister? Many a happy day have I spent in a manse, though it might not suit me now, and is not a fit place for Anna; at least I can provide a better for her. But do not you be such a blockhead as to speak with contempt of the profession of your own grandfather."

"Dear me, Papa now thinks you will be as happy at the manse!" said Louisa. "I dare say you will choose to remain there."

"Go to the school-room, you impertinence!" exclaimed Uncle Ross, looking quite in a passion at Louisa.

"Oh no, dear, dear uncle!" said Anna, coaxingly. "Louisa did not mean any thing, but is sorry that you like me to go to the manse."

"I do not like you to go the manse, my own Anna."

"Ah, then, do not be displeased with Louisa."

"Very well, I forgive her, since you ask it," said Uncle Ross, allowing Louisa to seat herself on his knee, as a proof of reconciliation.

So much was said against Anna's uncle, and so much did George and Louisa ridicule every thing she should meet with at the manse, when out of their father's hearing, and so much did Miss Palmer lament over her fate in being obliged to go to such a place, that Anna felt quite afraid of her uncle's arrival; and on being told, on returning from her walk with Miss Palmer, on the day he was expected, that he had arrived, and

was in the drawing-room with her aunt, her heart beat so quick she could scarcely get breath to walk up stairs. Her walking things were taken off, and her dress arranged, though Miss Palmer remarked that it was waste of trouble, for what could Mr. Murray know about dress? Anna then waited, listening eagerly for some one's approach to desire her to come to the drawing-room. At last she was sent for, and, with a feeling for her uncle of mingled fear and dislike, she went down stairs, her heart beating quick as she went. The servant who had been sent for her opened the drawing-room door, and the moment Anna entered her uncle rose to meet her; but when he saw her cold and constrained looks, he stopt, and looked disappointed.

"Come and speak to your uncle, my love," said Aunt Ross; and Anna slowly and timidly approached, not venturing to look up in his face. He held out his hand, and she gave him hers.

"I perceive you are very sorry to see me," said her uncle, in a very gentle tone of voice, and sitting down, he put his arm round her, and drew her close into his bosom, and said in a whisper, "God bless my sister's child."

Anna heard these words said so kindly, and she looked up in his face. He looked very mild, and very kind, and said again, "You are sorry to see me, Anna." Anna had been taught by her aunt always to try to say what was civil and

obliging, because it was very impolite not to do so, and she answered, "No, uncle, I am happy to see you."

"Hush!" replied her uncle, but still in a gentle tone of voice, "I must never hear any thing but truth. I love you the more for being sorry to leave your friends; but you know it was your Mamma's wish. Do you remember your Mamma?"

"Oh yes, yes!" replied Anna, "my own dear, dear Mamma! I remember her quite, quite well."

Anna's uncle kissed her affectionately, "Then my love," said he, "you will try to do cheerfully what she wished."

"Yes, uncle, I will try," said Anna.

"And your aunt, and I, and my boys, will try to make you happy," said her uncle.

"I propose sending her governess with Anna, Mr. Murray," said Aunt Ross. "I know she can have no masters in the retired situation where you live, and I should regret extremely her losing those advantages altogether which she has enjoyed in my house. I am sure you must agree with me in thinking my plan a proper one."

"I beg your pardon, Madam," replied Mr. Murray, "I cannot agree with you. Anna must be entirely under my own and my wife's care while she is with me. Whoever instructs her

must be thoroughly known to me, and chosen by myself."

"I assure you, Mr. Murray, Miss Palmer was highly recommended before I took her into my family," said Mrs. Ross. "She is very accomplished. It is impossible you should find such a person in your very retired situation. She has been in the most fashionable families; and, indeed, I have had great difficulty in persuading her to go with Anna. I assure you Mrs. Murray will find her a very superior person—quite a companion."

Mr. Murray shook his head. "I cannot agree to your wish in this point, Madam. You really must not urge me."

"Impossible, Mr. Murray! Surely you will not refuse what is so evidently for the child's advantage. I appeal to your conscience, Sir."

Mrs. Ross looked very angry, and Anna felt frightened; but when she looked at her uncle, he seemed as mild and gentle as ever, as he answered:

"I am acting from conscience, Mrs. Ross, in declining to agree to your wishes. I know what my sister wished most respecting her child. It was that she should be taught to know her God and Redeemer, and to devote herself to his will; and I shall use those means which appear to me most suited to lead her to that knowledge and obedience."

Anna loved her uncle when he said this, and she drew his arm closer round her.

"Child, go to the school-room," said Aunt Ross, looking much displeased. "I must settle this matter immediately, and you ought not to be present." Her uncle immediately let her go, and Anna returned to the school-room.

"Well, what kind of a quiz is this uncle of yours?" said Louisa, the instant she entered.

"He is not a quiz," replied Anna gravely.

"What is he then?"

"I am sure he is very good," replied Anna; but she would not say any more, for she did not like to tell Miss Palmer that she was not to be allowed to go.

Anna was not again sent for, and did not see her uncle till she went down with Louisa and Jane to the dining-room after their Mamma's dinner. Mr. Murray immediately held out his hand to Anna, and placed a chair for her beside himself, but she was scarcely seated when Aunt Ross proposed that the ladies should go to the drawing-room. The little girls were obliged to go also, and Anna's uncle was left in the dining-room with Uncle Ross, and some other gentlemen who had dined with him, and she did not see him again that night, but Aunt Ross told Anna that her uncle would not consent to Miss Palmer's going—that her Uncle Ross was very angry; and then she spoke to Anna till it was

bed-time, of all the things she should do when she was away; and then said, that as it could not be helped, they must just submit for one six months; "and after that you know, my dear," said Aunt Ross, "you will always be with us, because the choice is left to yourself, and your Uncle Murray cannot prevent you." She then sent Anna to bed.

Anna was to go after breakfast next day, and all her things were packed, and every one expressed so much sorrow at parting with her, that she too was very sorry, and after she went to bed, wept till she fell asleep.

Next morning she rose at her usual early hour, and went to read and pray for the last time in the empty bed-room, and to fetch her Bible, and precious little book, that they might be put up to go with her. When she came to the room-door, she was surprised to find that she could not open it. She tried again, and feared George had played her some trick to prevent her getting her Bible and her dear little book. On trying a third time, she heard a footstep approaching from within, and the door was opened by Mr. Murray.

"Uncle Murray! Oh, I beg your pardon," said Anna, afraid that he would be displeased. "Indeed I did not know you were in this room, or I should not have disturbed you."

"Come in, my love," said Uncle Murray, kindly, "and tell me what you wanted in this room at so early an hour;" and he led Anna to the place where he had been sitting, and then took her on his knee, and she saw that he had been reading from a Bible that lay open on the table before him.

"Well, my dear Anna, what did you want?"

"I wanted to read, uncle, and if you will allow me to sit down just in the corner where I usually sit, I shall not disturb you in the very least."

"Well, my love, do so," said her uncle, and then he watched her while she went to her drawer, and took out her Bible, and her little book, and then set herself in a corner beyond the chest of drawers, and turning away her face from him, found her place, and began to read. He did not interrupt her for a time; then softly approaching to where she was, he looked over her shoulder, and saw that she read the Bible.

"Dear child," said he, "Do you understand what you read?"

"Not very well, uncle. I cannot understand much of this chapter."

"Should you like me to explain it to you?"

"Oh yes, yes, uncle, if it would not interrupt you."

Her uncle again took her on his knee, and read the chapter, and explained it just in the

plain kind way her own Mamma used to do, and then said, "And, what does my little Anna do next?"

"I try to pray, uncle, but ——"

"But what, my love?"

Anna's eyes filled with tears, "you would not love me any more, if I told you what I am thinking about praying, uncle."

"Yes, Anna, I will love you whatever you tell me."

"No, uncle, you will not be able, for I am so often wicked now, that I do not love to pray as I used to do, because Mamma taught me that when we come to pray, we ought first to remember, and confess our sins to God, and then ask Him to wash away our sins for Christ's sake: but I have always so many sins to think of now, that I do not like to begin to pray; and I read, and read, or get verses to repeat, till it is time to go to Miss Palmer, and then I just say a few words of prayer."

"That is not right, my Anna," said her uncle, "but I cannot love you the less for this, because it makes me hope that God is teaching you what he teaches all his own children, that you have a very sinful heart; and then you will feel your need of the Physician of souls: and when you know Him, my dear Anna, I shall love you far more than I do just because you are my niece; for he is the Physician of my soul

also; and those who love him love each other for his sake. Do you know who this Physician is, my dear Anna?"

"Yes. It is Jesus Christ. Mamma taught me that."

"And do you know the office of a Physician?"

"Yes. It is to heal the sick. My cousin Marianne had many physicians to attend her, but they could not heal her."

"No, because they had no power except what God gave them; and it was His will that Marianne should not recover. But you know Jesus Christ has all power in heaven and on earth; and he has promised eternal life to all who come to him. But you know you must come to him. If you wish your physician to heal you, it is necessary for you to bring your complaints to him, that he may use means to remove them. You must tell your Lord what the diseases, the sins are, which beset you, and lead you to disobey him, that he may wash away their guilt in his own blood, and give you grace, and strength in future to resist them. This is his will; for though he knows you far better than you do yourself, he has commanded you, and me, and all his people, to confess to him, to pray to him, to pour out our hearts before him, to make our requests known to him, and to do this without ceasing. Now if you cease to seek him in the way he has appointed, he will cease, my dear

Anna, to proceed in healing your diseased soul; but if you return to him, he will return to you."

Anna listened to every word her uncle said with the greatest attention, and she loved him more and more, but she made no answer.

"Shall we come to our Physician together, and ask him to receive and forgive us?" asked her uncle gently.

Anna scarcely knew what her uncle meant, but she did what he wished; and he knelt down, and made her kneel down also in his bosom, and he took one of her little hands in his, and then he confessed the sins she had told him of, and many others that Anna wondered how he knew; and then he prayed for forgiveness, till Anna could not keep from crying. He prayed too for Uncle Ross, and Aunt Ross, and all the family, just as Anna would have wished to pray for them. When he rose from his knees, he took Anna again into his bosom, and put his hand upon her head, and prayed God to bless her. He then said she should go and spend what time remained with her cousins; and as Anna crossed the passage to the school-room, she thought within her heart, "I should be sorry now not to go with my Uncle Murray."

Anna and her uncle were to travel in one of the public coaches. This coach set out at an earlier hour than it was usual for Aunt Ross to have breakfast; and when Anna was sent down

at the proper time by Miss Palmer, she found no one in the breakfast-room but her uncle and a servant, who was very carelessly preparing breakfast. Aunt Ross at last appeared, and made a slight apology; but Mr. Murray did not seem to be at all displeased. Before sitting down, he said a grace, which Uncle Ross never did; and, after a short repast, he took out his watch, and told Anna they must go. Uncle Ross's smart carriage and servants were at the door, to convey Anna and her things to the coach. Again she took leave of her cousins; again her Aunt Ross reminded her of what she must do when away; and as she left the breakfast-room, she heard her Uncle Ross call her name over the stairs. She ran up to him, and he hugged and kissed her, saying, "I could not see that cursed uncle of yours; do not forget me Anna. Farewell—farewell. What shall I do without you?"

Anna was very sorry to part with her strange, kind Uncle Ross; but Aunt Ross was calling to her to make haste.

"Plague on her screaming!" said Uncle Ross angrily, again pressing Anna to his bosom; and then, ordering her to get away, he went into his room, and flung to the door with such violence as to make the house shake.

Anna was soon in the carriage, and the servant just closing the door, when her Uncle asked whether his portmanteau had been put in. The

saucy footman called carelessly to one of his fe
lows, who looked back, and then stept slow
into the house, and, bringing it out, his fello
servant opened the door, and he flung it into t
bottom of the carriage, as if he had thought
beneath him to touch it. The carriage then dr
off to Prince's Street, where they were to m
the coach; and in a few minutes Anna and l
uncle were seated in it, and opposite to them
a fat red-faced man, buttoned up in a huge gre
coat; and beside him a young woman, with
baby on her lap, and another child in the corn
of the seat almost behind her. The horn v
blown two or three times, and then off set t
coach at a quick pace. The fat, red-faced g
tleman laid himself snug in the corner, and h
ing, perhaps, been waked sooner than usual t
morning, he was soon fast asleep. The bal
too, on the young woman's lap, was also so
asleep; but the little boy who sat beside her so
began to be very unruly. He fidgeted abo
and declared he had a pain in his stomach. T
woman tried both to coax and to threaten hi
but he would not stay still, and at last
clared he was very sick. Anna, who had lea
ed at her Aunt Ross's to despise, and not f
for those who seemed, as Aunt Ross wo
have said, to be vulgar people, had looked at t
little boy's uneasy face, and heard his complai
without feeling any compassion for him. S

s seated opposite to him; and two or three
es that he had, in his uneasy motions, inad-
tently touched her with his little feet, she had
wn herself away, and wiped the part of her
isse he had touched with her handkerchief,
countenance expressing displeasure and dis-
it; and the young woman was constantly say-
to the child, "Take care, Johnny, don't
ch the young Lady's pelisse. Fie, Johnny, sit
l; see, you have dirtied the Lady's pelisse;"
ill Johnny, sick and uneasy, and wearied with
continued reproof, at last took his foot and
ly wiped it on Anna's lap. Anna looked in
Uncle's face for redress, and reddened with
er. The look she received in return from her
le, however, was not one of compassion or
ipathy, but one of displeasure; and when the
ng woman shook the little boy, and set him
k with a reproof, and a slap on the offending
t, Mr. Murray said, "Poor little fellow, come
me, and I shall try to make you more comfort-
e. I hoped this little girl of mine would have
d to do so, but I see she thinks more of her
n dress than of a little suffering fellow-crea-
e." He then made Anna change places with
n, and spoke so kindly to the child, that he
n consented to leave the seat where he was,
l came on Mr. Murray's knee; and as it had
n the motion of the coach, as he sat back,
it had made him uneasy, he was soon quite

well, and began prattling to Mr. Murray in the most amusing manner; while Mr. Murray, on his part, seemed delighted with him, and caressed and fondled him as if he had been his own child. The young woman, too, now began to speak quite frankly to Mr. Murray, and did not know how to say enough to express her gratitude for his kindness to the little boy.

"He is your eldest child, I suppose?" said Mr. Murray, for she looked very young.

"He is not my child, Sir," replied she. "I have no child but this baby. He was my brother's child;" and then she looked very sorrowful, and added, "My brother was killed at the battle of Waterloo, Sir, and his wife never had a day's health after she heard it. She died about six weeks ago, and I have been into Edinburgh to bring away Johnny. He is to stay with me and husband and me now."

Anna had been scarcely able to refrain from crying, after the look of displeasure her uncle had given her; and now she turned her face away and wept, while she thought how hard her heart had felt to this little boy, who was an orphan like herself, and how much her uncle was displeased with her. For some time Mr. Murray took no notice of Anna. He continued to talk with the young woman, who told him all about herself; and then listened with much attention and respect, when Mr. Murray reminded

er of the danger she was in of having her heart ngrossed with the cares and anxieties of this life, a young wife and mother; and spoke so kindly nd gently to her, that she soon seemed quite to ve him, and confessed her ignorance, and asked s advice, as if he had been her father. During is conversation, little Johnny had slidden off lr. Murray's knee on to the seat between him nd Anna; and having peeped up into Anna's ce, and seen that she was in tears, he lifted up s frock, and began rubbing the part of her pe- sse which he had dirtied with his shoe, and then nid coaxingly to her, "Clean now." Anna put er arms round the little orphan, and began to ress him. She had been furnished with a large ag of sweet-meats by her Uncle Ross, and she ave some of them also to the little boy, and ney were soon very good friends. But still Anna lt sad, for her Uncle Murray she feared was ispleased with her, and she watched for another ook from him, that she might know whether he ad forgiven her. She did not watch long, for er Uncle Murray had been observing her all ne time; and now, when he saw her so kind to ne boy, he leant over to her, and said in a whis- er, "Do not look as if you feared me, Anna; I nly wish you to be good. You are so now, and ny own dear child." And then Anna felt quite appy, and at ease, and she talked and played ith the little boy, and felt quite sorry when she

found that he and his young Aunt were to leave them at the next stage. "What can I do," thought Anna, for the dear little orphan; and then she remembered that her uncle had given her a purse the night before, with a great deal of money in it, and she determined to give some of her money to little Johnny's aunt, to keep for him; for she had seen her Aunt Ross give money to ladies who came to ask her to subscribe to societies for clothes to poor people, and such things. So Anna took out her purse, and took some money from it, and held it in her hand till the coach stopt, and then she was just going to say, "Here is some money for little Johnny,"—when her uncle put his hand on hers, and said in a whisper, "Don't, my dear." Anna drew back; and the young woman, after thanking Mr. Murray most gratefully for his kindness, and making little Johnny (who now cheerfully did whatever he was bid) kiss his hand and thank the good gentleman and the young lady, hastened out of the coach, to be received with every mark of joy by a young man, who was waiting for her, and who was her husband, and by an old man, who was her father. Anna saw the old man take up Johnny in his arms, and hold him to his breast; and she heard the young woman say, "Johnny, that is your grandfather;" and then they went away, and she heard no more. In a little time, the coach again set off,

but now the fat old gentleman was quite awake, and began talking to her uncle, so she could not ask him why he would not suffer her to give money to Johnny's aunt.

Mr. Murray's house was far away in Perthshire, and it took two days to travel to it. When Anna and her uncle stopped for the night, and were shown into a parlour in the inn by themselves, then she asked him why he would not let her give the money, and he said, "Because, my dear, the young woman did not want money. You would have hurt and offended her by offering it." Anna looked surprised, because at her Uncle Ross's, she had always heard *low people*, as they were called there, spoken of with contempt, on account of their want of money.

"You look surprised, Anna," said her uncle, "but, my dear, if you would just think on all occasions, 'What is God's will?' you would be sure to act right. Now God has commanded us to *love* one another; to be kindly affectioned one towards another; to do good as we have opportunity; to consider every person we meet as our neighbour, and to be ready to show them every kindness in our power. Rich people sometimes think, that, however contemptuous and haughty they may be to their poorer brothers and sisters of mankind, they can make all up by taking out their purses and bestowing money; but this is not obeying God's command, to love their neigh-

bour, and, in some instances, as would ha
been the case to-day had you given the you
woman in the coach money, only offends, a
reminds your neighbours, that, because you
better clothed, you think yourself entitled
treat them as poor inferiors."

Anna listened to her uncle, but she did
understand him very well. She, however, p
ceived that, though her aunt and cousins h
always spoken of him as being without fortu
he did not care about money as they did.

It was just growing dark on the second day
Anna's journey when her uncle told her th
they were within three miles of Daluthen, wh
his house was. He told her also, that, about
quarter of a mile farther on, they would have
leave the stage coach, and take a post chaise
the rest of the way, as Daluthen lay at that d
tance from the public road. Anna was not so
to hear she was to leave the stage coach, as t
fat old gentleman had continued to travel all t
way with them; and, though he was very ki
to her, yet she had become tired of his talki
about the weather, and last year's crops, and t
markets, and the state of public affairs—and s
thought Uncle Murray looked tired too, and t
old gentleman did not seem to like to talk of a
thing he began to talk of, but always went ba
to these subjects. At last Uncle Murray sa
"Now, Anna, we are in the village where

shall leave the coach." Anna looked out. It was nearly dark; but she observed, when the coach stopt, that a boy eagerly ran towards it, and now looked past her, as if expecting to see some one he knew, and he immediately called out, "My Father! Norman; it is my Father and our Cousin!" and then another boy came also, and the first boy opened the coach door, and threw down the steps in a moment. "My boys! my dear boys!" said Mr. Murray affectionately, "assist your cousin to get out." The elder boy held up his arms, and lifted Anna out quite gently, and then both boys sprung into their father's arms, and they embraced each other with the warmest affection. They then were each clinging to an arm, when the elder boy remembered Anna, and instantly resigning his, took Anna's hand and put it in his father's and walked on her other side towards the inn.

"Are you all well, Kenneth?" said Mr. Murray to his eldest boy.

"All quite well, and my mother expects you to-day, Sir, and I have asked Mr. Macalpin to have a chaise ready for you, and there I see Watty going to bring it out—we shall not have to stay a minute; but come into the house, for I know Mrs. Macalpin has been preparing something for you, and she will be hurt if you do not take it."

At the entrance of the inn stood Mrs. Mac-

alpin, ready to receive Mr. Murray. "Thank heaven, you are back safe, Sir. I hope you have had a pleasant journey. The weather has been wonderful for the season. Come in, Sir, if you please. The chaise will be ready directly; but I hope you will take something;" and she seemed to regard Mr. Murray with the utmost love and reverence. Mr. Murray thanked her, and followed her into her nice clean parlour, where was a blazing fire, and a table spread with the best that her house could afford.

"You have prepared a feast for us, my good Mrs. Macalpin," said Mr. Murray, kindly.

"A feast, Sir! Oh, I wish it were ten times better; it would be well my part to prepare it for you;" and then she curtseyed respectfully and left the room. Kenneth placed a chair for Anna next his father, and, after waiting till his father should say a grace, he kindly helped her to what he supposed she would like best. Mr. Murray, too, ate something, not to offend good Mrs. Macalpin, but he was anxious to get home, and very soon the party were in the chaise. Kenneth placed Anna on her uncle's knee, as there was not room for all to sit. They were a happy party. The boys seemed so full of joy to have their father home again, and had so much to tell him that had passed during the week he had been away. Yet, in the midst of all this joy, they were so kind to each other, and did not

talk both at once, but were so mild, particularly Kenneth, that Anna wondered if these could be the rude, hobbish boys, who were to spoil her manners. Her cousin George would have been a great deal more noisy and talkative than both these boys together; and if Louisa had been of the party, they would have quarrelled and snapt at each other twenty times during such a conversation, which these boys never seemed to think of doing.

At last the carriage stopt at a little white gate; a servant girl held it open till they entered. The house was a little way farther in, and the path to it had shrubs and trees on each side; but it was dark, and Anna clung close to her uncle, who held her hand. At the entrance to the house Mrs. Murray, and her two little boys, were waiting to receive the travellers; and then there was as much joy as before, and Mr. Murray entered the house with his youngest boy in his arms, and the other holding his coat. On coming into the room where the light was, Anna looked timidly at her new aunt; her aunt, too, was looking at her. Mrs. Murray looked very grave, though every one else seemed so full of joy. She was in deep mourning; and Anna now observed, what she had not noticed before, that her cousins were all in mourning also; and when Kenneth looked at his Mamma, Anna saw that he instantly began to look grave, and went

quietly, and whispered a word or two to Norman, who was immediately silent; and when she looked at her uncle, though he was caressing his two youngest boys, yet he also looked sad. Kenneth, however, appeared anxious to make every one happy again. He assisted Anna to take off all the mufflings she had been wrapt in to screen her from the cold. He then placed a chair for her by his mother, who had sat down to make tea.

All was quite different from what Anna had been accustomed to at her Uncle Ross's. There, nothing was done but by servants. Servants brought in tea and coffee; servants brought cake; servants were ready to take your empty cup and saucer; for Aunt Ross thought it quite ungenteel to do any thing for herself. Here Mrs. Murray made tea for every one, and prepared what was proper for the two little boys, and she had no one to assist her but Kenneth, who helped her to water from a tea-kettle, and watched how he could in any way be of use. Kenneth and Norman prepared the bread and butter, and handed it round to every one; and, in their most winning manner, invited and pressed their Papa and Mamma, and Anna, to eat. At Uncle Ross's, Anna had sat at tea in a splendid drawing-room, to meet other little girls, (for it was only on such occasions she had been there at tea;) and she and her cousins, and their young visitors, had

all been gaily dressed, and were behaving as gracefully, and looking as genteel and fashionable, and speaking as politely as they could. At Uncle Murray's she was in a little parlour, very commonly furnished, and no one seemed to be thinking of any thing but what they were doing, or speaking of. At Uncle Ross's there was always some one who looked out of humour, and of whom the children were afraid. Uncle Ross was displeased at something, and looked cross; or Aunt Ross's face showed that she thought some of her young people awkward, and would soon find fault enough; or something was jarring. At Uncle Murray's all was love and kindness; for though Aunt Murray looked sad at first, still she was gentle and kind to every one; and after Kenneth had seemed to watch her looks, and to try to make her less sad by his affectionate attentions, she became more cheerful, and seemed to love all her boys so very dearly, and spoke so softly to them, and was so kind to Anna, that she soon quite loved her.

When tea was over, Mr. Murray said that Anna must be fatigued, and ought not to sit up to prayers; and then he blessed her, and bade her good night. The two elder boys shook hands affectionately with her, and the little ones came to be kissed; and then Mrs. Murray herself accompanied Anna to her room. It was a very small one, next Aunt Murray's own. There

was a nice little bed in it, and every thing neat and comfortable, though quite different from her room at Uncle Ross's.

Mrs. Murray very kindly showed Anna where her things had been put, and assisted her to get what she wanted for the night, and to unpack her Bible from where Miss Palmer had stuffed it into a corner of her trunk. She then said she would leave Anna for a quarter of an hour, and would after that return, and assist her to undress. Anna understood quite well by her Aunt's manner, that she left her alone that she might pray; and Anna did so, and thanked her heavenly Father for having brought her to live with those who loved Him, and would teach her to love Him. When Mrs. Murray came back, she tapped gently at Anna's door before she entered. Anna hastened to open it and meet her; but when she came near the light, Anna saw that she was looking very sad again, and seemed to have been crying. Anna, however, did not venture to ask her aunt why she was so sad; but she said, "I cannot trouble you to undress me, Aunt Murray: I shall try to do it myself. I shall learn."

"The sooner the better, my dear, for your own sake," replied Mrs. Murray, in her own soft voice; "but you are tired, and I must not have you begin any new lessons to-night. I see you are not used to undress yourself."

"No, aunt, I have not for six months undressed myself; but before that I sometimes did, for my own Mamma always said, I ought to be as little dependent on others as I could for such things."

"Then, my dear, after to-night, if you choose, we shall begin to do as your own dear Mamma would have wished you to do."

"Oh, yes, yes, dear Aunt Murray;" said Anna, throwing her arms round her kind-looking aunt's neck; she then thanked her for the trouble she took in undressing her, and Mrs. Murray pressed her affectionately to her heart; but Anna thought she looked sadder than ever.

When Anna was laid in bed, her aunt sat down beside her, inside the curtains, and leaning over her, she asked, "Can you, my love, repeat an evening hymn?" Anna used always to do so to her own Mamma, and now began the one she had last taught her. Aunt Murray listened for some time, and then put away her face to wipe away the tears; and when Anna had finished, she stooped down and kissed her several times without speaking. She then prayed God to bless her, drew her curtains, and left her to sleep. Anna, however, could not help wondering what could make Aunt Murray so sad; but, after thinking for a little, she thought Kenneth looked so kind and good-natured, that she might perhaps

ask him when they met again; and with this resolution she fell fast asleep.

Next day was the Sabbath; but what a different Sabbath from those Anna had spent at Uncle Ross's! There, excepting that there were no lessons, but getting a small part of the Church Catechism and a collect to repeat, and going once to Church, the day could not be distinguished from any other day. Every one talked of the same things they did on other days. Uncle Ross read the newspapers, and talked about all kinds of worldly things, or went to the club to meet his old cronies. Aunt Ross was very often unwell on Sundays—much oftener than on any other day; and she would lie on the sofa, and, if nobody came in the evening, she would be particularly quick at seeing every one's faults on that evening, aud spend it in lecturing and finding fault. Miss Palmer, on that day, either wrote letters to her friends or went out to visit. In short, no one ever seemed to know that it was '*The Lord's Day*,' but each to think it peculiarly his own day, to be spent exactly as he chose. Not so at Uncle Murray's. Anna was waked at an early hour by her Aunt Murray, who, after assisting her to dress, again left her alone for a time. She then returned for her, and conducted her to her uncle's study. Here her uncle, and all her young cousins, and

the two servant maids, were assembled, all neatly dressed, ready for church. After all were seated, Uncle Murray read a Psalm, and then her aunt and young cousins, and every one, began to sing; but, though Anna had, for the last three or four months, been constantly praised for her quickness, and attention, and proficiency in her music lessons, she could not join in singing to the praise of God. Even little Hugh, who was not above five years old, and who sat between his Mamma and Anna, even he joined his young, clear voice with the others; all sung except Anna—who felt ashamed as she sat mute, and thought within herself, that she never before had heard music so sweet, as the full, clear voices of her four young cousins and their mamma. When the psalm was sung, Uncle Murray read and explained a chapter of the Bible so plainly, that Anna understood a great deal of what he said, and loved him every moment better, as she listened to him, teaching every one who heard him, how to know, and to love, and to serve God—and how to be good and happy. Uncle Murray then prayed to God for every one; after which the servants went away, and then he told each of his own boys, and Anna, what they were to get during the day to repeat to him in the evening; and then he kissed and blessed them all, and sent them away, while he remained alone in his study.

Mrs. Murray went to the parlour to breakfast; and while she was doing so, Kenn took Anna to the little sunny plot of ground fore the door. It was now early in spring, this little plot was filled with primroses, snowdrops, and the early flowers which ven to peep above the ground whenever the s goes away. Anna was delighted to see th for she had only walked on the streets for s weeks, and she went from one spot to anot stooping down to admire their little deli beauties. Kenneth followed her, and see pleased with her expressions of delight; and soon observed, that Mrs. Murray also was n for, on looking up, she saw her standing at parlour window, which was open. Anna mediately went to the window,—"Dear a how lovely those flowers are!" exclaimed pointing to the many-coloured spots which rounded her.

"Yes, dear Anna," replied her Aunt, "t all return, and bloom again in spring." M Murray looked very sad when she said this, she turned away from the window. "W does aunt look so sad, Kenneth?" asked An ready to cry herself.

Kenneth looked sad too, and said, "Man is thinking that flowers return and bloom spring, and all things again look fresh beautiful; but those who die, and are laid in

grave, do not return. This time last year, my sister Mary was just going about admiring the same kinds of early flowers you are now admiring, Anna; but she is in the grave, and will never return, and that makes Mamma look so sad."

"Had you a sister? and is she dead?" asked Anna.

"Yes: Did you not know about Mary?"

"No, Kenneth, I never heard about her."

"She was just about your age, Anna, and Mamma says, you remind her of her every moment; and she can do nothing but look at you, and yet it makes her sad to do so."

"Is it long since Mary died?" asked Anna.

"Only about six months," replied Kenneth.

"But she is gone to heaven! she is gone to Jesus!" said Anna. "She will be happy. My Papa and Mamma are there, and my little Cousin Marianne."

"Yes," replied Kenneth, "Mary is happy, for she loved her Saviour and trusted in him; and Mamma says, she would not have it otherwise, and she rejoices that her little Mary is where there is no more sorrow. But Mary was constantly with Mamma; she was her companion the whole day; and she was so good, and so obedient, and so quiet, and yet so merry, that every one misses her still, particularly Mamma. Oh, Anna, if you would be a little daughter to

Mamma and Papa, and a sister to us, instead of Mary!" Kenneth said no more, for his Mamma, at that moment, called on him and Anna from the window to come in to breakfast; but Anna could not help thinking of what he had last said, and she, too, wished that she could be a daughter to Uncle and Aunt Murray; but then she must leave Uncle and Aunt Ross, and Louisa, and every one at Uncle Ross's, and she felt sorry to think of doing so.

After breakfast, Mr. Murray, and Kenneth, and Norman, went out together, and Mrs. Murray told Anna, that, while the days were short, Mr. Murray collected the children belonging to his parish before church time, that he might catechise them, and that, when the days were long, he assembled them in the evening, for many of them lived too far away to come in the evening when the days were short. Mrs. Murray told Anna, also, that Kenneth and Norman assisted their Papa, by instructing and catechising the younger children.

There was still an hour before it was time to go to church, and Anna, and the little boys, were set by Mrs. Murray to get what they were to repeat to her uncle; after which they went to church. The two maid servants followed, having locked the door of the house, and taken the key with them; for no one who was able to go was permitted to remain away from church in

Mr. Murray's house. And Aunt Murray told Anna that she must listen attentively, for her uncle expected every one in his family to give some account of what he had preached. Anna listened to her dear Uncle Murray with great attention, and she remembered a good deal of what he said; and Kenneth and Norman never ceased listening; and even the little boys looked attentive, and never made the least noise, or rose, or gazed about, or yawned, or looked wearied to death, as her cousins the Rosses always did at church. Indeed, every one seemed to listen to Uncle Murray, and he spoke as if he loved them all in his very heart.

Between sermons, it was the custom at Uncle Murray's, that those ladies and gentlemen who lived at a distance from church, so far that they had to come in carriages, and could not go home and return to afternoon church, it was the custom for such to come into the manse, as Mr. Murray's house was called, and Mrs. Murray received them very hospitably. On this Sabbath many ladies, and some gentlemen, were at the manse, and Anna assisted her aunt as she directed her, to offer them wine and cake, and apples, which had grown in her own garden; and Anna heard the ladies asking who she was, and remarking what a pretty, graceful little girl she was, and they made a great deal of her, and Anna's heart began to be vain; and when her

aunt said to her, "Anna, you had better go and see what Kenneth is about," Anna felt sorry to go away; but, though some of the ladies and gentlemen said, "Oh, do not send her away! Pray let her remain!" Aunt Murray repeated what she had said, and looked so grave, that Anna feared she was displeased, and immediately obeyed her; but as she left the room she could not help thinking, "How different Aunt Murray is from Aunt Ross! Aunt Ross would have looked so pleased at me, and have praised me so afterwards, had the ladies at her house noticed me so much; and Aunt Murray looks as grave as if it was naughty to be graceful." While Anna thought thus, she was slowly coming down stairs; and just as she got to the bottom she saw Kenneth enter the house, accompanied by an old man with grey hair, who seemed very frail, and leaned on a stick as he walked.

"Come in, Andrew. Why should you sit all the time between sermons in the cold churchyard?" and Kenneth assisted him towards the kitchen, while the old man was drawing back, and saying, "There is no occasion, Mr. Kenneth. I was very well in the kirk-yard. It's a fine day."

Kenneth, however, made out his point, and when Anna followed, and looked into the kitchen, she saw a number of old people sitting round a blazing fire, while Nannie, the eldest of the maid

ervants, was kindly distributing bread and cheese, nd beer, amongst them. When Kenneth had een Andrew comfortably placed, he left him to Jannie's care; and on seeing Anna, he said, 'Oh, come with me, Anna, and let us look if here is any one else who ought to be brought ı." Anna would rather have staid in her aunt's ittle drawing-room up stairs, to be flattered by hose ladies who foolishly thought it would please ıer aunt to flatter her; but she could not re- ıse Kenneth, and followed him, and he hastened ıack to the church-yard. A great many people vho had come from a distance were there, seated ın the grave-stones waiting for the service in the ıfternoon. Kenneth went amongst them, and hey all seemed to love him and look at him with espect; and when he discovered any old person, ır woman who had brought a little child rather han be kept away from church, he kindly in- vited them into the manse, and pressed them to go, and would not be refused; so that, between sermons, he filled his Papa's kitchen and parlour with old, or frail people, or women with young children—who were all rested, and refreshed, and prepared to profit by the service in the af- ternoon.

"And now, Kenneth, shall we not go up to the drawing-room?" said Anna, when he seemed o have brought in as many people as he wished.

"No," replied Kenneth, "I must not, for my

Father leaves me the care of the old and infirm, while Mamma takes charge of the ladies; for Papa never comes home himself. He always stays in a little room in the church to prepare for the afternoon; and I must not forsake my post. Besides," continued Kenneth blushing, "I do not like the kind of fuss ladies and gentlemen always make about us, just to please Mamma; and Papa says I am very right not to like it."

"But why!" asked Anna, half ashamed of being pleased with what Kenneth seemed to despise so much.

"Oh, because I do not wish to like any thing but truth," replied Kenneth.

"But why do you think it is not truth?"

Kenneth put on a funny face, and said, "'Dear, Mrs. Murray, what fine boys! Nobody has such charming boys as yours!' That is what the ladies say to my mother—then Nannie hears them say as they go out of the house, 'Poor Mrs. Murray, what a sewing, and mending, and patching, she must have, to keep all those great, awkward, tearing boys so neat as she does.' Nannie told Norman what she had heard, when she saw him pleased and conceited because the ladies had stopt to admire his curling hair. And when my Father heard it, he laughed so heartily; but Anna, this is not conversation for Sunday;" and Kenneth was sorry for having broken the Sabbath by speaking his own foolish words.

After church was over, the evening was spent at Mr. Murray's, in hearing the servants and young people give an account of the two sermons they had heard; and Anna was surprised to hear Kenneth almost repeat the whole—at least, he repeated till his father had time to hear no more. Mr. Murray also heard what the children had got to repeat, and examined every one carefully, but with gentleness and kindness, to find whether each understood what they had learned; and the day was closed by worship the same as in the morning. When the family separated for the night, each seemed to love the others from the heart; and when Anna was laid in her little bed, and Aunt Murray had listened to her hymn, and kissed, and blessed her, and left her to sleep, she thought how pleased her own Mamma would have been to have spent her Sabbaths on earth at Uncle Murray's, where every one wished to serve and please God; and she thought that if she chose to remain there, she would be taught what was good, and how to obey her own Mamma's last injunctions; and that if she willingly left her Uncle Murray's, and chose to go back to her Uncle Ross's to be always there, she would be choosing to be where God was forgotten, and where nobody taught her to be good; and though she felt sorry to think of leaving all the Rosses, yet, after this one Sabbath, Anna's

heart told her that her Mamma would have wished her to remain at Uncle Murray's.

Next morning, and every morning, Mr. Murray assembled his family to read, and pray with them; but, on week days, Kenneth and Norman set off immediately after breakfast to school. The school they went to was a out four miles off, and they had a little pony on which they rode by turns, and Kenneth told Anna how they did. "I set off first," said Kenneth, "and ride to David Leslie's cottage. I then leave Shag to eat a mouthful of grass there, and David tells me whether we may cross the burn or not; for sometimes after rain, or the melting of the snow on the hills, it comes down so rapid and so deep, that the stepping-stones are quite covered, and we cannot cross. If David says we ought not, then we have promised to my Mother never to attempt it, even if it should appear safe to us, and that makes her easy when we are away. If it is safe, then I cross, and walk slowly, getting my lessons all the way, till Norman trots past me for about half a mile. Then there is a deep glen, and, if there has been snow, it often drifts into it, so as to almost fill it up, and near this lives Duncan Mackay; and if he says we must not try to pass, then we have promised my Mother not to try. If we may pass, Norman leaves the pony there, and I get on, and Shag trots gaily on for another mile.

Then comes a hill we go over from shortness, and poor Shag gets leave to walk up, without either of us on his back, but he trots down the other side, and then we are very near the school; and there is an old man lives in a cottage just as you enter the little town; and he has a field where we put Shag, and many other boys put their ponies till the school is over."

Kenneth told Anna this the first morning he was going to school, after her arrival at Daluthen Manse. Mrs. Murray and Anna then went to the gate to see the boys away. Kenneth on Shag, and Norman following on foot, and getting his lessons all the way. They then returned to the house, as Mrs. Murray said, "to be busy." "And now, my dear Anna, you shall see what I do, and then we shall find out what you would like to do; for nobody must be idle." Then Mrs. Murray sat down again at the breakfast table, and Nannie brought a nice wooden bowl full of boiling water, and a towel as white as snow; and Mrs. Murray began to wash the tea-cups, and the basins, from which the boys had eat their breakfast. Anna looked rather surprised; and Mrs. Murray smiled, and said, "Your Aunt Ross never did this, I suppose?"

"No, never," replied Anna. "Why do you not make Nannie or Mattie do it, Aunt Murray?"

"Because Nannie is at this moment cl
ing the butter, and Mattie is baking oat
for the week, and they cannot do every thi
once."

"Can I assist you, Aunt Murray?"

"Yes, very much. You can put the t
neatly in their place in the press, as I dry th
and so Anna began to do as she was dire
and found that she liked the occupation qu
well as lying on a board to keep her
straight, while she got a lesson, which she
to do at the same hour at Aunt Ross's.
all the cups and things were washed and pu
Mrs. Murray and Anna went to the boys'
There every thing was in the utmost order
on opening the drawers, they were not i
state in which Anna had seen her Cousin R
all tumbled and in confusion, but quite nea
orderly. Mrs. Murray looked over the t
and whenever she saw the least thing that req
to be repaired, she laid it aside, and afte
had examined every thing, brought such
and sat down to work.

Anna did not like sewing, so she did not
time offer to assist her aunt, and then did
such a way, that her aunt saw it was merel
to seem disobliging, and she said she could
do all that was to be done herself, and dec
Anna's offer. While Anna was sitting idle,

[g]at her aunt, Mr. Murray came in. The two [l]e boys had been with him to get half an hour's [s]on, and he now desired Anna to return with [i]m to his study. When there, he took her on [i]s knee. "Well, my dear Anna," said he [k]indly, "how do you think you must spend your [t]ime while you are with us?"

"I do not know, uncle, but I will do whatever [y]ou bid me."

"How long do you think you will live in this [w]orld, Anna?" Anna looked at her uncle, [f]or she thought he was in jest; but he looked [q]uite grave. "I do not know, uncle. How can [I] know?"

"You are now in your tenth year, Anna. The Bible says that three score years and ten [i]s the usual term of life; now, if you have lived [t]en years, according to the usual course, you [m]ay still live three score, that is, sixty years. Does not that appear a very long time?"

"Yes, uncle, very long."

"And how long shall you live in heaven, or in hell, Anna, when you die?"

"For ever, and ever," replied Anna, solemnly.

"And when sixty years are past in that *for ever*, Anna, will it be any nearer an end?"

"No, uncle."

"No, my love, it will not; sixty, and sixty, and sixty thousand years will pass away, and it

will be no nearer an end. Now, what I wish to lead your thoughts to, my dear Anna, was this question. If you are only to live sixty years more in this world, and perhaps not nearly so much; and if, in the next world, you are to live for ever and ever, whether ought you to seek to be most acquainted with such things as can only be of use, or give pleasure in this world, or ought you to seek to be acquainted with those things which will prepare you for heaven, and to live with God, and with holy angels, and holy people, for ever and ever?"

"I ought to seek to be acquainted with those things," replied Anna, "which will prepare me to go to heaven."

"Certainly, my child: but do you know that your heart will rise against your getting acquainted with such things, for the 'natural man,' the unrenewed heart, loves not such knowledge. It turns away from it, and is much better pleased with the things of this passing world. But God says, that we cannot both love this world and love him; and that they who are his overcome their love of this world. Now, Anna, tell me what you have been learning, and we shall see what has been altogether for this world, and what may assist you in preparing for another; and while you are with us, you shall go on with those things with which you have just said you

thought it right to become acquainted. What has hitherto been the first lesson of the day?"

"The first thing I did in the morning with Miss Palmer, was to practise music for half an hour."

"I think you did not join in singing the praises of God in our worship," observed Mr. Murray. "We are commanded to sing praises to him, and it is joining while on earth with the happy spirits in heaven when we do so; but music without this has no reference to another world. When you practised, did it make you think of God, or any thing good?"

"Oh, no, uncle."

"Then, while you are with us, Anna, we shall cultivate only that kind of music which honours God, and leads us to love him. He has bestowed on Kenneth a beautiful voice, and a fine ear, and he shall teach you to sing hymns and psalms. Now what was the next lesson?"

"Grammar, uncle."

"Very well. That may assist you to understand your own language better, and those useful books written in it; so let us see how far you are advanced;" and Mr. Murray brought a book, and examined Anna in her knowledge of grammar—and then of geography—and arithmetic—and French; all which he said might be useful, or necessary, in performing those duties

she might be called to in life, and which were approved of by God—such as becoming better acquainted with the different conditions of her fellow-creatures in other parts of the world—in managing an household—or being kind to strangers and so on."

"And then we had our dancing lesson," continued Anna.

"You shall yourself decide as to its usefulness, Anna," replied her uncle; and Anna could not discover that it could be of any use whatever in preparing her for heaven, or for fulfiling any duty to her fellow-creatures; and then Uncle Murray said, "Well, Anna, I think you will have enough to do. Your first lesson every day, after you have read and prayed in your own room, and joined in our family worship, and assisted your aunt while I have the little boys, shall be with me; but as it is to be one of thought and reflection on your part, I shall always tell you, the day before, what I shall wish you to do, that you may be prepared, as you know I have very little time to spare from my duties to my people. To-morrow, my dear child, when you come here, I hope you will be prepared to answer me distinctly this question," and then Mr. Murray wrote on a bit of paper, "What does Jesus Christ say we ought to seek first?" and gave it to Anna, and then sent her away to her

aunt, saying, that he would arrange about her other lessons when Kenneth and Norman came home.

In a day or two every hour of Anna's time was occupied, excepting a part of the forenoon, during which her uncle was visiting the sick, or old, or afflicted, or dying people in his parish, and her aunt was busied with her household concerns, or teaching the little boys, and Kenneth and Norman were at school. During the evenings, Kenneth became her teacher in grammar, geography, writing, and many other things which he knew about, Anna thought, better than Miss Palmer; for Kenneth was very clever, and very industrious and studious, and was always at the head of all his classes at school. He was also so gentle to Anna, and so anxious she should learn from him, and took so much pains with her, that she soon went to him, in all her difficulties, and told him every thing that distressed her, or that made her happy, and Kenneth was always ready to listen to her, and to tell her what was good and right; and when she was in fault, Kenneth would tell her so, but so kindly, that she loved him the better; and the questions that her uncle gave her to answer every day, were always talked over with Kenneth, and he could make her understand their meaning, and assist her in finding an answer, which made her know more about God and his will than she could find

out herself. He assisted her to answer uncle's first question, and showed her that had said, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of and his righteousness."

When the days grew long, and the we warm, Kenneth, and Anna, and Norman, w go out in the fields to get their lessons; and was one favourite spot where they usually It was a hill behind the house where the s went to feed. The turf on this hill was shor smooth, and mixed with pretty wild flowers there were grey stones and rocks on some of it, as if just intended for seats. One of stones was their table, and others were their and the manse, with its garden, and surroun trees, was at the bottom of the hill, and higher hills and mountains, partly covered heath, were all around them. Here they wou and get their lessons,—and Kenneth and No would teach Anna to sing hymns,—and Ker would sing words out of his own head, whe saw the sun set among the mountains, abou glory and goodness of God,—and then he w speak so earnestly to Anna and Norman, a being sure that they had come to Christ, that they had taken him for their Saviour, loved him, that it would make them pray in hearts while he was speaking to them.

Month after month passed away in this ma at Uncle Murray's, and Anna every day l

her uncle and aunt, and Kenneth, and Norman, and every one, more and more; and they also treated her as if they loved her very, very dearly. Those hours in the forenoon which she at first spent in sauntering about in idleness, she now occupied in taking charge of Kenneth's clothes. She had thought with herself what she could do in return for all the kindness and trouble he bestowed on her, and it struck her that she could thus best return his kindness, by lessening his Mother's cares. Her aunt gratefully accepted her offer, and when Kenneth knew what she did, he was so obliged and grateful, she felt delighted to do any thing for him; and she was far, far happier when thus employed, and conversing with her aunt, than when idle.

Anna never thought how time was passing; and when her Uncle Murray, one evening after she came in from the hill, took her on his knee, and said, "To-morrow, Anna, you have completed your stay of six months at Daluthen," Anna was so surprised, she could scarcely believe what she heard.

"Six months, uncle! Is it really six months? It seems so short."

"It is indeed six months, my dear Anna; and I have a letter from your Uncle Ross, saying, he and his family are coming to spend a few days with a friend who lives about five miles from this —that they will arrive there to-morrow. They

have been travelling about to see the country, but do not mean to see any thing more till you join them, which your uncle says must be the day after to-morrow." Uncle Murray looked sad when he told Anna this, and Anna could not keep from crying; and when she looked round, every one was looking sad or anxious.

"I am not going away," said Anna, clasping her arms round her uncle's neck. "I am going to choose to remain here."

"Stop, my love," said her uncle "hush, Kenneth," for Kenneth had uttered an exclamation of joy. "You must make your choice, Anna, in the presence of your Uncle Ross and his family. You must pray to God to direct you. You must listen to your Uncle and Aunt Ross, while they tell you what you must give up if you leave them. All this you must do before your choice is made, and I do not consider what you have said now as at all fixing your decision. No one must say another word on the subject," continued Mr. Murray, addressing his family, "Anna must make her choice entirely herself."

Every one obeyed; but every one looked sad. It was soon known in the house that Anna was going away, and perhaps might not come back, and Nannie and Mattie looked as sad as the others; and they told it to the people who lived in the cottages near, and old Janet Reay, to whom Kenneth, and Anna, and Norman read

the Bible by turns every day, because she could no longer see, came, almost bent double, and leaning on her staff, to the house, to hear the "dear bairn's" sweet voice tell her that she would come back; and the little orphan, Willy Graham, who was fed, and clothed, and taught, and treated as a child, or brother, by Mrs. Murray and the young people, watched for Anna, that he might intreat her not to vex every body by going away: and every one lamented, because it would grieve Mrs. Murray, who seemed now to love Anna as a daughter.

Anna did as her uncle directed her. She prayed to God to teach her how to choose, and while she so prayed, she felt certain that she ought to remain at her Uncle Murray's; and that she ought to feel grateful to that God, who had indeed been her Father, and had brought her from a house where she was taught to forget, and disobey Him, to one where she was taught to love and serve Him; and she determined to choose Uncle Murray's for her home. She, however, said nothing, as her uncle had seemed to wish it so; and, on the morning she left Daluthen with him, to go to meet her Uncle Ross, every one seemed as sad as if she never was coming back. Aunt Murray could scarcely let her go, but held her to her heart, and kissed her, and wept, till Uncle Murray was obliged, gently, to take her away; then Kenneth was not to be seen at all, and nobody knew

where he was but Norman, who said he was not far away, but did not want to bid Anna farewell; and Norman was attempting to keep from crying, but could not, and the little boys, and Nannie and Mattie, were all crying; and Willy Graham was standing with his arms round Shag's neck, whose back he seemed ready to mount and follow the carriage.

At last Mr. Murray and Anna got away, and, after a drive of an hour, arrived at the splendid house of Mr. Hodges, a rich old West Indian friend of Uncle Ross's, who had purchased an estate, and built this fine house upon it. Mr. Murray was so much respected within many miles of his own neighbourhood, that he was received with great civility by Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, and Uncle Ross was in raptures to see his own Anna. "We shall not part again, my own child; we shall all be happy again. I have missed you every day; dear child, let me look at you. How you are grown! and what a colour! Well, I shall always feel obliged to the Murrays, for they must have taken great care of you."

"And she really does not look so awkward as I expected," said Aunt Ross; "a little too robust, perhaps, though no, I believe it is only the unfashionable shape of her frock and spenser. We shall soon get all put to rights, and Louisa will do so much better when she has you again, my dear."

"Where is Louisa, aunt?" asked Anna, rather hurt at her not being ready to meet her on her arrival.

"You shall see her presently, my love," said her uncle, looking significantly at Aunt Ross. "Come, we shall sit in this window, and we shall see her and George very soon."

Anna sat down on her uncle's knee, at the window, as he desired. "There they are!" exclaimed Uncle Ross. "Look, Anna! They wished to surprise you;" and, when Anna looked, she saw George driving Louisa in a low small curricle, drawn by two pretty ponies, which were ornamented by many gay trappings of blue and silver.

"Well, Anna, what do you think of that?" asked Uncle Ross. "They received that pretty carriage in a present from Mr. Hodges, and George will drive you in it, my darling."

Anna thought she had never seen any thing so beautiful, and she asked leave to go down and meet George and Louisa, who were now looking up to the window, and inviting her by signs to join them.

When Anna went down, George desired Louisa to get out of the curricle, and allow Anna to take her place. To this Louisa objected, saying there was room for both, and squeezing herself closer to George, who protested loudly against her doing so, declaring that the curricle was his,

and he should have whom he chose in
then there was a long altercation, and ea
more harsh and unkind things to each oth
Anna had heard pass between the youn
rays the whole time she had been with
At last Louisa was obliged to yield till
should drive Anna once to a particular
the grounds, and back again, and then c
the smooth-going little curricle, the po
nicely matched and trained, that they see
move every rapid step together; and
smartly dressed as a groom, followed on
pretty pony.

"We shall play Louisa a trick," said
on coming in sight of the gate which led
public road. He then called to his little
to open the gate, and drove out upon th
Anna remonstrated, and said George
keeping his promise; but George only l
and drove the quicker. On coming to a
the road, a little way from the gate, An
much surprised to see on a bank, at a lit
tance, Shag leisurely feeding, while Willy
was lying on the grass beside him. "
pony! what an ill-kept animal!" ex
George, drawing the reins, so as to b
ponies to a walking pace. "And that c
looking little rascal; I dare say he is one
young rogues Mr. Hodges is always com
of, who come to poach, and who steal his

"No, no," exclaimed Anna, "he is not, indeed. I know who he is;" but George, as usual, did not listen, but called out, "Ho, you young scoundrel, what do you want, lying about there, watching for an opportunity to steal!" for so he had heard Mr. Hodges address some boys the day before.

"George! George!" exclaimed Anna, attempting to stop him. "How can you speak so? It is Willy Graham. How can you be so cruel? He would not steal for the whole world. Let me out. I want to speak to Willy."

"Speak to that low boy, Anna! No, no, when you come back to us, you must forget that you ever knew such kind of people;" and George turned his ponies, and drove back into the grounds, while Anna looked back towards poor Willy, who had never moved from his posture, nor said a word, but was now looking wistfully after them.

Louisa reproached George, on his return, for having broken his word; and after he had given her a drive for a little way, it was agreed that they should go for a time into the house, as they wished to hear what Anna had been about while she was at the Manse. Whatever Anna told them only made her two cousins laugh; "and so," said George, at last, "poor Anna, you have spent six months in praying, and singing Psalms, and reading to blind old women, and

teaching dirty orphans to spell, and washi
caps, and darning your Cousin Clodpole's
ings. Oh, poor Anna, how I pity you! B
over now, and we shall be as merry as w
to be, and you shall have as many drives
please, in my curricle, to comfort you, an
you forget your six months' misery."

"And come now with me," said Louisa,
I shall show you the dresses Mamma has
for you, though you are so grown, I fea
will be rather short; but, at any rate, th
be very pretty, and you are to go out of
ing when you come back to us. And some
and young people are to dine here to-da
you know, after tea, there is to be your d
tion of your choice, and then, when your
Uncle Murray goes away, we are to fini
day by a little ball; and Mr. Hodges has
so busy preparing, for he has no children
own, though Mamma says he is dying t
some, and he is so fond of us—but come a
and off Louisa flew, dragging Anna alon
her to her Mamma's room, where many d
were displayed, and Mrs. Ross's maid re
dress the children. Aunt Ross herself soo
peared, and then there was such fitting, an
ting of hair, and curling, and dressing, for
two hours, and then Mrs. Ross pronounce
na to be "really wonderfully improved in
and astonishingly little awkward, consideri

things." During this business of dressing, Louisa had been constantly running to the window to look at the carriages which arrived with company to dinner, and at some she laughed and others she admired.

At last Mrs. Ross and her two girls descended to the drawing-room, where a large party were assembled, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and young people; and they and Aunt Ross, and the girls, were introduced to each other, and then they all sat very formally, and began to try to speak to each other. Some of the young people did not look formal, and seemed happy to meet; but Anna remembered that her Aunt Ross used to warn Louisa and her against becoming intimate with any young person till she had discovered who they were, and given them leave; and Anna, though she had, on the contrary, been taught by her Uncle Murray to love every one, and to be always ready to meet any human being kindly, yet now felt, somehow, as if she must obey her Aunt Ross in the present company.

After dinner the young people were allowed to go out on the lawn, and to see George's beautiful curricle: and then George and Louisa told their young companions of the choice Anna was to make in the evening, and laughed when they spoke of her Uncle Murray, and said it was ridiculous of him to stay, for it would be impossi-

ble for any one to help laughing if he looked appointed.

Some of the boys said they would not la they would be sorry for Mr. Murray.

"Sorry!" repeated George, "sorry Anna is not to spend all her life in sin Psalms and darning stockings!" and then of the young people laughed, and Anna tho in her heart, she would rather be with her U Murray, and her Aunt, and Kenneth, w every one loved each other, and felt kindl each other, than stay in ever so fine a h where people could amuse themselves by la ing at her dearest friends; and when she lo at George, as he stood holding the reins o pretty ponies, and speaking in this way, thought she would rather sing hymns with neth on the hill, or even darn his stockings in her Aunt's little parlour, and think how g ful he would feel to her for doing so, than in George's curricle all the day long.

At last tea was over, and Mr. Murray sai must prepare for returning home. Uncle had been very civil to Mr. Murray, becaus thought he would have to part with Anna i evening, and was sorry for him; and no placed a chair for him near himself, and "Let us two uncles speak a few words ea Anna, and then let her say in whose house will choose to remain as her future home. A

sat opposite her uncles. Her Aunt Ross sat by her, and whispered to her, "Now, my love, say nothing rude or unkind to your Uncle Murray."

All the other ladies and gentlemen and young people sat, or stood around, and waited in silent expectation for the end of this scene.

Uncle Ross then said, "My dear Anna, your parents left directions in their will that you should be allowed to choose your own home. They directed that you should first reside six months with me, then six months with your uncle, Mr. Murray, and at the end of these twelve months choose with whom you would remain. You are now ten years old, Anna, and have a great deal of good sense; so I am sure you must be aware of how superior the advantages you will enjoy in my house must be to those which your good uncle Mr. Murray has to offer you. I will now say, before all these ladies and gentlemen, that if you come to me, I will make your fortune the same as Louisa's; and you know, Anna, I love you with the affection of a father." Mr. Ross said no more; but turned to Mr. Murray, who immediately said, "In choosing to remain with me, Anna, I plainly tell you that you will give up many worldly advantages. I can offer you none whatever; but, Anna, 'what will it profit you, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?' You know in whose house your soul's concerns

will be most attended to. Think, my ch what counsel your parents would give you v they at this moment present. I shall say more, Anna. You know that your aunt an and all of us, love you dearly, and will rejoic have you; so, my love, think in your heart, then choose."

"I have chosen," exclaimed Anna, rising throwing herself on her Uncle Murray's bre "I will never leave you, Uncle Murray. shall teach me. You have taught me how I s again meet my own dear Mamma—how I s go to heaven. Uncle Murray, I choose to main with you."

"Anna, Anna, what do you mean? Th before you speak!" exclaimed Uncle Ross, s ing her arm to draw her away.

"No, no," said Uncle Murray, clasping close into his breast. "I will not give up own dear child."

"Sir, how can you be so madly selfish!" claimed Uncle Ross, in a voice of such pass that it made Anna cling closer to her Un Murray. "You know that you have not a pence to give the child. You know that if were to die to-morrow, your own would be b gars, and that Anna would be obliged to cc to me. Give up the child."

"I will not give up my precious child," re ed Uncle Murray quite mildly. "Your life, s

and my life, and her life, are in the hands of God. We have only to act aright in the present moment, and leave the future to Him."

Mr. Hodges now took Mr. Ross aside, and spoke something about law; and then Uncle Ross became calmer, and said, "You are right, Hodges, the law will set such a matter as this to rights;" but Aunt Ross knew that Mr. Hodges had just put law into Uncle Ross's head to make him calm, and that no law could set aside a parent's will in such a matter. She therefore attempted to use fair means.

"My dear Mr. Murray," said she, putting on her most winning face, "surely you are not serious?"

"I am perfectly so, Madam," replied Mr. Murray.

"But consider the child's interest, Sir."

"I do, Madam, I think the salvation of the child's soul her very nearest interest."

"Pshaw! Mr. Murray, that is mere cant," rejoined Mrs. Ross, getting angry; but recollecting herself, "at least" added she, "you say so in character as a clergyman; but surely, in conscience, you must be aware of the superior advantages Anna would enjoy with us."

"What are the advantages you mean, Madam?" asked Mr. Murray, on observing that the whole party were listening excepting Uncle Ross and Mr. Hodges. "Why, Sir, how can you ask

such a question? Every one must know what I mean. Advantages in education, in manners, in fortune, in society, in every thing."

"But the *one thing needful*," said Mr. Murray, smiling. Then turning to Anna, who still clung to him, "My Anna, we must go; take leave of your cousins."

George and Louisa looked quite stupified with astonishment; and when Anna went to take leave, turned away from her without speaking. But when she and her uncle left the room, they seemed to come to life, and ran down stairs. Some of the other young people also followed; and George caught hold of Anna, exclaiming, "Anna is in jest, Sir, she does not mean what you suppose. Come back, Anna," attempting to draw her away.

"No, no, no," exclaimed Anna, "I am not in jest. Farewell, George;" and she held fast by her uncle's arm.

"Go then, Miss Anna," said George in a passion, "and darn stockings to the end of the chapter. John," continued he, "is the old rattle-um of a chaise ready? Get them away."

The old chaise was soon at the door; for the servants had never asked the post-boy to put it or his horses any where, and left him to feed them as he could; and now not one of the saucy footmen seemed to intend to open the door; while George stood pretending to laugh at the

crazy machine, as he called the chaise. Two of the young visitors, however, immediately ran forward, and opened the carriage door, and, as they handed Anna in, said, "You have done very right." And then they looked with much respect at Mr. Murray, who shook hands kindly with them as he passed into the carriage.

Anna felt happy when she found herself safe and alone with her Uncle Murray; and she threw her arms round his neck, and he embraced, and blessed her, and called her his daughter, and looked so happy and so kind, that she thought him like what an angel would be, when she thought at the same time of the angry passionate faces she had left; and she loved him more dearly than ever.

When Anna and her uncle came to that part of the road near the gate, where Anna had seen Willy—there he was still. The instant, however, in which he discovered that Anna was in the chaise with her uncle, he sprung on Shag's back, and urging him up the bank, and across a field towards a hill at a little distance, he was soon out of sight. In about five minutes, as the travellers passed the hill, a bright blaze burst forth on its top, and instantly there was another blaze on a hill about a mile farther on the road to Daluthen, and then another and another all the way to the manse. For so Kenneth and Willy had agreed, that it might be known as

soon as possible whether Anna was returning: and Willy had got friends of his to gather dried whins, and place them on the top of these hills, and remain beside them, keeping up a little fire to be ready to set the whins in a blaze; and Kenneth had remained with his mother; and Willy and Shag had watched at Mr. Hodges' gate, to be ready the instant he saw Mr. Murray, either to have the signals set on fire, or to return in sadness.

And now the post-boy seemed to enter into every one's feelings of anxiety to meet, and his horses went so rapidly—and Uncle Murray was so kind, and spoke to Anna as his own child, and seemed so pleased with her, that she never had felt so happy in her whole life before——and when she came within about a quarter of a mile of the manse, there were Aunt Murray, and Kenneth, and the other boys all coming to meet her—and then such a joyful meeting, though Kenneth did not speak a word, and there were tears in his eyes—and then old Janet Reay was seated at her cottage door as they passed, that she might once more hear the dear bairn's sweet, cheery voice—and many of Mr. Murray's people were standing about near the road, just to see the dear young creature, who had given up this world, and chosen the better part—and all was love, and kindness, and good will—and Mr. Murray spoke kindly to his

people, and they looked with reverence and love at him—and when the party went into the house, there were Nannie and Mattie in equal joy, though they both declared they were sure Miss Anna would come back. Sweet was the hymn to Anna that she sung with all her dear friends that night, and still sweeter was it to her when she heard her uncle thank God for having put it into the heart of their beloved child to return to them.

Next Sabbath Mrs. Murray put off her mourning dress, and Anna put off hers; for Mrs. Murray said she and Mr. Murray had found another daughter instead of their Mary, and the orphan Anna had found a father, and mother, and brothers; though Mrs. Murray still often spoke of her beloved Mary, and Anna often spoke of her own Papa and Mamma, who lay far away, near the field of Waterloo.

END OF ANNA ROSS.

ANDREW CAMPBELL'S VISIT

TO

HIS IRISH COUSINS.

ANDREW CAMPBELL'S VISIT

TO

HIS IRISH COUSINS.

[T was in the spring of last year that I set out
:o pay this visit. I had been very busily em-
)loyed all the winter at my trade, and had, be-
;ides, walked two miles and back again, every
:vening, to attend the School of Arts in Edin-
)urgh: for, ever since I can remember, nothing
1as delighted me like acquiring knowledge on
1ny useful subject; and the lectures I heard from
he gentlemen there, opened up many things to
ne in a most wonderful and pleasant manner.
But this is not a matter I need enter upon, con-
;idering for whose sakes I mean to write the
'ollowing pages; for little do they care about
1cquiring any kind of knowledge. Yet when I
:hink back upon the time I spent among them
—how pleasantly it passed—and how kind, how
:xceedingly kind they were to me—I never cease
:o wish that, in one way or other, I could make

them some return. When I first came home again, the remembrance of that kindness, and, above all, the remembrance of our last parting, when upwards of a hundred men, women, and children came to see me, and another who was with me, on our way—and the weeping of the women and the young ones—and the sorrowful kindness of the men—continued to keep up such a sort of mournful regard for them in my heart, that I could not bear to hear any of my own people speak about them, nor would I answer their questions, many of which I thought very unkind; for the Irish are but little thought of in that part of Scotland where I live, which is about a mile and a half to the south of Edinburgh. The reason of this, I suppose, is, that most of the Irish who come to Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, instead of trying to get amongst those of us who are sober and well-doing people, to learn any thing we could teach them, and trying to gain a good character for themselves and their country in a strange place, that they might get employment and advance themselves,—instead of this, they all flock together to the most blackguard parts of the town and suburbs, and there they live among themselves, just as they would do in any wild out-of-the-way corner of Ireland, spending all they gain in carousing, and what they call fun and merriment, but what respectable working people in

country would think it beneath them to join
So that the poor Irish are quite looked down
n by Scotch people in the same station with
nselves—that is, who make no higher wages
n the Irish might do if they chose, and
ich numbers of them do make, for they are
cellent labourers when they like; and though
have not heard of their rising into places of
ist with their employers, yet they are known
be clever, and sharp, and strong in body, so
it, when hands are wanted, they are sure to
t work. But, instead of doing as our people
with their wages, that is, after reserving what
necessary for plain food and clothes, putting a
le into a savings bank, or society box, against
ime of sickness or distress, or educating their
ildren, or purchasing some small bit of furni-
e for themselves,—instead of spending their
ges in this way, they fling them away so as to
ve no return, so that they never seem a bit
better for any thing they gain, and are look-
upon by our respectable work people as a set
uneducated savages. It was therefore hard
me, when I returned to Scotland, to be ask-
the questions my acquaintances wished me
answer; for they really desired to know whe-
er the Irish lived in the same way in their
n country that they did in ours; and they
ew that, though I am shy and silent with
angers, yet that few things pass where I am

that I do not notice. I had nothing, however, to tell them which would have raised their opinion of the Irish; for it is a far different thing to see and feel kindness and to tell about it, so I just put them off by saying that I had been very happy during my visit; and that, if I had seen things that I thought might have been better, I could think but little of them where every one was so kind to me.

But to return to the many thoughts I had about how I could make any return for the kindness of my Irish friends. It came into my head one day, just after a friend and I had been packing up a box containing some things to send as a remembrance to our Irish relations,—it came into my head—"Well, to be sure, this boxful of little matters will show them that we still feel for them with kindness; but what real good will it do them? If I could only do any thing to rouse them from that thoughtless, idle kind of state in which they live. But how can I return all their kindness by finding fault? What if I could just make a kind of story of what I saw when among them, and describe how it appeared to a stranger, I could send it to them, and they would soon find out who were intended." I could not get this thought out of my head after it had once got in. It always returned whenever I thought of my Irish friends. For a time, however, I could not begin to write their faults, and

perhaps I never should have found the heart to do so, had I not become a little hurt and offended at them. When we parted I really had blamed myself; for, though I felt warmly for them, yet their kindness seemed so far to exceed mine, that I thought I had a cold heart compared to theirs; and for some months I wrote very often to them, and felt that I liked them the better the longer I remembered them. But with them it seemed, "out of sight out of mind;" for, except two letters, never a line have I got from one of them to this day. And there is another person now with me who has more cause to be displeased than I have at their silence—but more of him afterwards. This seeming neglect, however, reminded me of that fault in my friends which appeared to me the cause of the others I had observed most—that of idleness—a careless, listless idleness. Never did I see time wasted as I saw it the month I was with them. And when I thought how much depended upon the manner in which we spent our short course here—that it would decide our lot for a long, long, never-ending eternity—I could not resist writing the following little history, in the hope that it might call the attention of my kind friends at—(I shall not just name the place, but I shall call it Ballinagh)—to take some concern regarding such things as deserve the attention of men who possess rational minds and immortal souls.

ANDREW'S STORY.

THE winter had been cold and wet, and m trade, as a gardener, had exposed me much t the weather; for, though cold, there had bee little frost, so that I had been constantly able t work at something or another; but the dam joined to my walks into Edinburgh in the even ings to attend the School of Arts, had, thoug I am in general very robust, brought on a kin of feverish cold, which continued to hang abou me in the spring. I had also met with a disap pointment which lay heavy on my spirits, an my friends began to notice that I did not loo like myself. They spoke in this way to my mo ther, who keeps my house for me, and after re fusing till I was ashamed, at last, just to pleas her, I consented to consult a doctor. Thi gentleman, after seeing me two or three time advised me to give up working for a few weeks —and go to the country, away from the eas coast during the season that the sharp wind prevailed from that quarter. I only told my mother that the doctor had advised idleness and

the country; for his bidding me avoid the cold east winds let me see that he thought worse of my complaints than I had done myself. This made me very thoughtful; for death, though perhaps not very near, yet, if we know that it may be in the cup we have begun to drink, has something wonderfully alarming in it—at least it had so to me. I kept up a good heart, however, in presence of my mother, and all she thought of was to prepare for my departure.

My mother had a younger sister of whom she very often spoke. This sister had, many years before, married an Irishman. He had come into Galloway in search of work, when she was servant to a lady who lived near Port-Patrick. This marriage had sorely grieved my mother; for, though she had heard a good enough report of the young man, yet such a marriage was not expected to turn out well, just because the Irish took no more pains then than they do now to make their country be respected among strangers. My mother mourned over her sister as one who had been led away, by fine speeches and a handsome outside, to unite her lot for life with a wild uneducated Irishman, perhaps a Papist. Since that time my mother and her sister had never met, but letters had often passed between them; and my aunt's account of her husband and his friends had continued far better than my mother looked for. My aunt's husband was the

oldest of his family; and, when his father d
my aunt wrote that he had got the farm,
mentioned him always as the kindest of l
bands—and she had sons and daughters,
cows, and land, and potatoes in plenty—and
wearied much to see my mother's children,
my mother wearied to see hers. As yet, h
ever, none of us had ever met; and I now
posed to my mother that I should spend
time I was to be idle in visiting this aunt
her family. My mother was, at first, unwil
to consent to this, for she knew that the par
Ireland in which my aunt lived was consid
very unsettled; yet she would have liked to l
of her sister, and she was sure I would be
taken care of if I was once with her. But t
the country I had to pass through! What mi
not happen to me on my journey? I would
listen to my mother when she spoke in this w
so she went to ask advice from a gentleman
was an elder in our church, and who, she kn
had been in Ireland. He assured her the
might travel from one end of that country to
other without the smallest danger; for, tho
some parts of it might be in a disturbed stat
was never a stranger, but some of their
countrymen the people wished to harm.
mother, after this, made no objection—I
found her, the Saturday evening before I c
away, directing one of the gardener lads to w

on a bit of paper these words—"The prayers of the congregation are requested for a young man, setting out on a long and dangerous journey." I put out the words, "long and dangerous." My mother intended to take this next morning to church with her, for the precentor to read aloud; and, after putting out the words I have mentioned, I let her do as she liked, for I was well pleased to have the prayers of the people, thinking, as I then did, that I perhaps had a journey before me that my mother little dreamt of.

I set out on the Monday after. It was early in the month of May, and the day was as fine as it was possible to be. After walking for a mile or two, thinking little of any thing but the home I had left, and feeling somewhat sad and lonely, my attention was at last quite taken away from all other subjects by the extreme beauty of every thing around me. My road, hitherto, had been through the suburbs of the town which were between my home and the road to Glasgow; but now I had got into the country, and, being a gardener, I could not move on half a dozen paces without seeing something or other to keep me standing or leaning over some wall to look and wonder at its beauty; and to think of Him who made the things of this earth, where men continually forget and dishonour Him,—so full of loveliness, so pleasant to the sight, and so winning on the heart. When I stood looking at the coun-

try around me—the fields so beautifully green—the fine tall trees with their fresh young leaves—the fruit trees covered with blossoms, some white, hanging so delicately on them—others as if they were clustering roses to the end of every branch—and near these the purple lilacs, and the white so pure among its pale green leaves—and the flowers and the bushes,—every thing so rich, and fresh, and green—as I stood looking at all these, I forgot how time passed; and it was far on in the day when I arrived at the friend's house where I intended to spend the night, though it was only about six miles from Edinburgh. This friend was gardener to a gentleman, at whose beautiful place he lived, and my evening was spent in walking about with him through the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which were, if possible, more lovely than any thing I had seen during the day. My friend was a true servant of God; and, after a day spent so pleasantly as I had done, it was delightful to kneel down with him and his young family to return thanks to God.

Next morning I really thought I felt better in health, and again set out on my journey, sauntering on as I had done the day before, stopping to look at whatever took my fancy, either in the glorious works of God, or in the works of man; and in this way one may learn much; but it was four days before I got to Glasgow. I stopped there a day to see some of the wonders of that great

and busy town: but as I had been there before, I had only to see such things as had risen up since then. Next day I went to Greenock to get the steam-boat for Belfast. Farther than this, however, I do not mean to say one word respecting the road I took to reach Ballinagh, for I do not intend that any but my friends there shall discover what part of Ireland I was in. I shall only say that I took several days to travel to it from Belfast, and that very many things I saw before I reached it, made me feel both love, and shame, and sorrow for poor Ireland.

It was early in the forenoon when I first came in sight of Ballinagh. I do not know what to call it, nor can I compare it to any thing I ever saw in my own country, so I must just try to describe it. The person who showed me the way was a tall stout Irishman, who had left his cabin door, most civilly and kindly, to guide me. He was dressed in a large grey coat, buttoned at the neck, but loose below, and the sleeves hanging empty, while the coat was wrapt over his arms. When he stopt to show me Ballinagh, he stretched out one of these strong powerful arms, quite naked, to point the way. He then shook hands cordially with me, wishing me a happy meeting with my cousins, the Cooneys; for he supposed I was *the gentleman* they were looking for. I could not help feeling pleased at his kind good-natured way; but no more could I help

and nothing more; another ran about in a waistcoat, with his nimble legs bare: In short, one suit seemed to be divided amongst the whole. Two men, in the same kind of grey coats I have before described, were lying at their lengths on the grass, but with their heads near each other, and apparently in conversation. A cow was feeding near, and a pig busy devouring potatoe skins at the cabin door.

The instant I was observed, the men started to their feet, and the naked children gathered round me; and when I asked for Arthur Cooney's house, all claimed me for their cousin.

"It's our cousin,—it is Nelly Cooney's nephew! Our cousin is come!"

"Kate!" shouted one of the men; and a young woman came running to the cabin door, with a child in her arms. "It's our cousin, Kate, woman!"

"Oh, Sir, and I am glad to see you!" and we shook hands as if we had been old friends. "Sure ye'll come in for a minute, honey. Your aunt got her sister's letter about ye only the day afore yesterday, and we have been watching for ye ever since."

I wished to proceed immediately to my uncle's, and the two men instantly offered to accompany me. Some of the children also followed. I have said before that it is my nature to be rather shy and silent with strangers; and I must just tell

On Steel by J. & J. Johnstone *Drawn by Grace Kennedy* *See Page 208*

ANDREW'S FIRST MEETING WITH HIS COUSINS.

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the truth, as I am writing in the hope of being of some use to my Irish friends, that I could not but think, as I walked along, what I should be able to say to my mother about her sister's relations. As we proceeded, the same thoughts still occupied my mind; for we passed many more cabins, which I scarcely saw till we came upon them, from the hilly ground against which they were built, and their being so green on the roof; but from every cabin we were joined by men, and boys, and girls, and we had to stop and speak to the women, some of whom also joined us. Some men, who were working in the fields, came to see what was the matter, but not many were at work; and, by the time we came near my uncle Arthur's house, I am sure there were not fewer than twenty men, as many tall, half-naked boys, and women, and girls besides—and such a joking, and roars of laughter—and every one something so civil to say to me—and one was my uncle's brother—and another was my uncle's nephew—and my uncle's sister's son—and his brother's wife's brother. The two I had first met were my aunt's eldest sons, and two of their boys were the finest merry little fellows possible, but almost naked. I said little as we walked along, but that did not signify, for my presence seemed to have sharpened the wits of my companions; for all the jokes and fun I ever heard or witnessed before, seemed nothing to what these men,

women, and children kept up. I have al
been a sober-mind sort of a person, how
and confess that, th h I can enter into a
such merriment on a uitable occasion, a
deal of it wearies me, even when I cannot
feel pleased with those who keep it up, as I
tainly did with people who seemed so gr
cheered by seeing me. I could not help sa
to myself, however, "I wonder if, in any pa
my country, it would be possible to find so n
idle men and boys in the middle of a week-d
and I asked my Cousin Jemmy, the oldest,
ther it was any particular day with them sin
many of them seemed free not to work?

"Oh, none in the world," answered Jem
"but there's nothing to do."

"It is well with you," replied I. "In
country none but gentlemen, and not man
them, can say they have nothing they are obl
to do."

"Oh, but we are all gentlemen here, cou
said Joe, my other cousin, who seemed the
at keeping up the constant laugh of all the p

Many a joke about and against themselves
lowed, while I could not help thinking with
self, as I looked at the land we were passing
that, in some countries, if there were as n
hands to work, we should not see cows stan
up to the middle in water to reach the s
young grass that grew on the more solid p

he marsh; neither should we have had, in our
ı, to wind about so many pieces of undrained

Ve were, however, at last espied from Uncle
ıur's; and all the inhabitants of his house
e from within, and from the doors, to meet
consisting of my uncle himself, a tall, fine-
ing elderly man—my aunt, to whom my heart
antly warmed, for she was the picture of my
her—two other tall young men, my cousins,
four younger boys and girls—and then the
and joking, and laughing, commenced with
ıter glee than ever.

will just say that the same kind of thing went
ill night. My aunt and I had a good deal
conversation, for she had many questions to
about home, and my mother, and her Scotch
nds: but, though she resembled my mother
ooks, she did not remind me of her in conver-
on, though she was rather more like what I
been used to than the others were. My
sin, Richard, too, the oldest at home, seemed
ıoughtful lad, and to be looked up to by the
. I shall say nothing about what struck me
irst in my aunt's management of her house.
ne things appeared strange enough; and an
h farm house is certainly as different from
se I had seen in my own country, as a cabin
a farmer's son is from such a house as he
ıld choose to live in. But it is the hearts and

minds of my friends I would wish to speak to; and now I would ask them how they think they would have felt if they had been accustomed to close every day by reading the word of God and prayer, to see all friends part as they did that night, and then the family separate without seeming to have a thought of the God who created and continually preserved them? I thought of my poor mother as I parted from my aunt, but I did not like to say any thing.

I was glad to find that I was to sleep in the same room with my cousin Richard; for, of all the Irish I had seen, I best liked the manners and appearance of this young man.

"I see, Andrew," said he, when we were alone, "you are not so light-hearted as we are in this country—I hope your health is not the cause."

"No, Richard, I really feel quite well,—and to tell you the truth, I think the same of you."

"You are right, Andrew; I have not been very light-hearted for a long time." He seemed very grave when he spoke, and I did not like to say more, but took my Bible from my bundle, and sat down near the candle to read.

He came and looked over my shoulder, "Is that a Bible, Andrew?" asked he.

"Yes," answered I, surprised at his question.

"I never saw one before," said he.

"Never saw a Bible!" repeated I, looking at him in astonishment.

"No, Andrew; you Protestants think you can all understand it,—but Catholics learn differently."

My eyes were opened at once! "So then you are all Papists!" exclaimed I, "My aunt has married a Papist! Oh, my poor mother, you feared this!"

"So, Andrew," said Richard mildly, "you think as ill of Catholics in your country, as we do of Protestants in this."

"Ay, Richard, but with better cause."

"Ours is the old religion, Andrew—but I would not like to begin our acquaintance with disputing about any thing." And so saying, he retired to a corner of the room, and kneeling down, began, as I supposed, to say his prayers, in a whispering voice.

I tried to read, and did not look at him for a time. The discovery, however, that I was amongst such a host of Papists disturbed me greatly, and still more the thought of my poor mother, and what she would feel when she heard of the religion of her sister's husband and his family. I wished much to know whether my poor aunt had forsaken her own church; but Richard continued so long at his prayers, that I began to feel ashamed. There he was, a poor ignorant Papist, so deeply occupied with his kind of prayers, while I, who thought myself so much better taught

from the pure word of God, could not fix my attention even on that glorious revelation. I looked towards Richard, and observed, that, as he repeated his prayers, he held up a little cross before him. I had often heard of such things, but never before had I seen any thing of the kind, or indeed, ever, to my knowledge, been in company with a Papist; and I almost wondered if it could be right to feel such a kindness as I did for poor Richard, even more, I thought, as I now saw him looking so devout and lowly with the little image held up before him. Oh, how precious did I feel my Bible as I now turned to the chapter I was to read in course; and when I had gathered what instruction I was able from it, how truly did I thank Him who had placed me where I had been taught his real character, and led to come to him through the one Almighty High Priest and Intercessor, who is ever present, ever willing to hear and answer the sincere prayer of the heart. Richard had finished his prayers before I had, and he moved gently about not to disturb me.

"Richard," said I, at last, "Has your mother changed her religion?"

"My mother does not like us to say any thing about her religion," replied Richard.

"Then I hope she continues a Protestant," said I.

"You Protestants believe that Catholics may be saved," observed Richard, without noticing what I had said.

"It is not for us to say who may, or who may not be saved, Richard," answered I; "we leave that to your bigoted Priests. All we venture to say on such matters is, what the Scriptures plainly say, that whosoever truly believes in Jesus Christ shall be saved. You Papists profess that you believe in Him; if you do so truly, that is, if you do so in the manner required in Scripture, we trust you are safe.—But, while the Scriptures are withheld from you, we fear that you cannot know the right way; and when we see you do many things, thinking to please God, which He has plainly forbidden, we fear that in all things you are greatly deceived, and saying, 'Peace, peace,' when as yet, between God and your souls, there is no 'peace.'"

"You Protestants always talk of *believing, believing,*" said Richard, "but you never *do* any thing."

"Have you conversed with other Protestants, Richard?"

"There is a Protestant clergyman lives in the large house, beside the large Protestant Church you would see as you came here," replied Richard: "He has two curates, as they are called, and all the three come among us trying to inveigle us into talking with them, just that they

may make Protestants of us: and some of us, from curiosity, have put ourselves in the way to meet some of them, when we knew Father Conelly was at a distance; but all they can say to any of us is:—'Believe, believe—read the Bible, read the Bible,'—and they never tell us to do any thing."

"Is reading the Bible to know God's will, that we may obey it, doing nothing?" asked I.

"Why, it is nothing the least *hard* to do," replied Richard; "just to sit, and read, and believe, and do nothing, is a very easy religion. It is no wonder so many have left the true faith to take to it."

"But, if you would read the Bible, you would see, Richard, that instead of doing nothing, you are required to be holy in heart, word, and behaviour, every moment of your life—and to do good in every way, and to every person as you had opportunity. But tell me what it is you Catholics *do*, Richard?"

"I never pass a day without doing something to further my salvation," replied he; "and look here," continued he, as he cautiously drew down one, and then the other stocking from his knees; "this is what I call doing something for my soul. Bring the candle and look." He seemed in great pain as he spoke.

I took the candle near to where he sat, and never, in my life, did I see any thing in such a

state as his knees and the foreparts of his legs were; and wondered how he could walk about in such a condition. They were covered with cuts and wounds, and inflamed, and festering. I looked in his face. He seemed in much pain, but tried to smile.

"Well, Andrew," said he, "do not you think this is doing something more than just believing and reading the Bible?"

"But what good can this do to your soul, Richard?" asked I.

"What good! Did you ever hear of St. Patrick's purgatory in your country?"

"Never in my life."

"Never heard of St. Patrick's purgatory! Oh, you poor Protestants! You are let perish by your heretic priests without ever being told what you should do for your souls. Oh! Andrew, you know nothing while you keep out of the true church."

"But tell me about this purgatory, Richard. I have heard that you Papists believed in purgatory; but I supposed it was to come after death."

"Oh, that is another; but I am just come back from Lough Derg, where St. Patrick's purgatory is. I did all that is required—and kept the long fast—and went many of the rounds —and repeated every thing on my knees. Some

parts, near the holy stations, are very rough and stony, and few could go on as I did. Oh, Andrew, I only wish you had been here in time to go with me to Lough Derg; you would then have seen what it is to do something for our salvation."

"But, Richard, you have not yet told me what hurting your legs in this sad way is to do for your salvation?" said I.

"Doing every thing on my knees was the most efficacious way," replied he, "and gained me some privileges; but the chief thing is the prayers to St. Patrick, who is the patron and protector of those who truly observe the rules of his purgatory—and there are some services you do not understand about yet. But, Andrew, when I came away from the edge of the Lough, I was as free from sin as the day I was baptized, and entitled to indulgences for many days. Ay, no wonder you look surprised. You may read the Bible, and believe a good while indeed, before you get any thing like this for doing so. But try our way, Andrew. You must perish for ever if you remain in yours. Dear Andrew," added he, earnestly, "what a happy journey this would be for you, if it brought you back to the true church!"

I could scarcely find words to answer Richard, I felt so concerned when I heard him speak so

earnestly, and saw him looking in my face with such love and kindness, and at the same time speaking such strange nonsense.

"Why do you not answer me, Andrew?" asked he.

"I cannot answer you, Richard."

"Why?"

"Because what you have just told me has brought such a damp over my heart that I cannot say a word."

"Oh, you think you have been so long in the wrong way. Do not be discouraged. You have just come here to be put right. But it is late," added he; "we shall say no more to-night. Sleep sound, Andrew, and fear nothing. Even if you should die to-night, (which our Lady forbid,) if your heart is in the true church, I could tell Father Conelly, and he could baptize your corpse, and I would work hard for money to purchase masses for your soul."

"Sleep, Richard! I could not lie down in peace, leaving you in such an awful state of delusion, without warning you of your danger. There is but one name given under heaven, or among men, Richard, by which we can be saved, —that is, the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the declaration of the Most High God. There is salvation in no other; and, if your Priest teaches you that the things you have mentioned to me can take away sin, he is blinding

your eyes, and leading your soul to everlas destruction."

"I know that we are saved by Jesus Chr replied Richard, rather displeased. "Fa Conelly tells us that continually. We do need Protestants to teach us what every Cath child knows."

"But did you not say, Richard, that, by g to Lough Derg, and walking on your knee they were in that sad state, you had been n free from sin at the time, and got indulgence many days?"

"To be sure I did; but we pray to St. trick to intercede for us with Christ. His pra will surely be heard sooner than ours any But good night, Andrew—it is very late."

Immediately I was silent, as Richard see displeased, and yet unwilling to appear so, we were soon asleep.

Next morning, Richard and I rose about same time. He was in perfect good hum and seemed rather desirous to renew our versation of the night before. I was much p ed to find that this was the case; and on serving him carefully adjusting round his a little piece of dirty-looking brownish clo said "Now, Richard, do not suppose I mea offend you, but you seem to feel so much r rence for that queer-looking bit of cloth, I

not help thinking it has something to do with your religion."

"Yes," replied he, "it is the scapular."

"The scapular! What is that?"

"It is the scapular of the Blessed Virgin."

"And what good does it do you?" asked I.

"I shall tell you all that is known about it in these parts when we have time, Andrew; but that would take many hours, and now I must not begin, for it is one of the privileges of those who have the scapular, that, if they daily repeat the offices of the Blessed Virgin, and attend to some other observances, our Lady has herself promised —I shall give you her own words. She has said, 'They that, out of devotion, shall enter my confraternity of the scapular, if, after their death, they go to purgatory, I that am the Mother of Mercies, will descend the first Saturday after their decease, and, by my prayers and intercessions, will help them hence, and conduct them to the mountains of celestial glory.' So you see, Andrew, I must take care not to forget repeating this office, and it takes a good little time." So, after he had hurried over the rest of his dressing, he knelt down carefully on his poor sore knees, and, with a book in his hand, began to read what he called the office of the Virgin. I could not help listening, while I slowly dressed myself; and indeed he seemed to wish me to

hear him, as he read pretty loud. I remembered a good deal, such as—

"Now let my lips sing and display
The blessed Virgin's praise this day;
Oh, lady, to my help intend,
Me strongly from my foes defend," &c.

And then he repeated, in a kind of singing voice—

"Hail, lady of the world!
Of Heaven bright queen;
Hail, Virgin of virgins!
Star early seen!

Hail, full of all grace—
Clear light divine!
Lady to succour us
With speed incline.

God from all eternity,
Before all other
Of the world, thee ordained
To be the mother.

By whom he created
The heavens, sea, and land," &c.

It is impossible for me to say how much I was shocked when I heard Richard repeat all this, particularly the last most blasphemous lines. I felt as if I had been listening to the devotions of a poor heathen to one of his goddesses. And what was it better? Indeed it was worse; for the heathen has no means of knowing truth; but here was an immortal soul, with the knowledge of

truth constantly in his power, but deterred from receiving it by fellow-creatures, in the same state of blindness as himself, but with this guilty addition—that they are wilfully blind. This is worse than heathen idolatry, though what the priests teach is nearly the same. The heathen is led by his priest to suppose that his goddess can do him some good; he therefore presents offerings, and prayers, and praises to her, just as Richard was doing to the Virgin; and the heathens have the same authority for doing so that the Catholics have for worshipping Mary. The heathen priests teach their people to worship the goddess, and the Popish priests teach their people to worship the Virgin: And the heathen priest can just give as good a reason for the worship he teaches, as the Catholic priest can for the worship he teaches; for the heathen priests say that their superiors in the priesthood have, for many hundred years, taught that it should be so; and the Popish priest can only say that his church, that is, Catholic Popes and priests, have, for a few hundred years, said it should be so. For the heathen idolatry is much older than the popish, and both are equally contrary to the revealed will of God. A man has just as much authority from the word of God to worship the idol Juggernaut, or the idol Baal, or the goddess Venus, as he has to worship the Virgin Mary, or any other being than God.

Such were my thoughts as I listened to poor Richard. I caught the following words also :—

" Mother of the living,
Gate of saints' merits,
The new star of Jacob,
Queen of pure spirits—
Be thou of Christians
Refuge and stay—"

" He hath created her in his holy spirit,
And hath poured her out over all his works."

" Oh! Holy Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, queen of heaven, and lady of the world, who neither forsakest nor despisest any, behold mercifully, with the eye of pity, and obtain for me, of thy beloved Son, pardon for all my sins."

I could listen to no more; but going to the farthest end of the room, and turning my back upon the poor idolater, I prayed to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his blessed sake, to open the eyes of this deluded one, that he might see how vain it was, and how dishonourable to our only High Priest and Intercessor, Jesus Christ, to offer these prayers to a fellow-creature which he alone can receive, and offer to God, and answer. I then turned to the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel, where there is a prayer of Christ for his disciples, and I wished that I could only stop poor Richard that I might read it to him, but I feared offending him.

Still he read on, and now his voice was raised as if he wished me to hear :—

"Fair lily among thorns,
That serpent frights;
Clear moon that in dark
The wanderer lights," &c.

Again—

"Thy name, Mary, is oil poured forth,
Thy servants have exceedingly loved thee."

These last lines greatly shocked me by the boldness of the blasphemy in taking words evidently applied to Christ, and thus applying them to a creature. (Song of Solomon i. 3.) "Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

And these words,

"Pray unto the Father for us, whose Son thou didst bring forth;"—in which the very office of Christ, as our only Mediator and Intercessor with the Father, is ascribed to a human creature.

My Irish friends can never have any idea of the effect that hearing such words addressed to a fellow-creature produces on a mind which has been instructed from the pure word of God, till they themselves examine the Scriptures, and discover how boldly and awfully they have been disobeying the plainest commandments of God.

When Richard had finished what he called the office of the Virgin, he came to me.

"Still the little Bible, Andrew?" said he.

"Ay, Richard, but you have taken off my attention to listen to your strange prayers. Will you now listen to one from my book?"

"But yours is not a right Bible, Andrew; I would not believe any thing I heard out of it."

"Now, Richard, just let me ask you one question:—Did you ever hear that there were a great many different ways of understanding the Bible amongst Protestants?"

"To be sure I have. Who has not?"

"And have you not heard, too, that those differences amongst Protestants, about understanding the Bible, made them hate each other?"

"Yes; I have often."

"And do you believe it?"

"Yes; I have always believed it."

"Then, do you really think all those Protestants who are differing about the Bible, and hating each other, would agree about the translation being right, if they could prove that it was not?"

Richard thought for a little,—"Well, Andrew, I do not think they would."

"Certainly not; and yet you will find that all Protestants, who are Christians at all, receive the same translation. You, however, ought to read the Douay translation till you are convinced of this. But now listen to me for a few minutes, while I read the prayer our blessed

Lord, and only Mediator, Himself offered for us all the night before he suffered." I then read:—

"'Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.—I have manifested thy name to the men thou gavest me out of the world.—I have given them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them,—I pray for them;—I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word: That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.'" (John xvii.)

Richard listened with the deepest attention while I read these words, and he repeated:—

"Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth."

"Ay, Richard," said I, "that is the only way we can be sanctified, or made holy."

"Thy word is truth," repeated he again: then added, "That must mean the Scriptures."

"Certainly," answered I; "There is no other word of God in the world than the Scriptures."

Richard stood thinking for a little; he then said, "Would you lend me your Bible for this day, Andrew?"

I most gladly assented, and he took the Bible, and locked it carefully up in his box. We then went to join the family.

This day passed with my friends very much as the day before had done; but as I got better acquainted with them, I could enter more into their ways. And now, I must just mention what things about them struck me most; and first, and above all, I must notice their idleness. This day, and almost every day I passed amongst them, they really did next to nothing, till at last my surprise at this became one of the leading jokes with them all. I had long been accustomed to work from six in the morning till six in the evening, without ever thinking of stopping, except one hour for breakfast, and another for dinner; but none of my Irish friends had the slightest idea of working *every day* in this way. There was my uncle Arthur—a tall stout man

ut fifty—I have seen him striding about
le days, his long loose coat flowing behind
, or leaning on some piece of broken wall,
doing a thing, but 'looking frae him,' as we
in my country. Many a time have I thought,
Vell, if I was to build up that wall which
:s so ruinous-like, one week, and it was
wn down the next, I would rather do it than
in such idleness." But there was as much
lo on the boggy undrained land as would
have employed all the hands in the place,
iout working for the love of working. It was
my part to find fault, however, so I said no-
g, excepting once that I was looking about
as I walked, and not observing to keep just
he safe bit of the bog, I all at once sunk up
ie knees. "Well," said I, as I wiped off
nire, while some of the others were fishing
ny shoes, "this land might surely be made
different with a little pains. The grass
's, every thing grows, far quicker than in my
try. What crops might be got from it if
Scotch farmer had it!" All my friends
silent; and when I looked up, I saw them
ing at each other as if they did not quite un-
and what I had said, and as if they were not
ed; at last, my cousin Jemmy said, very
usly, "Surely, Andrew, you would not be
ing of taking the land over our heads?"

"I take your land, Jemmy! Do you believe I could do such a thing?"

"No, no," said they all; "but do not ye be speaking that way, Andrew, for it might put it in somebody's head."

A day or two after I arrived at my uncle's, we were invited to a wedding. It was a nephew of my uncle Arthur's who was to be married. He was a tall, thin, newly grown-up lad, of about nineteen. The bride was a bit slender lassie of about seventeen. All was joy, and carousing, and joking, and laughing, as usual. We met at the bride's house. It was a cabin, like the others at Ballinagh. I asked my cousin Richard,—for somehow he and I always got together,—where the young couple were to live? "With Pat's father, (that was the bridegroom,) till he gets a cabin built," answered Richard.

I knew that Pat's father had just such a cabin as the one we were in. He seemed, too, to have a numerous family besides Pat. In my country, a young wife would seldom think of coming into a situation where she would be so likely to find herself one too many. "How will Pat support his wife when they get a cabin of their own?" asked I.

"He will get a bit o' the land," answered Richard, "as much as will grow their potatoes."

"And has that young lad made something with which to furnish his house already?"

"Furnish!" repeated Richard, laughing, "They'll not need much furniture at first."

"But they'll need some," answered I. "He must be a clever young fellow to have been able to make what is needed to begin a married life with, at his age."

Richard laughed again; "You Scotch are the clever fellows," said he. "You can hinder yourselves, I suppose, from liking any girl till you have made all you want for furniture and such like. Now, we Irish boys cannot help liking the girl who takes our fancy; and we can think of nothing else till we have her home with us some where or other; and then the cabin and the furniture may come after as they best can. As for my cousin Pat, I do not believe he has half-a-dozen tenpennies in the world: and the bride, I know, had to borrow her wedding-gown from Kate Cooney, for never a one had she. That's our way, Andrew."

"And that's what you call *liking a girl*, in this country," said I.

"And what is your way of liking a girl, in your country, Andrew?" asked Richard.

"What would you think of waiting and working for her five or six years?" asked I.

"And will she wait for you?"

"There's no fear of that, if it is a real liking. But, Richard, would you really take the girl you loved better than all the world besides, to an

empty cabin, with nothing to give her but potatoes, sick or well?"

"Indeed, Andrew, and I mean to do it very soon."

We could say no more at the time, but when I looked at the young slender thing of a bride, so thoughtless-like, and the boy bridegroom, and saw all the elder friends pleased and satisfied to let two such creatures begin the cares of this world, without either house, or clothes, or money provided for their earthly wants, and apparently without a thought but for the present moment, I said within myself,—"Well, we are always hearing a mournful talk in our country about the *poor* Irish—and what a pity of the Irish—and one season we hear of their potatoe crop failing, and then they are all dying of want—and the next we hear of murders and burnings, and soldiers obliged to keep them down by force. But what else is to be expected if they go on in this way? What will happen if the potatoe crop fails next year in this corner? half the people must starve,—and that young couple among the rest, or else they must beg from their neighbours, —and all these wild half-naked boys growing up to get their will in the same way,—and the land divided and divided, how can it support them all? and then, when want and discontent get among them, what will they not do?" This thoughtless way of marrying was the thing that appeared

to me the next worst to the want of the Scriptures, that I saw among my Irish friends. It leads to every earthly evil, and to evils also when this world is over. It is impossible on this plan ever to get above poverty. Children come before a penny is made—nay, before a house is built: They must eat—they increase in number, while the power to maintain them does not increase;—and their education, every thing, is neglected, and they grow up into young savages, ready to do whatever their natural dispositions lead them to. It is impossible to respect a people much who have so little thought and so little respect for themselves, as to go on from generation to generation in this way, without trying to improve themselves in any thing.

On the night after the marriage, when Richard and I were alone, he asked me if I really thought it so wrong to marry the girl one liked without having provided any thing to support her. He spoke seriously, and said he had never heard any one talk as I did.

"I shall just tell you what I have done myself, Richard, and let you judge," answered I. "It is now near five years since I got a dear girl's promise to marry me when I had got a house, and was in a way to maintain a family. She went to service near where I worked as a gardener. I was then only a journeyman, and not getting very good wages; but I worked hard

and laid by every farthing I could. She saved something too out of her wages, and put it in the savings bank: and so with hard working, and learning my trade, and gaining a good character, I got, in two years, to be gardener to a gentleman. Here I could save more, and the term before last I was able to take a piece of garden ground for myself, which is a making way near a town, and to furnish a cottage, and had a little money now for a beginning. We were to have been married last term, but your cousin, to be, had become such a favourite with one of her young ladies who was sick, that she was persuaded by the family to go to England with her for her health, thinking she would be soon back; but the poor young lady has grown worse and worse, and cannot bear to part with Mary: And this is one cause, Richard, for my being here; for my spirit was quite sunk with the disappointment, and that made my health worse. Yet I cannot blame Mary, and I know she longs as much to be with me as I do to have her. But how different would all have been had we married without any thing to begin with? We might now have had two or three children,—we must have been poor, for my wages could never have done more than maintain us,—I never would have laid by any thing, neither could Mary,—she could have learnt nothing,—now she has been where she has learnt much

in every way. We have both more sense and experience; and if we are blessed with children, instead of a burden and a toil, we will be able both to maintain and educate them."

Richard listened very attentively, then said: "Well, if I could get my Maple into a service near me, I would try your way, Andrew; for, to say the truth, I think there is more true love in it than in our foolish way of marrying without either house, or food, or raiment provided."

"O Richard, only come to Scotland with me," said I: "my mother will find a place for your Maple, and you will work with me. I assure you a gardener is a very pleasant trade."

Richard shook his head.—"Andrew, you are more than kind—but my own country—and my own church;—I must think twice of such a plan."

"Well, we shall talk of this matter again," said I, "but now tell me, did you read any of my Bible?"

"Yes, a good deal, but I shall read no more of it; for it made me very unhappy. You saw me laughing and looking merry at Pat's wedding, but all the time I felt as if there had been a heavy weight upon my heart, and I longed till all that ranting mirth was over. I think I was wrong in having read your Bible. I know Father Conelly would blame me; yet I wonder

why the word of God should have made my heart so heavy: I suppose it must be because, as Father Conelly says, I cannot understand it."

"What part did you read?" asked I, as he gave me back my Bible.

"I noticed the place you had read to me from," replied he, "and slipped a mark in there, for I wished to read it again: I did so, till my heart felt I cannot tell how. O how different! how high and holy the words of Christ seem, compared to what our priests teach us! Then I read on about the sufferings and death of Christ, and every word went to my very soul. Father Conelly sometimes preaches about Christ's sufferings, but, somehow, what he says is not like the Bible; it is neither so holy nor so moving."

"But why did it make you unhappy to read what you seem to have loved so much?"

"Because it made me think that, perhaps, I was not right in my religion after all; and that I had gone through so many severe penances—and been at Lough Derg—and done all on my knees—and had worn the scapular—and repeated the office of the Virgin so regularly—and all perhaps for nothing. I read on, too, in your Bible, that his apostles waited after Jesus ascended into heaven, and did not preach to the people till they had received the Holy Ghost, sent by him, to enable them to teach his

will, in the languages of all the different people who were at Jerusalem, that every one might have it in their own, and understand it. Now this struck me particularly, because most of our chapel service is in a language none of us understand. Then, when the people were pricked in their hearts by what they heard, and asked the apostles what they must do, St. Peter and the other apostles said nothing but what you say. They said nothing about any other means to take away sin but through the death of Christ, or any way of being holy but by receiving his Holy Spirit to make us so. And those who were baptized after hearing and believing, are not said to have done any of the things our priests desire us to do. Neither is the Virgin Mary ever mentioned. And now," continued Richard, "when I thought of going to repeat the Paters and Aves, which I usually do at night, and to take out this little image," going to a drawer and fetching a little crucifix, "I just felt somehow ashamed when I thought of it, and then thought of that Saviour of whom I had read in your Bible."

"No wonder you did, Richard," said I; "your priests tell you, what is true, that Christ is God; but then, as if to contradict what they had said, they bid you look at this poor ill-made little image of wood, that you may the better conceive the greatness of his love and sufferings for you. Can any thing be more childish and af-

fronting to him? When you read of him in the Bible, did you not feel that you were reading of one, who, though he was in the form of man, could be no other than the Son of God? Do you remember what Thomas said when Jesus appeared to him, after his declaring that he would not believe unless he saw the prints of the nails in his Lord's hands and feet?"

"Yes, I remember;" replied Richard, "he said, 'My Lord and my God.'"

"And did you not feel, Richard, that you could say the same as Thomas?"

"I did say it," answered Richard; "I said in my heart, 'He is my Lord and my God;' and I loved to think that he was so."

"And do you remember what Christ said to unbelieving Thomas? He said, 'Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'" (John xx.)

"Yes, I remember," replied Richard; "and I thought how this blessing is perhaps for me, for I have not seen him, yet I believe; and then I thought it was very presumptuous in me to think I might understand what I was reading, just as I would any common book."

"Well, we shall not enter on that point to-night," said I; because I did not wish to take his attention from what he had read in the Bible, to begin a dispute about what his priest

taught him: "But, Richard," continued I, "have you not learnt a great many things by just once reading a small portion of the word of God?"

"Yes, yes, and it has gone more to my heart than all I ever knew before."

"Well, then, Richard, I lent you my Bible this morning, will you lend me this little image to-night; and, instead of placing it before you and repeating prayers you do not understand, will you try to believe the truth—that you really are in the presence of that same Lord and Saviour of whom you read this morning,—that he sees and knows your inmost thoughts,—that he is the hearer of prayer, and the only Mediator between God and our souls: and pray to him for such help, and guidance, and pardon, and light, and grace, as you need. Remember how you loved him as you read of him,—remember that you felt joy in believing that he was your Lord and your God,—remember too that he has himself said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'" (John vi. 37.)

Richard looked very grave, and turned away without answering me. I did not wish to make him speak, so I took my Bible and began to read. I, however, kept the little image, and when Richard went to prayer, he did not ask me for it. Neither did I hear him that night, and I trusted that his heart was praying rather than his lips.

Next day was the Sabbath, and, as soon as I was dressed, I took my Bible and was leaving the room. Richard asked, why I was going?

"Because I do not wish to disturb you in doing what you think right, Richard, and I cannot on this day stay to hear what I have heard you repeat on the mornings I have been here."

"Why, Andrew?"

"Because this is the Lord's Day, and I cannot spend any of it in hearing what dishonours him."

Richard looked distressed. "But if I miss the office of the Virgin one morning willingly, I may lose the benefit of the scapular when I go to purgatory."

"O, Richard, what nonsense!" exclaimed I, "you will not find one word about purgatory from one end of the Bible to the other."

"Andrew, I cannot miss it, but I will speak quite low."

I staid, and did not hear a word.

On this day I hoped to find out whether my aunt had changed her religion; but I was disappointed, for she said, she was unwell and not going out at all—her head ached—and she had a cold. I asked what church she went to, but she put me off without answering to the point.

I had promised Richard to go with him to his church in the morning, to hear mass, as he called it. I really did not know what mass was, and

thought I must be present at their worship before I pretended to judge of it. I was to go afterwards to the Protestant Church.

A Sabbath among Irish Catholics is certainly not like a Sabbath in Scotland; for, though too many in my country profane that holy day, yet the more respectable of every class observe it, at least with outward honour; and very many both consider and feel "the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and honour him, not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words,"—Isaiah lviii. 13; and therefore the promise of God is fulfilled to them, that, "they shall delight themselves in the Lord," verse 14.

My Irish friends were tolerably quiet before we went to their chapel, which we did early in the day. The chapel was about half a mile from the farm house. A number of us went together, men, women, and boys and girls; and where there are many Irish, nothing can banish what they call fun; so Richard and I walked a little apart from the others, for he always wished to talk about religion, which seemed the subject nearest his heart.

"Would your Protestant clergymen not be displeased with you, Andrew, for going to a Catholic chapel?" asked Richard.

"I really do not know," answered I. "But what if they were?"

"Have they no power to deprive you of the privileges of your kind of church?"

"If I did any thing forbidden by the word of God, they would deprive me of church privileges. If I was to kneel down and repeat the office of the Virgin, they would regard me as not sufficiently informed to be admitted to church privileges, because I should be ascribing that character of Mediator to a human being, which is due to Christ alone. They would, therefore, consider me as so very ignorant of the true nature of the Christian religion as to be unfit to join in some of its institutions, and would direct me to study the Scriptures, and attend to the word preached, till I was better informed."

"But I do not very much see the use of the clergy to you Protestants," observed Richard; "for you all suppose you can understand the Bible yourselves; and you all think if you only can persuade a Catholic to take a Bible—O, every thing is done, and he will be a good Christian directly!"

"I do not wonder that you think so, Richard," answered I; "for the truth is, we are so anxious to get you to read the Bible that we perhaps say too little of the need of clergy to explain and enforce it. We are so bent on opening your eyes to discover how you are deceived, that we may think too little of the difficulties in your way when you attempt to understand the Scrip-

tures for yourselves. But if you come with me to Scotland, which I hope you will do, you will see what a warm regard we have for our clergy, how hard they labour for our good, and how much they have to do."

"Well, I cannot see how they can have so much to do," replied Richard. "I am sure the Protestant clergy near this do little enough. We have here a Protestant clergyman and two curates, and there are not above fifty Protestants; so what can they have to do?"

"That is because the parish is so full of Catholics," answered I. "We have scarcely any Catholics in my country, and every clergyman has the charge of very many souls. But you said the Protestant clergy here did all they could to induce you to listen to instruction."

"Oh yes," replied he, "they spare no pains to make that out. They have visited every one of us who would suffer them to enter our cabins. Whenever they hear we are sick, they send every thing we can want, and come themselves to see if we will listen to them. They have set schools a-going, and come begging and intreating us to let the children go to them. But what does all that signify, when we know that it is just to make Protestants of us?"

"But I cannot see, Richard, that any thing but sincere love for your souls would make them take so much trouble to make you Protestants;

for what change would it make to them if you were all Protestants to-morrow, except giving them more to do?"

Richard was silent. He did not seem ready with an answer to this remark, but, after a little, said,—"Tell me what your clergy in Scotland do. You all understand and read the Bible for yourselves, and you do not mind what they say unless you find it in the Bible; so what signifies what your clergy teach you?"

"I shall tell you how they do, Richard. They read, and study, and pray over the Bible a great deal more than most other people can do, because they devote their lives, and are set apart for that very purpose. Then they must be learned, or they are not admitted into orders. They must know the languages in which the Bible was at first written; and they know all the customs alluded to, and so on, which enables them to understand it better than we can. Then they compare one part with another, which is far the best way to come at the meaning. Well, they have their minds stored in this way, and they go into the pulpit to instruct us. They do not then just tell us that there is such a text in the Scriptures, and that the church explains it so and so, and then go on to tell us we must do this and t'other, because the church (which, with you, means themselves,) have decreed that it shall be so, and lose sight of the word of God altoge-

ther; but they open a large Bible in the pulpit, and they tell what part they are going to explain and preach upon; and then, every one in my country has a Bible also, and they all find the place the clergyman has mentioned, and he pauses till they find it, and then he reads it, and they look on their Bibles, and see word for word what he is reading. He then begins to explain its meaning; and they find that, though they had understood it so far, yet he makes the meaning more plain, and points out the duty to be learnt more clearly: and it is delightful to be thus instructed. Then his prayers are far better than such as we can offer, though they are just asking the things we want. Our clergy show us from the Bible how we may attain pardon for our sins, and grace, and strength to do the will of God. And they exhort us to study the Scriptures continually, that in all things we may know what that will is. For the law of God, the Scriptures say, 'is exceeding broad,' extending to our thoughts, words, and actions. And if we do not know it, how can we obey it?"

Richard listened very attentively to all I said, but made no answer; and, after walking on for a time in silence, we reached the chapel.

The people were thronging in. There was an outer door to the chapel, then a small porch, and, within, another door. Near this inner-door was fixed against the wall a stand, on which was

placed a long-shaped stoneware basin, into which each person in passing dipped a finger or two, with which, as he entered the chapel, he made on himself the sign of the cross, at the same time bending his knees in a kind of way that looked like a quick curtsey. I looked into the basin as I passed,—it was about half full of what appeared to me to be very dirty water. The chapel was crowded in every part. It was a large place of worship, coarsely finished in every part, except at one end where the altar stood. I did not know the meaning or use of any thing at that end of the chapel; but Richard told me in a whisper, as it was some time before the priest arrived. I never had entered a Roman Catholic chapel before, and every thing was quite new to me; and I may make some mistake in describing what I saw; but, if I should, my Irish friends must excuse me, as all I wish to do, is to point out how things appeared to a stranger who had learned his religion from the Bible. The first thing which struck me, as I never before had seen it in a church, was a picture above the altar, representing a young woman with a child in her arms. I observed that the people, as they came in, looked at this picture, bent their knees, and crossed themselves. I asked Richard why they did so, and he whispered to me, that it was a picture of the blessed Virgin and the infant Jesus. Then, thought I, if this people were suffered to

read the Scriptures, they would find that every one of them who had bent the knee to this "likeness," had disobeyed a most express command of God. For He hath said:—"Thou shalt not make unto thee the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath. Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them," &c. (Exodus xx. 4, 5.) And as the people continued to pass where I sat, still bending the knee to this picture, I could not but think what a weight of guilt lay upon his head, who kept up the word of God from so many immortal creatures, and taught them to do what it so plainly prohibited.

There were steps up to the altar, and a railing round it, which kept the people from approaching very near; and upon it there was a little image of a figure on a cross, and a kind of box, and some other little things, and two candlesticks with a deal of cut paper about them—and some paper flowers; and I was wondering what could be the use of so many little trumpery things in the house of God, when the priest entered. He went within the rails, attended by two boys, in white dresses, carrying little bells in their hands. Every new thing I saw seemed intended to take the mind farther and farther from that kind of worship which is described by Christ as acceptable to God. When Christ graciously instructed the Samaritan woman in the way of salvation, He said, "God is a Spirit, and they

that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth," (John iv. 24.) The priest soon began the service; but, instead of being able to join "in spirit, to worship God who is a Spirit," I did not understand a single word he said. I listened in astonishment to what appeared to me an altogether useless blinding service, one sentence of which the people did not comprehend. They all, however, behaved with great seriousness and decorum. The service lasted a considerable time, and the priest at times turned his back upon us, and performed many ceremonies at the altar—and bowed himself—and crossed himself—and the little boys rang their bells—and then the people knelt down—then rose; for I began to perceive, that as they did not understand a word of what the priest said, it was necessary to ring these little tinkling bells, that they might know that he had come to particular parts of the service. Then the priest opened the little box on the altar—and did a great deal with his back to us—and bowed—and knelt—and rose—and repeated much Latin; and while he knelt, he raised high in his hand, that all the people might see it, what appeared to me a very small biscuit. At the same instant the boys rang the little bells, and all the congregation fell down on their knees before this little cake or biscuit. The priest, too, seemed to be worshipping it.

Now, I hope, my Irish friends will not be dis-

pleased when they read this, but just remember, that as I never had read in the Bible any thing that could in the smallest degree lead me to expect or comprehend what was meant by this service—and as I did not understand what the priest said—and had never witnessed any thing of the kind, it just struck me in the way I have described it; and nothing could appear to me more surprising than to see such a crowd of rational men and women looking on so long at what they could not understand; and submitting to kneel and prostrate themselves when a little bell rang, while they did not know what the priest was saying.

After the priest and all the people had worshipped this little bit of bread, the priest seemed to me to crumble it into a cup, and pour something on it, and then to swallow the whole himself,—but I may be wrong, for I could not see exactly what he was doing, as he was turned away from us.

At last the service was ended, without my having understood any part of it; and the people poured in crowds out of the chapel, no more the wiser than I was.

"Well, Andrew, what do you think of our service?" asked my uncle Arthur, when we left the chapel.

"I cannot say what I think of it," replied I,

"for I did not understand one word the priest said."

"But it is not for the like of us to understand all these holy mysteries," said uncle Arthur.

"But how can I tell, uncle, what I think of a thing I do not understand? I supposed it was the business of the clergy to instruct us how to get to heaven, but certainly we know as little about that since we went into the chapel as we did before."

"But the priest was offering up the sacrifice of the mass," said Richard. "That is of more avail than any instruction he could give us."

"That is right, Richard," said uncle Arthur, "Listen to him, Andrew. He thinks more of these things than any of us, and can tell you more about them."

Richard and I again walked apart, while the others, relieved from the restraints of the chapel, began to amuse themselves in their usual manner.

"And what is this sacrifice of the mass, Richard?" asked I.

"Now, Andrew, you need not pretend ignorance about the mass, said Richard, "for I am sure it is in the Bible."

"I have heard of the mass, Richard," answered I, "but I really do not know what is meant by it; and as to my having seen any thing about it in the Bible, I declare to you I never did."

"Well now, Andrew, I know it is in the Bible—that when Christ first taught the Apostles to offer up the sacrifice of the mass, He took bread, and said, 'This is my body.' I know this quite well, for Father Conelly has told it us a hundred times; and when our priests say these words in Latin, then the bread becomes the real body of Christ."

"Well," replied I, "you are right, Richard, I have heard this before; but I thought Roman Catholics called it transubstantiation. I have read of many who were put to death in my country, when the Papists had the power there, because, after having read the Bible, they no longer could believe this doctrine; but I do not know yet what you mean by the *sacrifice* of the mass."

"Why, after the priest has said these words, and the bread has become the real body of Christ, he offers it up as a propitiation for our sins to God. That is the meaning of it."

"Not a word about such a thing is in the Bible, I am perfectly certain," said I. "On the contrary, the Bible is altogether contrary to it. A man offer up Christ as a sacrifice! How can you, Richard, believe any thing so shockingly blasphemous!" I then opened my Bible at the 9th chapter to the Hebrews, and read from the 24th verse;—'For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the

figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: Nor yet, that He should offer Himself often—but now, *once* hath he appeared in the end of the world, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.' Again it is written, 'Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God,' (1 Peter iii. 18.) And again, 'He died unto sin once,' (Romans vi. 10.) Now, Richard, can any thing be more plain than the Bible upon this point? Christ was *once* offered—once suffered for sins—died once. How then can your priests teach you such an absurdity, as that they often offer up the sacrifice of Christ?"

Richard looked perplexed, then said, "I had better not speak to you, Andrew; I shall be quite unsettled if I do."

"You had better read the Bible, Richard," answered I, "and let yourself be settled by that."

Richard seemed very thoughtful for a time as we walked along, then said, "It would be very hard, Andrew, if all I have done for my soul should come to nothing. Now, if I listen to you, and read the Bible, and think I can understand it, I am sure the next time I go to Father Conelly to confess, he will show me that I am

just as sinful as I was before I went to Lough Derg—and all I did—and the scapular, and all will go for nothing."

"But, Richard, after you have read the Bible, you will not go to Father Conelly to confess, for in all the Bible you will not find one word about confessing to a priest—to a fellow-sinner; but you will learn to confess your sins to God, and to trust that He will pardon you for Christ's sake. And you will also learn what things are really sinful in the sight of God; and you will see what an awful state those are in who think it a sin to read the word of God; but think it no sin to expect that, by praying to a woman, and wearing a bit of dirty cloth, they can be saved from any punishment due to them for their sins."

"But, Andrew, many people far wiser than I am, believe in the power of the scapular to preserve them from evil."

"Man's wisdom is mere folly, Richard, when it is set up in opposition to the wisdom of God: and a very little knowledge of the Scriptures would make you despise such foolish inventions of man's wisdom as scapulars, and such nonsense."

Richard did not answer me, and, after a little, I asked him to go with me to the Protestant Church.

"No, no," replied Richard, "that I cannot do; for Father Conelly has said he would ex-

communicate any of us who went there, after all the warnings he has given us. It would be a poor return for all the pains he takes to keep us from heresy, if I just went into temptation whenever it was put in my way."

I did not urge Richard on this point. What I most earnestly wished, was to get him to read the Scriptures. I hoped, that, if I could make that out, his eyes would soon be opened to see how completely different his religion was from the religion of the Bible. I therefore said no more at that time.

When the hour for going arrived, I set out alone for the Protestant Church. One or two scattered people were proceeding towards it. As I went, I passed the clergyman's house. It was a large old-fashioned mansion, something like what I had seen at gentlemen's places in Scotland, with beautiful grounds and shrubberies around it, and fine woods beyond: and I could not help stopping often, as I walked, to admire the richness and fine full growth of all the plants and flowering shrubs, some of which were of kinds difficult to rear in my country. I also very much admired the church when I reached it. It was very large, and built in that venerable old style, which seems, somehow, as if it was just on purpose for a church. On going in, I seated myself in one of the farthest-back pews, but was invited by the door-keeper to a

say who had turned their backs on those who brought His message of peace and reconciliation in His own gracious words—and listened to others who hid His will from them, and taught, instead of it, the most sinful and foolish inventions of their own.

On my return to my friends, I was eagerly asked how I liked the preacher, and so on; and I saw, by my aunt's evident anxiety on the subject, that she knew as little about him or the church as the others did. When I praised all I had heard and seen, however, and then lamented over the smallness of the congregation, my friends only laughed, and seemed to feel pleasure and triumph; and my uncle Arthur said with an oath,

"And by —— it will be smaller yet if they go on with their ——." And then he began to talk about tithes and proctors—and twenty things I knew nothing about: and all my friends kindled into great anger when they began to speak on these subjects. My uncle Arthur, particularly, seemed full of indignation. He rose, and strode about, as he uttered the most violent abuse against many persons and things I had never heard of. All the others seemed to feel as he did, so that it was needless for me to say a word at that time. I could not help thinking, however, that, had they known the word of God, particularly that saying of our Lord, "Seek ye *first*

the kingdom of God," (Matth. vi. 33.) they would have been less vehement about these worldly matters. But on these points I am too ignorant to say any thing to my dear friends.

I have already said, that nothing can be more different than the way in which the Sabbath is spent amongst Catholics in Ireland and in my country. After returning from chapel, my friends made the Sabbath a day of complete idleness and merriment. There was no retiring alone for prayer and self-examination,—no reading of the Holy Scriptures,—no instructing of children; none were seen walking apart to meditate in the fields—but friends flocked to the farm-house—and the women talked over their worldly matters—and the elder men did the same—and the lads and girls romped, and danced, and joked, and sung idle songs; and the children spent the whole day, as they did every day, in doing just what they chose; and there was much laughing —and much of what they consider fun—and there was, before the day closed, much quarrelling. But I shall say no more—only I thought, when I witnessed the Sabbath so spent, 'Now, if, amidst all this forgetfulness of God, the sky should suddenly darken—if the neighbouring earth and hills should begin to tremble—if clouds and fire from heaven should descend upon them—if there should be a tempest, and lightnings, and thunderings—and the voice of a trumpet exceeding

loud, so as to make all who heard it quake—and then the words should be heard, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy," what would my friends think of the way they are now spending it? And if they were acquainted with the Scriptures, they would know that these very words had been spoken by God himself from Mount Sinai, while the mountain trembled because the Lord descended upon it in fire—and there was thick darkness—and thunderings, and lightnings, and the voice of a trumpet, (Exodus xix.) Such were the awful accompaniments when God made His will regarding the Sabbath known to man; and how daring are those who conceal this command of God, and teach the people that they may, without sin, disobey it!'

I only witnessed what I have described, during meals; for whenever I could, I withdrew to my own room to endeavour to spend my Sabbath in the manner the Scripture directs. I was, as usual, followed by Richard, who seldom lost sight of me; and on this day we had a great deal of conversation, which ended in his at last consenting to read the Douay New Testament. We were to go next day to a town a few miles off in order to procure one.

We with some difficulty put this plan in execution; for, whenever it was known, so many were ready to accompany us, that we feared we could not make out our purpose without its being

known, and Richard had not yet courage to venture being even suspected of reading the word of God! We, however, succeeded in procuring what we desired, most of our friends having been attracted away from us on reaching the town. I shall not say for what purpose—but my friends will perhaps remember how many broken heads and bruised limbs had to be looked after at Ballinagh, on the day after our visit to the town of ——.

When Richard and I returned in our sober way, he requested me to lend him my Bible, when I did not want it, that he might see in what it differed from the Douay Testament. This request delighted me; and I felt certain that Richard would not long remain in darkness, if he sought for truth in a manner so sincere, and rational, and sensible.

For the next fortnight Richard spent most of his time in reading the New Testament. He, however, did not speak of what he read to me. He seemed to wish to avoid doing so; and I just watched to do what was most agreeable to him, and was certain that he would learn far better from the Scriptures themselves than from any thing I could say. He was, however, very thoughtful, and sometimes appeared very sad; but every day increased in kindness to me. I may say the same, indeed of all my friends. My aunt watched over my health; and I really think,

from their having few doctors within their reach, that the Irish country people, particularly the women, acquire a good deal of skill in treating illness as it ought to be. I witnessed a good deal of this while I was at Ballinagh—and in my own case, after my aunt and several others, mostly women, had consulted over my health, and asked me many questions, I really must say, that I every day got stronger while following their advice, till at last I felt as active and well as formerly. As to my poor aunt, I never could find out, either from herself or any one else, whether she had changed her religion. I suppose, if she had, she did not wish that her sister should be distressed by knowing it,—and so well did all her friends keep her secret, that even the children seemed on their guard when I asked any question on the subject, and had some evasive answer ready. She never went to church while I remained at Ballinagh. I fear, however, that she is a Catholic, for this reason, that I do not believe my uncle and she would live so happily together as they do if she was not; for, though he is kind to all, still his will must be law to all around him.

There were many things about my uncle Arthur that occupied my attention very much. He was a character quite new to me. At least, in my country, a man with his parts would probably have risen to a far different station,

and consequently have appeared in a different light. I have already said that he spent much of his time in idleness; but the reason of that appeared to me, after the first, to be because he had no object for which he would be at the trouble to exert himself in any way. When there was any thing he thought himself obliged to do, he would fall to it as if it had broken in upon the business of his life, and would dispatch it in half the time any one else would; and then fling away the spade, or whatever it was, that he might just stride about again in idleness. When we talked together, which he liked to do, he never had patience to listen to the end of what I was saying, for he always thought he saw what I meant, before I had uttered half a dozen words. He was often right, for I never met with any one so sharp as he was; but he was sometimes wrong, though he never had patience to be put right. At first he seemed to think me a soft slow fellow, and, I saw, could scarcely refrain from 'making me look about me,' as he called it, and which he was constantly doing to the others, making the person he spoke to look like a fool, and setting the others in roars of laughter. I have seen him turn his eyes on me with that kind of laughing sparkle in them which was always the forerunner of making some one look about him, and then check himself and turn away,

just because I was a stranger and depended on his kindness. He soon, however, seemed to regard me with more respect; and as I could not help feeling that, next to Richard, he excited most of my regard, in spite of his many strange ways, I tried to say what I had to say in a few strong words, such as he would listen to, and in this way we had many long conversations. I think I will just put down one or two of them here, as far as I remember; and if he should read them, and perceive that what I say has more sense in it than what I really said at the time, let him remember that he never suffered me to say any thing to an end for the first ten days I was at Ballinagh.

The first time my uncle listened to me with real attention, was one day I began to speak of the education young people received in my country. About twenty boys and girls, between the ages of seven and twelve, were gambling about within sight of us.

"Have you no schools here?" asked I.

"Schools! ay, plenty of schools, but few scholars," replied my uncle.

"But what kind of schools are they?"

"Why, the Protestants set schools a-going, and some of the bigger boys and girls who had a turn for learning like you, Andrew, would not be kept away; for they were taught the Bible, and a great deal that the old ones knew

nothing about: so Father Conelly was obliged to set a school a-going himself, as the Protestants would have got away all the young ones; for their parents had not the heart to force them to stay away before Father Conelly's chapel school was set a-going."

"And what are the children taught at the chapel school?"

"It is not I that knows," replied uncle Arthur carelessly.

"And why do not these great boys and girls go to it?"

Uncle Arthur answered by shouting out in a voice that made all the children stop short in their play—

"Murphy Cooney! come here."

Murphy instantly obeyed.

"Your cousin Andrew wants to speak to ye, Murphy."

"Murphy," said I, "why are none of you big boys and girls at the chapel school to-day?"

"Oh, because we do not care for the chapel school. It's not like the Protestant schools. We learn nothing but Paters and Aves."

"Do you not learn to read?" asked I.

"We only get a lesson at reading after we can say about twenty rhymes that none of us can be bothered to get."

"But what does Father Conelly say to your idleness?" asked I.

"Nothing," answered the boy carelessly.

"Is this all the education the children here get?" asked I, turning to uncle Arthur.

"Off with ye, Murphy," said he to the boy, who obeyed in a trice. "It's all the education their fathers got, Andrew," added he; "and whatever you may think, we do not want any more than Father Conelly thinks good for us. Old times were better for the real Irish than times are now. We like to keep to old things, and times may come round again."

"I can never think ignorance good, uncle, of whatever age it may be."

"Ignorance of what, Andrew?"

"Of the way by which a man may live creditably and comfortably in this world, and prepare for happiness in another."

"Why sure that is learning worth getting, Andrew."

"Well, a good education will give that knowledge, uncle."

"And what do ye call a good education? Sure learning to read will not give such knowledge."

"No, certainly. Learning to read is only the means by which we may attain such useful knowledge."

"Ay, and ruinous knowledge too," said uncle Arthur, "there are more of us can read in this corner than can make a good use of it."

"But, uncle, I did not say that just to learn reading and writing can be called a good education. The young must be receiving instruction daily and hourly besides, in what is the will of God—in what is right and wrong—in what will be useful to them in life, and what will be hurtful,—and they must be taught to deny themselves to what is evil, and learn self-restraint—and to prefer a painful good to a pleasant evil. And all this they should be learning at school and at home, from the time they have sense to receive instruction till they are obliged to go into the world and act for themselves."

"Very fine, Andrew. If you will begin a school here, and promise to teach all that, I'll provide ye with plenty of scholars."

"But, uncle, that is what is considered a good education for people in our line in my country; and is what is constantly going on, more or less, in every part of it."

"Well, Andrew, will ye come and begin the school?"

"I think I might do worse, but then I would need to have my own way in teaching."

"Ay, sure; that would be but fair. Tell us what it would be."

"Well, then, in the first place, when I began to instruct the children in what was right and wrong, I would think with myself, Now these creatures who are intrusted to me are immortal,

—they must live for ever:—what I now teach them, while their hearts are young and tender, will never be forgotten by them,—they will never after perhaps be able to help believing what I tell them now; how awful then will be my guilt if I lead them astray!"

"True, most true! Andrew," said my uncle, who doated on his children and grand-children.

"Well uncle, what should I do in such a case?"

"Why, you would just have to do as well and honestly by them as you could. Tell them what you really believed was right and wrong—you could do no more."

"No, no, uncle; that would not be my way. That is not the way in my country. My way, when I begin this same school, must be, to take the word of God, and say to the children, We are all sinners—none of us are by nature disposed to obey God—neither do we even know what his will is; but here we have it written for our instruction—we must learn it from this holy book. Then, as long as the young ones were under my care, I would, while they learned to read this book, point out daily more and more of its instructions; so that, without perceiving almost how they grew in knowledge, they would every hour receive some holy lesson taught by God himself. And, as there is no duty of life which is not taught in the most perfect way in

the word of God, they would all know, at least, what they ought to do. The way of salvation is also clearly and plainly taught, and I would feel far more anxious to point out this way to them, than any knowledge regarding their well-being in this passing world. The will to apply for salvation, and the will to obey the laws of God, must come from God himself. But it is the part of education to teach the way of salvation and obedience."

My uncle Arthur listened to all this, then said, "I wish your school was begun, Andrew."

"But would Father Conelly suffer the children to come to it?" asked I.

"Never a bit," replied my uncle, rising to walk about, as he always did when he was not quite pleased; "never a bit," repeated he again. "Father Conelly would not be long master here if he did. But you know all this is a joke, Andrew."

"Ay, uncle; but it is no joke to see all these young immortal beings growing up with no more instruction than the beasts that perish."

"It is no fault of theirs," said my uncle, stopping short, as he walked; "a just God will lay the sin on other heads."

"But on whose head will the sin of neglecting their children come?" asked I.

My uncle looked fixedly at me; "On whose head does the Bible say it will come?" asked he.

"The Bible commands the parent to instruct his children," answered I. "God says thus regarding his laws: 'Ye shall lay up my words in your heart and in your soul—and ye shall teach them to your children—speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.'"

My uncle, after hearing these words, walked about very thoughtfully for a time.

"Did you never read the Bible, uncle?" asked I.

"No, never."

Most unhappily, as I thought, who should appear at this moment approaching towards us but Father Conelly. My uncle's reception of him was not very cordial. He seemed to feel his coming at that moment rather an interruption. After the usual things said on first meeting were over, and Father Conelly had taken a good glass of whisky, which my uncle had called some one to get immediately on his arrival, because the *day was hot*, we seated ourselves on the bench at the farm door. Father Conelly seemed about forty; a stout, short, common-looking man, with that kind of florid complexion which, after youth, becomes purple. He seemed very cheerful, and disposed to joke with my uncle. Uncle Arthur was not, however, at that moment, in spirits for joking. On observing this, Father Conelly ask-

ed, if any thing was the matter; and inquired with much kindness and interest for my uncle's family and relations, about all of whom he seemed to know perfectly. My uncle's heart was opened by this kindness, and after answering about every one shortly, he said,—

"This young nephew of mine has been asking me, Father, about the schools here; and he seems to think very little of our kind of education."

The priest fixed his eyes on me. "What countryman is your nephew?"

"A Scotchman."

"O ay; the Scotch have a madness for education, and by that means the enemies of the truth have been enabled to sow the tares among the wheat so thickly, that they have almost entirely choked the good seed; and that poor country is now nearly completely heretic."

"Yes, Sir," said I, "that is the common effect of reading the Bible, and receiving education."

"You see, Farmer Cooney, the young man cannot but acknowledge the truth of what I say," said Father Conelly; "so you ought to be cautious of listening to subjects of this kind; for the human heart is too apt to be led astray by a desire for knowledge; and sometimes, when we have got the better of the temptation for our-

selves, it comes in a new form, leading us to desire it for our children."

"All too true, Father," answered Uncle Arthur; who, because he had just been feeling what his priest described, believed that it was what he seemed to consider it, 'a temptation of the devil.' I could not stand this; and, though I would not have said the same to Uncle Arthur, I could not refrain from saying to Father Conelly,—

"I cannot but think, Sir, that if you were to spend a little time in my country, and then come back to compare your own with it, you could not but acknowledge that heresy had done marvels in bettering the condition of my countrymen, both as to this world and their hopes for another. For every body knows that, when we were under the dominion of a Popish priesthood, we were even poorer and wilder than your people in Ireland are now. And nobody either in England or Scotland, I can fancy, can see any reason for our clever, sharp, kind-hearted Irish neighbours being so far behind both countries, but because they are still under your dominion, keeping them from education, and from the word of God, and holding their minds in subjection under such blethers of your own invention, as an English or Scotch child, tolerably instructed, would laugh in your face if you asked him to believe."

"Andrew! Andrew!" said my uncle in surprise, and laying his hand on my shoulder. "It's not like you, Andrew, to forget yourself so far. Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, yes, uncle. But we never found in our country that smooth words went far in breaking the bondage of their iniquitous yoke."

"The boy is mad!" exclaimed my uncle. "Leave us, Andrew," added he, in a voice that could not be disobeyed, though he did not look really angry, while the poor priest seemed ready to choke with indignation.

I obeyed my uncle, and walked off to some distance, then turning round, saw Father Conelly and him going in the opposite direction—the priest talking apparently with much vehemence, and moving his arms as he spoke. My uncle was striding on at his usual pace, one step of his serving for two of Father Conelly's.

I did not feel sorry for what I had said, though rather afraid that I might have offended my uncle. On our next meeting, however, I found that I had not. He said nothing of what had passed, because others were present, but was as kind to me as usual. The first time we were alone, I said I hoped my having said what I did, had not brought him into any trouble with his priest?

"Never a bit, Andrew; and I cannot blame you for speaking out your mind boldly to him, who should have been ready to answer you."

"O but he had not time to answer me, uncle."
"May be not; but he might have answered it me."

"And could he not?"

"Would he not? you should ask first."

"Well, then, would he not? or what did you wish him to answer?"

"I wished him to answer me why our priests were so unwilling to give our young people education—but never an answer got I to that, but many a warning against heresy."

"Uncle, did you ever read or hear the parable of the talents?" asked I.

"The talents, no: What may they be?"

I had happened to get this parable by heart long before, so I repeated it to him:—"The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered to them his goods. And to one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability: and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents, came and

brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained besides them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. He also that had received two talents, came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents; behold, I have gained other two talents besides them. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. Then he which had received the one talent, came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed: And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo there thou hast that is thine. His Lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'*

My uncle listened not only with patience, but with deep attention while I repeated this parable.

"Well, Andrew," said he, when I had finished it, "and what does all that mean?"

"Why, I have been taught that it means, that every one of us receives a portion of advantages from God, for which we shall be called by him to give an account at the day of judgment; and that those who have improved these advantages shall be rewarded; and those who have not shall be condemned."

"Very well, Andrew, I dare say that is just the meaning; and what then?"

"I am going to ask you a strange question, uncle."

"Ask me any thing."

"Do you think any one in this neighbourhood has as much sense and sharpness as Father Conelly? Do you think you have as much yourself?"

My uncle laughed heartily. "So it is your notion, Andrew, that because we let the priest guide us in spiritual matters, we think him wiser than we are in all other things?"

* Matth. xxv.

"To be sure, I think you certainly must. For instance, if there should come a great rain, so as to flood this part of the country; and if it continued to increase, and you began to be alarmed, and to fear that, if it did not abate, your dwellings would be swept away, and your children drowned: If, while you were under these fears, you heard that there had been such a flood, in the same parts, once every hundred years, ever since the world began, and that there was a book in which an account was given of every particular—how high the water rose, so as to enable you to judge what houses it would be necessary to leave—how to secure the crops that they might not be injured: in short, every thing that ought to be done to prevent the whole neighbourhood from being ruined: And if the book was plainly written in English, and neither of you had ever seen it before, whether do you think Father Conelly or you would understand it best?"

"Why, I think we should understand it just the same," answered my uncle.

"There, then, uncle, you think your understanding as good as Father Conelly's. You will therefore have to give an account to God of the use you have made of your understanding."

"And why I have not read the Bible, I suppose, for myself,—but what more, Andrew?"

"Well, uncle, suppose this book about the

flood could not be trusted away from the place where it was kept, but that one person, either you or Father Conelly, were permitted to see it that you might bring back to the others an account of what it said; whether do you think you or Father Conelly would be chosen to go?"

"Why, I think—indeed I am sure they would all choose me; because I am a sort of head here, being the oldest of my own family, and so many young ones coming up, and all as if they were in a manner my own. They would be sure that nobody could be so anxious as I would to read the book right. And they are always in the habit of looking up to me about every thing."

"Well, uncle,—There you see with how many talents God has intrusted you----."

"I see, I see," exclaimed my uncle, starting up. "Andrew, you must not speak this way. There is too much in my own mind that answers to the truth of all you say. But things cannot change now. If the young ones could be better trained—But it cannot be without letting them to the Protestant Schools—it cannot be—I am too old to change my religion now. Nonsense! change my religion! I would not change my religion. Andrew, we must have no more of this kind of talk." And my uncle strode away.

After this, Uncle Arthur avoided speaking

with me on any subject connected with religion or education. He, however, spoke freely on all other matters, and seemed to like me to be with him. In the wish too, which, every day I remained at Ballinagh, became stronger—the wish to get Richard back with me to Scotland, my Uncle Arthur agreed with me. At first, when I asked his consent, he put me off, and seemed to regard the matter merely as friendly kindness which it was needless to disappoint till nearer my departure; but, as that time drew nearer, he began to consider my wish more seriously, and, after several conversations with Richard, it was agreed that the matter should be left entirely to himself.

My aunt would never have agreed, had she supposed any thing but a short visit to her sister had been intended. To this she willingly consented. The most difficult point to manage was the arrangement about Maple. Uncle Arthur said immediately, that delaying Richard's marriage would be an unspeakable advantage; but he liked the girl Maple, poor thing! and her mother was a Cooney, though not a near relation, and he would not have Richard forget or be inconstant to her. Neither would I; but I said nothing to his father, and it was agreed, that, if Richard went with me, I should, on getting home, engage my mother to try to get a place for Maple, who could easily be brought

to Belfast, and Richard or I should meet her at Greenock. Matters were thus arranged between my uncle and me—but Richard still said nothing.

I had now been a month at my uncle's, and in a few days I must depart—and still Richard was going about, thoughtful and sad, or shut up in his room reading the Bible. He had never asked me to return the little image; and now he did not repeat the Office of the Virgin. But these were the only signs by which I could judge of the state of his mind.

At last, one night, when we had retired to our room together, Richard held out his hand to me. "Andrew," said he, "my mind is at last fixed, I am determined to go to Scotland with you."

I do not think I ever felt greater joy.

"Thank God, dear Richard!" exclaimed I, shaking his hand with such warmth that it quite moved him.

"Remember, Andrew," said he, "I do not yet say that I have left my own religion: but I have read the New Testament twice over, with all the attention in my power. And though I do not say I understand it all—indeed, there are very many parts I do not understand in the least—still I understand enough to see that our religion is not taught by it. There is not a single word about confession to a priest—nor purgatory

—or prayers for the dead—or the sacrifice of the mass—or scapulars—or praying to the Virgin or the saints, or any thing at all regarding the Virgin as if she differed from other servants of God. In having been honoured to be the mother of the human nature of our Lord, she was indeed the most blessed among women; but I read all through the Acts of the Apostles with the greatest care, and though we are there told of the manner in which the Apostles and other teachers instructed the people, the Virgin is never so much as mentioned, far less are the first Christians taught to regard her intercessions as at all useful or necessary. Then, in those epistles, written by the Apostles to the first Christians, instructing them in all they should believe and do, not one of them ever mentions the Virgin. Indeed, after our Lord's ascension to heaven, she is no more named than the other women who believed on him, and followed him; and they are only mentioned once or twice in the beginning of the Acts along with the other first Christians; so I feel, that, with respect to the Virgin, we are entirely deceived by our priests; for, if the first Christians, who they always tell us were the most holy, did so much better than we without being taught such things as they teach us, surely we had better go back to their way. Then, as to holy stations and

such like, they had none of them either. And when Christ and His apostles performed miracles, they did not go to shut themselves up in some house or convent with old women, and come out and say there had been a great miracle; but they waited till multitudes were gathered together, and then, before thousands of people, restored the lame and the blind, and called the dead from their graves. Or if a miracle was done more privately, it was performed on some person who was well known to have required such a miracle to restore him,—such as the man who was born blind, and all his life had begged openly—or the one who had been a cripple for eight and thirty years. But what has made me think more than any thing else," continued Richard, "that our priests must mean to deceive us, is, that I have compared your New Testament and the Douay together, and they scarcely differ at all in the meaning. Now, our priests teach us to regard your Bible as a book full of such bad things that it is the greatest sin to read it."

I shall never forget the joy I felt when I heard Richard speak in this way. It just seemed to me as if my short illness and disappointment had happened that I might be sent to help this dear lad, who had been attempting to work out a righteousness of his own in which to appear be-

fore God, while he was ignorant of that only true righteousness which is of God by faith in Jesus Christ.

"If I understand the New Testament at all," continued Richard, "Christ, and Christ alone, is the Saviour of sinners—their only refuge and hope—the one Mediator, and Redeemer, and Intercessor; and the only way of attaining to holiness is, through the change wrought in our hearts by the Holy Spirit sent by Christ."

"Well, my dearest Richard," said I, "that is my religion. That is the religion taught so plainly in the Bible, that he that runneth may read. And your priests well know that this religion was taught by Christ himself to *the multitude*—and that *the common people* heard Him gladly, while the priests of that time, and the learned, and the wise in their own conceit, derided Him—and persecuted Him—and at last crucified Him."

"Yes, yes," said Richard. "That is all in the Douay Testament as plain as day, and fixes me to go with you, Andrew. I could not study the Scriptures in peace here much longer—I will leave father, and mother, and Maple, and all, and take up any cross that may be before me, and follow where I may know more of Christ; and then, if I find that I have been all wrong myself, when I have learnt better, if God spares me, I will return here, and try to con-

vince my friends that they are led on in darkness by their priests,—and perhaps some of them may listen to me."

After this conversation, Richard became dearer to me than the dearest brother—we loved each other as our own souls.

When the morning of the day arrived in which we were to leave Ballinagh, all our friends came to take leave of us, and, as I said before, showed such sorrow at parting from me, (for Richard they expected back in a week or two,) that I cannot, to this day, think of it without being moved. I had made myself a favourite with the children and boys, by telling them stories about the young people in my country, and other things, trying, in this way, to teach them how good—and happy—and respected, and rich —and comfortable every boy in Britain might be, if he would attend to his education, and be industrious, and not care about indulging himself, and so on, for I always thought of being of some use in all I told them; and they seemed to guess this; for never did I see more kind-hearted, grateful young creatures. Our parting was really sorrowful on both sides. With the women too it was also so; for though at first, I believe, they thought me rather sober and wanting in fun, they, at least many of them, before I came away, liked me to go into their cabins, and talk with them about the good of their children, and such

things, which are always near the hearts of the women. And much I said to them about the advantages of good education; for well I knew, that though, for a time, their husbands might not regard what they said on such subjects, yet if I could convince them, they would, in the long-run, make out all they wanted for their children. I believe all my friends saw that my regard for them led me to wish for their real good; and if this book ever reaches them, I hope they will regard it as a mark of my continued affection for them, and gratitude for all their kindness.

I shall now only mention my last conversation with Uncle Arthur. On the morning I came away, I went into his room before he had left it. He received me very kindly.

"Uncle, will you take a keepsake from me?" asked I.

"To be sure, Andrew, provided it has no great value, except such as my regard for you will give it."

I took my Bible and the Douay Testament from under the breast of my coat, and presented them to him. He hesitated for an instant, for he knew them; then hurriedly taking them, he said—

"What stuff—to believe that a book that has made this lad what he is, can do any harm!"

He then opened my Bible, with an expression in his face, as if he was defying some one.

I had noticed before, in his room, two little images, one a crucifixion, the other a virgin and child.

"Will you give *me* these for a keepsake, uncle?" asked I.

"To show your friends what we poor Irish worship?" demanded he, rather bitterly.

"No, indeed, my dear uncle; but to remind me that I left you *with* the word of God, and *without* these foolish little idols. And that recollection would be dear to me, and the strongest proof of regard you could give me."

"Andrew, if you knew the struggle I had before I could get myself to make use of these, ye would not tempt me to part with them."

"What kind of struggle do you mean, uncle?"

"Ye know well enough, Andrew, that it cannot be in the nature of a plain man like me, to think there can be any good in holding up a bit ill-shaped stick before my eyes, when I pray to him who made the sun—and the mountains—and the stars. But the church says it is profitable for us to humble ourselves in this way, because it is her will."———

I could not listen to any more, but said such things against that guilty and apostate church as

I must not say here. My uncle was not angry —and he took my Bible, and let me take his little images, and then prayed God to bless me.

I shall say no more of my parting with my dear and kind friends.

Richard has now been in Scotland fifteen months. He has become an excellent gardener, and has laid up a little money. My mother regards him as a son. I have got my Mary home, and she loves him as a brother. In the one thing needful, he has made rapid progress, and is now truly, I shall not say a Protestant, but a Bible Christian, which too many Protestants are not. He speaks of returning to his own people, though he painfully feels their apparent neglect of him. Maple was provided in a place by my mother, where she is carefully instructed by her excellent and pious lady. She has had two or three letters from her friends, by which we know those we love at Ballinagh are well, and perhaps they think this enough—but on this subject I shall say no more.

And now, I wish my friends grace from God to lead them to think seriously of those things which are alone of everlasting moment. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

END OF ANDREW CAMPBELL'S VISIT.

THE

WORD OF GOD,

OR THE

WORD OF MAN.

ADDRESSED TO

IRISH CATHOLICS.

BY A FRIEND IN SCOTLAND.

THE WORD OF GOD, OR THE WORD OF MAN.

THE

WORD OF GOD,

OR THE

WORD OF MAN.

If the Irish were not known to be such a thoughtless, light-hearted, regardless people, on almost every subject, one would scarcely believe it possible that they could be so careless, and so completely led blindfold, as they are on the subject of religion. Let any man, calling himself a priest, go amongst them, and let him tell them any thing, and they will believe it.—They never think of asking him how he knows all he tells them; but, from generation to generation, the father teaches the son that he must believe the priest; and, just because his father did it before him, an Irishman takes the word of his fellow-sinner for his law, though he cannot give a rational reason for his doing so; and is ready to kill any one who dare say that he is a dupe for his pains. But is it possible to be more completely duped

than every man is who is trusting to a list of lies on that subject which is of more importance to him than all other subjects put together? Now, every man who puts the priest in the place of God, and listens to, and obeys him rather than God, is thus duped; and, if any Irishman should read this, and feel his anger kindle at being told he is a dupe, and still more at its being said that he makes his priest his God, I only ask him calmly to prove that he is not a dupe, and that he does not worship his priest. And, to enable him to do so if he can, let him just answer the few following questions: "From whence does the priest learn all that he teaches you?" You will answer, "He teaches me the doctrines of the Church. He has learnt what he teaches me from the Church." Then I ask, "What is the Church?" Now, not one of you can give a rational answer to this question. Just stop and try if you can.—Well, you have tried, but I am sure you cannot, for none of your priests can. The first time you see the priest, ask him, humbly and respectfully, "If you please to answer me, Sir, from whence do you learn, that confession to you,—and receiving absolution from you, —and going to mass,—and doing penances enjoined by you,—and praying to the Virgin,—and to the saints in heaven,—and going pilgrimages to holy stations, and such like things, will take

away my sins, and make me fit to appear before God?"

He will answer you, "That the Church has decided that such observances do take away sin."

Then ask him respectfully, "Sir, will you be so kind as tell me what you mean by the Church?"

"Why," he will answer, "I mean the Holy Catholic Church."

"Yes, Sir," say you, "but what *is* that which you call the Church, the Holy Catholic Church? Is it composed, Sir, of all the priests and holy people of the Catholic faith, who are now in the world, or were at some other time in the world,—and who gave them the power to say what would save the soul?"

Your priest will probably be displeased with you for asking this question, and will perhaps refuse to answer you, and blame you for being presumptuous and unbelieving, and will think himself right in doing so; because your priests are themselves deceived. Yet, though it may be painful to you to offend him, it is of everlasting moment that both you and he should come to the truth on this point,—and you may surely say to him, "Think only, Sir, what a serious matter it is to me to know surely how my soul may be saved."

He will then probably tell you that there is

no cause to doubt the safety of your soul, if you obey the injunctions of your priest.

But do not part with him thus; but intreat him to answer you, satisfactorily, from whence you are to know that obedience to your priest will secure the safety of your soul.

He will again tell you that the Church declares that it is so: for it is always the Church! the Church! the Holy Catholic Church! though no Catholic can tell what they mean when they say the Church has decided such and such things. Was it all the Catholic people in the world who decided? No; that is impossible. Was it all the priests at the time in the world? No. Can the Pope alone call himself "the Church," and decide?—Some Catholics who are learned, and write on such matters, say No; others say Yes; and some say a Pope must have a council to assist him, or he cannot make a law for Catholics; others say not. Some say a council of cardinals, —and bishops,—and princes, and such great men, may make laws without the assistance of the Pope; others say not: and sometimes such Councils have made laws, and told Catholics, that, if they did so and so they would be saved, and the next Pope, or council, has changed these laws and said they were good for nothing; and sometimes there have been two Popes at once, the one saying he was the head of the Church,

and excommunicating the other, and that other doing the same to him; and, at such times, the Catholic Church had two heads, and some Catholics obeyed one and some the other, while all the time the Bible declared that the only head of the real Church was Jesus Christ.

Now, which of all these is the Church to which Irish Catholics yield obedience? Not one of them can tell; yet they think all those who do not, like them, enter into this they cannot tell what, and obey the priest, though they can no more tell where he got his authority,—will be lost for ever; and that they themselves, because they are members of this Church,—this, they know not what,—are perfectly safe, though they can give no better reason for believing themselves so, than this unmeaning cry, "The Church!" "We are members of the Holy Catholic Church!" "the Old Faith!" just as if any thing must be true because it is old, when every body knows that there are many kinds of heathen worship in the world twice as old as the Catholic faith. The Scriptures tell us that the men at Ephesus, a heathen city, worshipped an image, which they called the goddess Diana, and this image, their priests told them, had fallen down from heaven. Many poor heathens came from the neighbouring countries to worship this idol, and there were men who gained their livelihood at Ephesus by making

silver shrines for it. Now, when the Apostle Paul, as he went about preaching the gospel, came to Ephesus, he exhorted the people to leave such vain idolatry, and believe in the only true God. Then, it is said, the workmen who made shrines for Diana, met together, and one addressed the others, and said, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth: Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands: So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth. And when they heard these things, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians! And the whole city was filled with confusion: and some cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"*

Now, these heathen Ephesians had just the same reasons for worshipping their Diana as

* Acts xix. 23, &c.

you have for your faith in the Church. Their priests told them that this Diana had fallen down from heaven, and that all the world worshipped her; and they could just give as good a reason for worshipping her, as you can for believing all the priest tells you. They cried, Great is Diana,—and you cry, Great is the Church! the Holy Catholic Church! and as they thought St. Paul ought to be torn in pieces for despising their Diana, so you think those deserve damnation who will not shut their Bibles, and believe any thing the priest teaches them, however contrary it may be to what God teaches in His own word. Now, is this not both to be dupes, and to put the priest in the place of God?

But suffer me to ask you a few more questions. Do you not know that there is a book in the world containing a revelation of God's will, and teaching the way of salvation, which He himself has appointed, and telling us how we may be holy, and how we may attain to everlasting happiness?

You answer, "Yes."

"Do not your priests all allow that there is such a book?"

"Yes."

"Do they not say that those holy men who wrote it were inspired to do so by God's Holy Spirit?"

"Yes."

"Then, why do you not learn God's own holy will from that book?" Now, mark the answer you must give to this.

"Because the priest will not allow me."

"But does the priest say, then, that there is any other revelation of the will of God in the world than what is contained in that book?"

"No."

"Then, did he ever show you, or read to you, any passage from that revelation which said that the priests only were to be permitted freely to study it?"

"No."

"Then surely you attend more to the will of the priest than to the will of God. You obey the priest—but though you may, if you choose, know the will of God revealed in his own word, you never have sought to know it, but just in so far as your priest was pleased to say he told it to you. Surely in this you worship the priest more than God."

"But you will say, 'The Church commands me to receive the Scriptures only as they are explained to me by the priest.' But does the word of God say so? for, if it does not, as there is no other revelation of the will of God, this must be merely the priest's will,—and so it is, for the Bible says expressly to all, "let the word

of Christ dwell in you richly."* "Search the Scriptures."† "As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."‡ Surely, surely, you cannot too soon stop and consider whether it is safe thus to neglect the will of the Most High God, and, in preference, to obey the will of the priest."

It is indeed very difficult to believe that what we have been taught as truth all our lives is really not truth—and that it is necessary for us to learn our religion anew; and you will be apt to think, "Oh! this is some Protestant who is saying all this;" and perhaps you hate the very name of a Protestant. But do not think any thing about whether it is a Protestant, or who it is, but think whether what has been said is truth. And do not suppose that the *name* of Protestant is considered by real Christians any better than the *name* of Catholic, unless the knowledge of and obedience to the Bible accompanies it. If you were truly acquainted with the word of God you could tell very many Protestants, that, with all their talk about it, and their boasted liberty of reading it, they know as little of its heavenly spirit, and as little obeyed its holy precepts as those poor Catholics who were never permitted to open it. To prove the importance of the knowledge of God's own word, will you be per-

* Col. iii. 16. † John v. 39. ‡ 1 Pet. ii. 2.

suaded to think seriously over a few things that shall now be mentioned?

You will allow that there have been moments in your life in which you have felt uneasy on account of your sins. More or less this is the case with almost every human being: and it does not require, to produce this uneasiness, that we should have been greater sinners than others. If we have any just notions of the holiness of that God with whom we have to do, the thought of his displeasure must have at some moments filled our hearts with fear. That man must indeed have a dead conscience and a hard heart who never felt that his sins made him shrink with terror from the thought of standing before the judgment-seat of God. These feelings may only be for a very short time, but still they are not easily forgot,—and, while they last, we would willingly do any thing to quiet our consciences. There are few so blind to their own characters as to think that they are fit, just as they are, to appear before God; and there are many, who, when in solitude and quiet, cannot get their thoughts away from such subjects. And surely, surely they are of more importance than all other subjects put together. How shall we escape the wrath to come? How shall we be acquitted at the judgment of the great day? How shall we find strength and boldness to enter into the presence of our Almighty Judge when death comes?

How shall we be prepared for all the tremendous expectations of a death-bed? We ought, without delay, to seek an answer to such questions. Now, if, on these everlastingly important points, the priest, and what he calls the Church, say one thing, and the word of God says another, would any rational being venture his soul upon the word of a man like himself rather than on the word of God? Now, in answer to the first question,—how shall we escape the wrath to come?—the priest replies—Love God—Believe in Jesus Christ—Confess to me—Do those penances I enjoin—Keep stated fasts—Repeat great numbers of prayers over and over—Honour the Virgin Mary, and all the saints—Attend mass—Go pilgrimages—Give alms and money to build Catholic churches—and keep all the holy days. Now, does not any Catholic who reads this, think within his heart—"Oh that I could do all these! then should I indeed be sure of heaven." But what will such a Catholic think, when he is told, that, from the beginning to the end of the Bible, there is not one word about confessing to a priest—or penances—or stated fasts—or repeating numbers of prayers—or honouring the Virgin, or saints—or attending mass—or going pilgrimages—or building churches—or keeping holy days,—but that Christ, and Christ alone, is there declared to be the only Saviour of the soul, and not one of these other things are even mentioned.

Oh! how greatly do these men dishonour Christ, who dare add, to his all-perfect atonement for our sins, such foolish inventions of their own! And how awfully are these poor souls deluded, who, instead of believing in this all-glorious, almighty, all-sufficient Saviour, for remission of their sins, rest their hopes partly on Him, but still more on their own observances—their own foolish, trifling penances, and pilgrimages, and nonsense, for which they neither have any command in the Scriptures, nor any promise that God will accept of them at their hands. Christ himself says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."* John the Baptist says, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."† St. Paul says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."‡ And St. Peter: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."‖ The prophet Isaiah says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray: we have turned

* John iii. 16.
† John iii. 35, 36.
‡ Acts xvi. 31.
‖ Acts iv. 12.

very one to his own way; and the Lord hath ıid on him the iniquity of us all. Surely he ıath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. Ie was wounded for our transgressions, he was ruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of ur peace was upon him; and with his stripes 're are healed. He was oppressed, and he was fflicted; yet he opened not his mouth: He is rought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a heep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened ot his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise ım; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt ıake his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his eed, (or redeemed.) He shall see of the travail f his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowedge shall my righteous servant justify many; or he shall bear their iniquities."* St. Paul ays, that, "being justified by faith, we have ɔeace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."† \nd the same truths are taught through the vhole Bible, and not one single word of any ɔther way of salvation for the sinner—not one ingle word about confession to a priest—or ɔenance—or stated fasts—or repeating prayers—ɔr such like. Just think of yourself, and the tate of your mind when you are employed in uch observances, and then think whether you ndeed would choose to appear before God,

* Isa. liii. 6, 4, 5, 7, 10, 11. † Rom. v. 1.

trusting partly to them for pardon and acceptance, without any other authority for doing so but the word of your priest—or whether you would not be in a far other—in a true state of peace and safety, if you cast yourself wholly on the offered, all-sufficient atonement of the Son of God?

But we have as yet only mentioned those lies you are taught respecting the means by which your souls are to be justified and pardoned in the sight of God;—for this is the most important of all subjects; but you are equally deceived respecting the holiness required by God, and which is really produced in the hearts and lives of all true Christians. The Scriptures say, in a great many places, that "God looketh on the heart," and that it is holiness of heart that he requires. On this subject your priests lead you into the most dangerous errors; for they teach you not only that you may in part atone for your own sins, but also that you can in part make yourselves holy. Now there is nothing so important as to know the truth on these points; for, as long as we believe that any thing we can do, shall either, in the very smallest degree, atone for our sins, or justify us in the sight of God, we are deceiving our own souls; neither shall we ever attain to that true holiness required by God while we believe this lie, for we must receive all power to be holy from Christ as well as complete pardon for

r sins. He must be altogether our Saviour.
s says, "Without me ye can do nothing;"*
d He will not give His Holy Spirit to teach
u any other doctrine than that already taught
His word. Your priests are, therefore, on
se points, blind leaders of the blind. They
ch you that, by being baptized into the Catho-
Church, you become a true Christian, and
t, if you do what the Church directs, then
u are holy. But this does not even resemble
e doctrines taught in the Bible. Christ him-
f says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ex-
ot a man be born from above, he cannot see
e kingdom of God.—Except a man be born of
ter, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the
ngdom of heaven. That which is born of the
sh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spi-
is spirit."† Christ here says, that a man must
th receive the outward baptism of water, and
e inward baptism of the Spirit. Now, you are
ght by your priests that the baptism they ad-
nister to you includes both of these—but sure-
a moment's reflection would convince you that
s cannot be true. They can baptize you with
ter, but God alone in Christ baptizes with the
ly Spirit. What they teach you is not the
ctrine of the Bible; for the Bible teaches,
t, wherever the Spirit of God is given, He

* John xv. 5. † John iii. 3, 5, 6.

you went to the priest, do you feel it afterwards? In short, do you feel that any thing the priest directs you to do makes any change upon your heart? Nor does it never happen, that, after you have been absolved by your priest, and look upon yourself as purified and safe, you have, as the Scriptures express it, "returned as the dog to his vomit, or as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." You love sin as much as ever, and only begin a new score with which to return to the priest for absolution. If you were to read the Bible, you would find there, that while you are in a state of nature, that is, while your hearts are unchanged, you can neither truly love God, nor do one thing that is pleasing to Him. Now, if, while you are in this state, instead of being urged by those who guide you in spiritual matters to flee to the refuge set before you in the Scriptures—to flee to Christ that your sins may be atoned for by His precious blood, and your hearts renewed by His Holy Spirit, you are taught to do fifty trifling things never mentioned in the Bible; to what a refuge of lies do your priests direct you! And what will you do when the hour comes in which you must enter into the presence of God? What will you do when you find that you must die, and cannot conceal from yourself that you have lived in the commission of sin, day after day, during your whole lives, ever since you remember? "Why,"

say you, "I have confessed, and got absolution very many times, and I shall do that over again before I die." Well, but can you say that your past confessions have changed your heart, and made it holy? Or do you suppose that your last one will? Or have you any authority, but the word of the priest, for supposing it will avail you any thing? And now you have heard that the word of the priest is contrary to the word of God, and which do you choose to abide by? Which of them do you suppose God will abide by when he comes to judge you—His own holy word or the invention of the priest? Oh! it is a serious, most serious matter, to answer this question. You will say, too, that, though you may have sins on your conscience when you come to die, the priest will give you extreme unction, and that you will be prepared by that for an entrance into—what place? you will not venture to say heaven; for, after all the priest can do for you, still you must go to Purgatory! This extreme unction, however, you believe is to do something for you in the way of purifying; at any rate, it will preserve you from going to hell at last, however long you may have to remain in Purgatory, if your friends have no money to purchase prayers for your soul. Money! copper pennies, and silver tenpennies, to shorten the time of purification, thought necessary by that "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eter-

nity!" Can any man in his senses believe so blasphemous a lie? You will say, it is not the money but the prayers of the church. But is it ever known that those prayers are offered but for money? Do not your priests exhort and entreat the rich to have compassion on the souls of their poorer brethren, and charitably give money to have prayers offered for them. It seems your priests *cannot* offer these prayers but for money,—so it must be the money which gives them efficacy. What a list of delusions and lies! What awful trifling with immortal souls! Such are the effects produced by departing from the word of God, and following the inventions of men. Your priests, in order to make the way of salvation they teach appear perfect, have been obliged to patch in one thing after another, till they have made such an affair of it, that it is absolute blasphemy to call it the religion of Christ. Christ preached most plainly, and commanded his apostles to preach, that men everywhere should repent, and believe on Him for the remission of their sins, and promised his Holy Spirit to those who believed, to renew their hearts, and make them truly holy. This is the simple and glorious gospel, suited in every way to our state as guilty before God. We are sinners. We require to see that we are so, and repent. We cannot atone for our own sins, therefore Christ has himself atoned for them.

We are unholy, but cannot change our own hearts, therefore Christ has promised his Holy Spirit to those who believe in Him, to renew their hearts, and make them truly holy. What we require is, the pardon of sin, and the power to be holy. Christ is revealed as the only propitiation for sin—the only intercessor for pardon. And His Spirit, given to them who believe in Him, is revealed as the Only Sanctifier. Now mark the perfection, and the simplicity, and the sweet suitableness of Christ's salvation; and then recollect how many unmeaning follies your priests have dared to add to it. "Christ is indeed," say they, "the Great Propitiation for sin," but you must also do something yourself. When you feel conscious of sin, instead of humbling yourself before God, and imploring pardon for Christ's sake, and praying to have your sin washed away in the precious blood of Christ, and your hearts turned away from the love of sin, and made holy by His Almighty Spirit, as the Bible enjoins, the Priest says:—Humble yourself to be sure, before God, but also before me. Confess to me. Do the penance I enjoin, and you will thus atone for your sin yourself, in addition to the atonement of Christ. And, if you would be sure to get your sins thoroughly remitted, you must go a pilgrimage to some holy station—and there do many things to mortify your flesh—and repeat numbers of prayers to

saints—the saint of the place particularly. And, after all, if you do not feel satisfied, why just do all over again—and fast—and attend Mass very frequently—and give alms—and money for Catholic churches—and so on. And you must labour on in this way your whole life, and then, at last, you must go and suffer for a time in Purgatory; if you are very rich, a short time—if you are very poor, perhaps a very long time. Now, what a dishonour it is to Christ, to say that all these trifles must be added to His perfect propitiation. How absurd to think that the perfect work of the Son of God can be made more perfect by any thing we can do; or that, when God has revealed the way, and declared, that He "so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, *that whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life," we shall presume to invent other ways of being saved, and add them to His all-perfect way. Again, the Scriptures say, that "Christ is the only Mediator between God and man,—the Advocate with the Father,—the only Intercessor." But your priests have added hundreds of intercessors, and mediators, and thus do all they can to dishonour Christ, while they profess to serve him,—and they absolutely hide the real character of Christ from you, and teach you that He is not willing to save you, but must be prayed and intreated to do so by the Virgin and the saints—and such

like falsehoods. Now, the Scriptures represent Christ as intreating sinners to come unto Him, that they may be saved,—as reproaching them for refusing to come to Him,—as urging them to come to Him. "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."* "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."† "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live."‡ "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."§ "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me. And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."‖ "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake."¶ "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."** "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

* Matt. xi. 28—30. † John vii. 37. ‡ Isaiah lv. 1, 2, 3.
§ Rev. xxii. 17. ‖ John v. 39, 40. ¶ Isaiah xliii. 25.
** Isaiah xliv. 22.

As to the way in which you are to become holy, your priests make such a confusion that it is scarcely possible to unravel it. It is not true heart-holiness they teach, but an outside holiness, made up of ceremonies of their own invention; and the very same things by which they also say you are in part to atone for your sins. Now, in Scripture, these things are kept entirely apart. Jesus Christ, by his death, made the only atonement for sin. If we believe in Him, and come to Him for salvation, we receive this atonement, and all the merits of Christ as *a Gift*. God gave us His Son. Christ died for us. With this gift of salvation in Christ we receive also the Holy Spirit to make us holy. And Christ assures us, that God is as graciously willing to give us His Holy Spirit to sanctify or make us holy, as He was to give up His Son to die for us. Jesus says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find,—for every one that asketh, receiveth; and every one that seeketh, findeth. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"* But the holi-

* Luke xi. 9—11, 13.

ness produced by the Spirit of God is real holiness,—it is the real performance of those duties taught in the Bible, for the Bible was inspired by the Holy Ghost; this holiness consists in purity in thought, word, and deed; in supreme love to God, faith in Christ, and dependence on His spirit. It produces love and good will to all men. It teaches us to deny ourselves,—to avoid all sin,—to forgive our enemies,—to return good for evil,—to be good parents,—good children,—good husbands and wives,—kind neighbours,—just to all,—to be compassionate to the poor,—diligent in all things, serving the Lord.

Now, you all know that you may do the things required by your priest, and feel secure that you will be safe at last, because you belong to the Catholic Church, though you cannot pretend to say that you have any of this Bible-holiness; but, in believing this, you believe a most fatal delusion. I have but a few words more to say.

If any Catholic has read thus far, he will probably again be disposed to think,—"This is a Protestant who has written all this, and why should I take the word of a Protestant, rather than the word of my priest? I will not. I know and love my priest, and I care not for what the Protestants say. My priest," says he, "teaches me the doctrines of the Bible as they are explained by the Church; this Protestant says he does not teach truths;—well, I certainly will ra-

ther believe my good priest than any Protestant." And so you perhaps ought, if the Protestant asked you to believe any thing on his own authority, as the priest does; but the question is, —shall I believe the priest or God? The Protestant does not say, "believe me," but examine for yourself, whether I have said true; be entreated to study the word of God,—examine for yourselves whether what I have said is in the Bible,—do not trust me,—search for yourself. The priest, on the contrary, says,—You must believe me; you shall not examine the Scriptures. If you doubt my authority, and presume to examine for yourself, I shall excommunicate you. The Protestant, again, assures you, in the presence of that God who shall judge at last in this matter, that your priests do not teach you what the Bible teaches. And now it is left with yourself, whether you will listen to God's own revealed word or to man. If you willingly choose the last, you must abide the consequences; but, after you have been warned, remember, that, if you perish, your blood is on your own head.

END OF THE WORD OF GOD, &c.

ADDRESS

TO A

DESTITUTE SICK PERSON.

ADDRESS

TO

A DESTITUTE SICK PERSON.

WERE I to ask you, my friend, what had reduced you to your present distressed circumstances, I know you could easily answer me. You would tell me of your having been deprived of the means of support by this and the other unlooked for misfortune. You could tell me of your bad health, of your struggles in the midst of it to earn a subsistence,—of your weary days, and sleepless nights,—of the misery you endured while obliged to part, at one time, with some article of clothing,—then of furniture,—then another,—and another, till almost nothing was left, and you were compelled to seek relief from the charity of others. But, after you have told me all these sad circumstances, there is one question I would still ask you:—Do you in your heart believe what the Scriptures say, that, with God, "the very hairs of your head are all numbered?"

Do not turn away from this question, as one of little importance in your present destitute state, when you are in want of the very necessaries of life; for, if you will take time to reflect, and answer it, you may be led to find help for every need where you have perhaps never looked for it. I will suppose you have answered me, "that you do believe it; that you believe all the Bible." If so, then you must believe that all your afflictions have been sent by God. You will perhaps say, that you believe this too, and add, in the bitterness of your spirit, "That you do not see why you should be so much more severely dealt with than others you could name, who are more ungodly than you ever were, and who are, nevertheless, enjoying health and prosperity in the world." But leave others in the hand of God, and enter into your own heart for a little. God hath said, that "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." He could relieve you in an instant if he saw good. When our Lord was on earth, he cured all manner of diseases by a word: how easily could he still do this, now that "he has all power in heaven and on earth." The fulness of the world, and the hearts of every being in it, are also in his hands; so that, if it was his pleasure, he could order events respecting you in such a manner as in a very short time to give you as much of the wealth

and prosperity of this world as your heart could wish; but, instead of this, it has been his will to send upon you one affliction after another, till now you are laid upon a sick-bed without the means to procure any comfort. Surely these severe dispensations have a meaning you should try to find out! If God doth not afflict willingly, what is it that hath led Him thus to afflict *you?* Look back on your past life.—Doubtless you have had your days of prosperity. Cannot you remember a time when you enjoyed health, and plenty, and cheerfulness? "Yes, you do," say you, "but that time was soon over." But, while it lasted, did you regard God as the Giver of all you possessed? Did you obey His command to "believe in his Son for the salvation of your soul;" to "seek the kingdom of heaven first," and trust that all else good for you should be added? No; you were very thoughtless then, and paid little regard to these things. Well, God saw it necessary to make you think, and He took from you some of those objects on which you bestowed the whole of the affections of that heart in which He ought to have the first place, and He brought down its lightness, and compelled you to be sober and thoughtful. And did you then turn to Him? Did you humbly implore his forgiveness for your past neglect of his offered mercy and grace; and determine, in his promised strength, that, in

future you should seek your happiness in God? No; you felt indeed that the objects you had fixed your heart upon had been taken away—you felt that they were gone, but you turned again to the world for comfort, and you did not regard what had befallen you as a dispensation of God, but as a matter of chance, and that you had been only very unfortunate, but might hope for better times. You again struggled for this world's enjoyments, and you went from one thing to another in the hope of procuring them. Disappointment after disappointment, loss after loss, only made you the more eager; while all the time you forgot God. He tried you with prosperity, but while He bestowed on you these blessings you forgot Him. He then tried you with adversity, but you would not turn to the hand which in mercy smote you; and now that He has brought you so low, what more can be done on this side the grave to make you think, and turn to Him who has smitten that He may heal you? You were tried with prosperity, and you forgot Him. He has been trying you with want and sickness, but you still seek consolation anywhere but in Him. You still disregard His offer of salvation through Christ—and will you persist? and though life now offers you only poverty and ill health, will you still cling to the world in which you cannot expect many of its empty pleasures, and neglect the concerns of your

precious soul which must live for ever? Will you still refuse to listen to the voice of mercy, when, perhaps, you are near that state which must fix your sentence for eternity? Eternity! Endeavour to conceive the meaning of that awful word, and have mercy on yourself. "Whosoever will, let him say, Come,"—come to Christ. He again calls you in these words: He says, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "He that believeth on me shall never perish." "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth." You will, perhaps, say, you do not know how to come to Christ. Say so to him. He is ever nearer you than you can conceive. He knows, better than you do yourself, your ignorance of Him. If you once knew Him, and the consolation He imparts to the minds of those who believe and rest in Him, Oh! how differently would all earthly things appear to you. You now feel your afflictions most bitterly, and if any one would offer to take them away, you would grasp at the offer with your whole soul; but those who know the Lord, and His teaching, say, from their inmost hearts, with the Psalmist,—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; before I was afflicted I went astray,"—and then he tells what effect affliction had on him,—"Now I keep thy word." Psal. cxix. 67—71. Turn then to that God who "waiteth to be

gracious." "Behold," saith Christ, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him." Open the doors of your heart to this glorious guest, who thus entreats for admission there,—let him into your heart—your inmost heart,—endeavour to search it in His pure presence,—pray to Him to search it, and to enable you to lay it all open before Him,—your afflictions, your ignorance, your fears for the future, your utter inability to help yourself, either in earthly or spiritual things. Oh if I could persuade you to come to this Friend of sinners,—to lean on His almighty power,—to trust to His infinite love,—to seek first, to seek immediately, to be a member of His kingdom,—to give yourself to Him—and to take His word for your guide—for a lamp to your feet; then, I know, you should want nothing that is good for you, for He himself hath said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The things that shall be added are mentioned in the preceding verse, and are,—"What we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed." Matth. vi. 31, 33.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.